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THE LAST OF THE BUFFALO.

By George Bird Grinnell.

ON the floor, on either side of my fireplace, lie two buffalo skulls. They are white and weathered, the horns cracked and bleached by the snows and frosts, and the rains and heats of many winters and summers. Often, late at night, when the house is quiet, I sit before the fire, and muse and dream of the old days; and as I gaze at these relics of the past, they take life before my eyes. The matted brown hair again clothes the dry bone, and in the empty orbits the wild eyes gleam. Above me curves the blue arch; away on every hand stretches the yellow prairie, and scattered near and far are the dark forms of buffalo. They dot the rolling hills, quietly feeding like tame cattle, or lie at ease on the slopes, chewing the cud and half asleep. The yellow calves are close by their mothers; on little eminences the great bulls paw the dust, and mutter and moan, while those whose horns have grown one, two, and three winters are mingled with their elders.

Not less peaceful is the scene near some river-bank, when the herds come down to water. From the high prairie on every side they stream into the valley, stringing along in single file, each band following the deep trail worn in the parched soil by the tireless feet of generations of their kind. At a quick walk they swing along, their heads held low. The long beards of the bulls sweep the ground; the shuffling tread of many hoofs marks their passing, and above each long line rises a cloud of dust that sometimes obscures the westering sun.

Life, activity, excitement, mark another memory as vivid as these. From behind a near hill, mounted men ride out and charge down toward the herd. For an instant the buffalo pause to stare, and then crowd together in a close throng, jostling and pushing each other, a confused mass of horns, hair, and hoofs. Heads down and tails in air, they rush away from their pursuers, and as they race along herd joins herd, till the black mass sweeping over the prairie numbers thousands. On its skirts hover the active, nimble horsemen, with twanging bowstrings and sharp arrows piercing many fat cows. The naked Indians cling to their naked horses as if the two were parts of one incomparable animal, and swing and yield to every motion of their steeds with the grace of perfect horsemanship. The ponies, as quick and skilful as the men, race up beside the fattest of the herd, swing off to avoid the charge of a maddened cow, and returning, dart close to the victim, whirling hither and yon, like swallows on the wing. And their riders, with the unconscious skill, grace, and power of matchless archery, are drawing their bows to the arrow's head, and driving the feathered shaft deep through the bodies of the buffalo. Returning on

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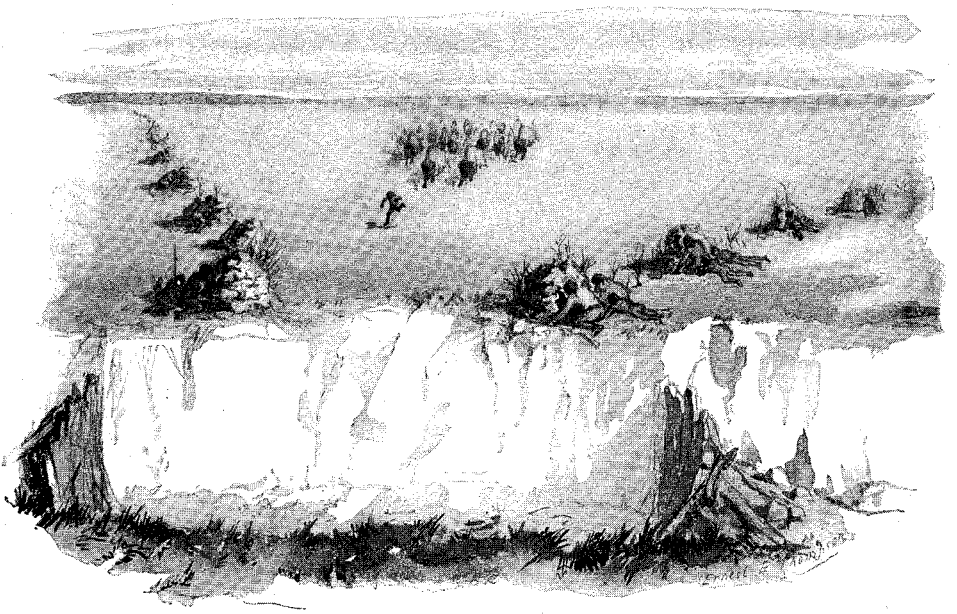
their tracks, they skin the dead, then load the meat and robes on their horses, and with laughter and jest ride away.

After them, on the deserted prairie, come the wolves to tear at the carcasses. The rain and the snow wash the blood from the bones, and fade and bleach

carefully guarded in the forests of Grodno, about equal in numbers the buffalo in the Yellowstone Park ; while the wild bison in the Caucasus may be compared with the "wood" buffalo which survive in the Peace River district. In view of the former abundance



A Blackfoot Pískŭn.

the hair. For a few months the skeleton holds together ; then it falls down, and the fox and the badger pull about the whitening bones and scatter them over the plain. So this cow and this bull of mine may have left their bones on the prairie where I found them and picked them up to keep as mementoes of the past, to dream over, and in such reverie to see again the swelling hosts which yesterday covered the plains, and to-day are but a dream.

So the buffalo passed into history. Once an inhabitant of this continent from the Arctic slope to Mexico, and from Virginia to Oregon, and, within the memory of men yet young, roaming the plains in such numbers that it seemed that it could never be exterminated, it has now disappeared as utterly as has the bison from Europe. For it is probable that the existing herds of that practically extinct species, now

of our buffalo, this parallel is curious and interesting.

The early explorers were constantly astonished by the multitudinous herds which they met with, the regularity of their movements, and the deep roads which they made in travelling from place to place. Many of the earlier references are to territory east of the Mississippi, but even within the last fifteen years buffalo were to be seen on the Western plains in numbers so great that an entirely sober and truthful account seems like fable. Describing the abundance of buffalo in a certain region, an Indian once said to me, in the expressive sign language of which all old frontiersmen have some knowledge, "The country was one robe."

Much has been written about their enormous abundance in the old days, but I have never read anything that I thought an exaggeration of their num-

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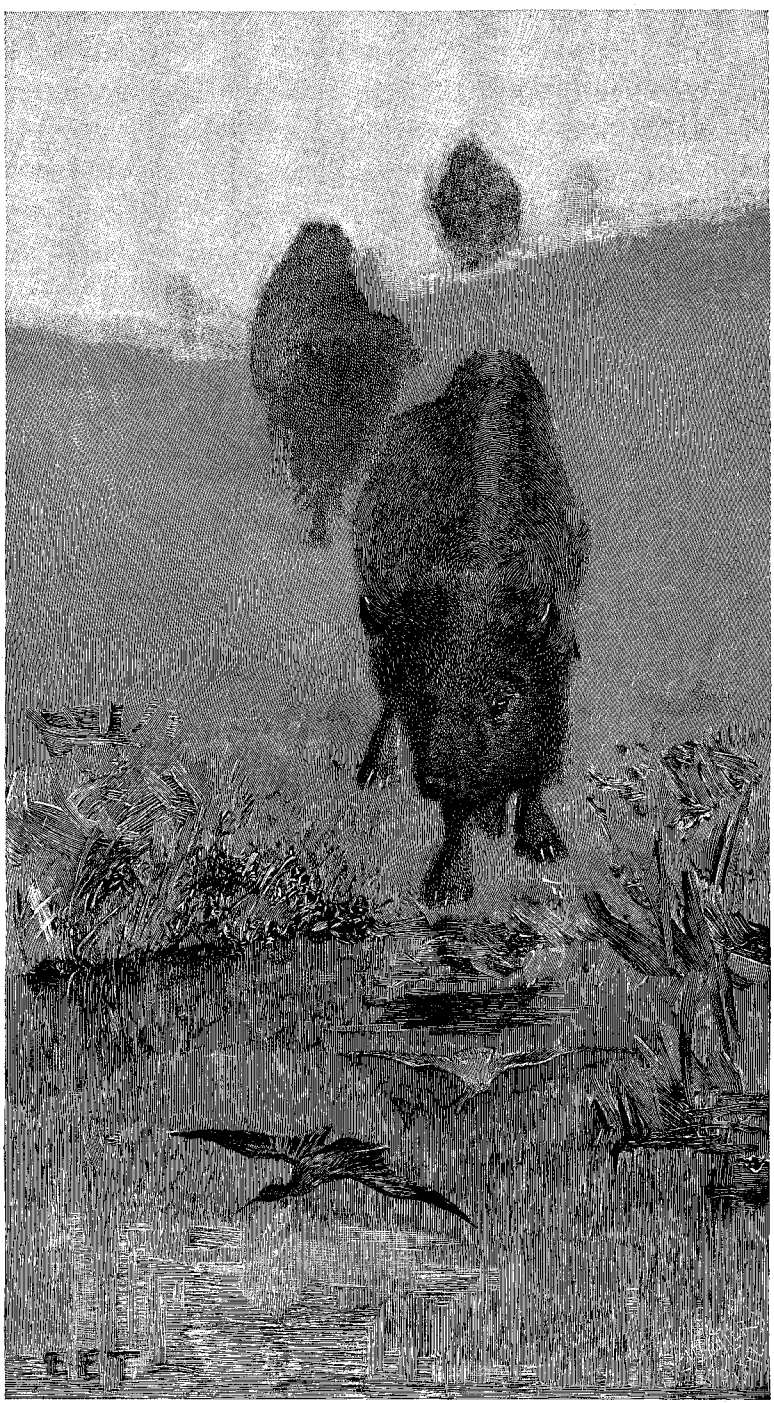

DRAWN BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

Through the Mist.

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bers as I have seen them. Only one who has actually spent months in travelling among them in those old days can credit the stories told about them. The trains of the Kansas Pacific Railroad used frequently to be detained by herds which were crossing the tracks in front of the engines, and in 1870, trains on which I was travelling were alarmed and running, but were usually scattered about, feeding or lying down on the prairie at a little distance from one another, much as domestic cattle distribute themselves in a pasture or on the range. As far as we could see on every side of the line of march, and ahead, the hillsides were dotted with dark forms, and the field-glass revealed

twice so held, in one case for three hours. When railroad travel first began on this road, the engineers tried the experiment of running through these passing herds, but after their engines had been thrown from the tracks they learned wisdom, and gave the buffalo the right of way. Two or three years later, in the country between the Platte and Republican Rivers, I saw a closely massed herd of buffalo so vast that I dare not hazard a guess as to its numbers; and in later years I have travelled for weeks at a time, in northern Montana, without ever being out of sight of buffalo. These were not in close herds, except now and then when yet others stretched out on every side in one continuous host, to the most distant hills. Thus was gained a more just notion of their numbers than could be had in any other way, for the sight of this limitless territory occupied by these continuous herds was more impressive than the spectacle of a surging, terrified mass of fleeing buffalo, even though the numbers which passed rapidly before one's gaze in a short time were very great.

The former range of the buffalo has been worked out with painstaking care by Dr. Allen, to whom we owe an admirable monograph on this species. He concludes that the northern limit of this

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range was north of the Great Slave Lake, in latitude about 63° N.; while to the south it extended into Mexico as far as latitude 25° N. To the west it ranged at least as far as the Blue Mountains of Oregon, while on the east it was abundant in the western portions of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia. In the interior the buffalo were very abundant, and occupied Ohio, Kentucky, West Virginia, Tennessee, West Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, and Iowa, parts of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, the whole of the great plains, from southern Texas north to their northern limit, and much of the Rocky Mountains. In Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, and most of New Mexico they were abundant, and probably common over a large part of Utah, and perhaps in northern Nevada. So far as now known, their western limit was the Blue Mountains of Oregon and the eastern foothills of the Sierra Nevada.

Thus it will be seen that the buffalo once ranged over a large part of the American Continent—Dr. Allen says one-third of it—but it must not be imagined that they were always present at the same time in every part of their range. They were a wandering race, sometimes leaving a district and being long absent, and again returning and occupying it for a considerable period. What laws or what impulses governed these movements we cannot know. Their wandering habits were well understood by the Indians of the Western plains, who depended upon the buffalo for food. It was their custom to follow the herds about, and when, as sometimes occurred, these moved away and could not be found, the Indians were reduced to great straits for food, and sometimes even starved to death.

Under natural conditions the buffalo was an animal of rather sluggish habits, mild, inoffensive, and dull. In its ways of life and intelligence it closely resembled our domestic cattle. It was slow to learn by experience, and this lack of intelligence greatly hastened the destruction of the race. Until the very last years of its existence as a species, it did not appear to connect the report of fire-arms with any idea of danger to itself, and, though constantly pursued, did not become wild. If he used skill and judgment in shooting, a hunter who had "got a stand" on a small bunch could kill them all before they had moved out of rifle-shot. It was my fortune, one summer, to hunt for a camp of soldiers, and more than once I have lain on a hill above a little herd of buffalo, shot down what young bulls I needed to supply the camp, and then walked down to the bunch and, by waving my hat and shouting, driven off the survivors, so that I could prepare the meat for transportation to camp. This slowness to take the alarm, or indeed to realize the presence of danger, was characteristic of the buffalo almost up to the very last. A time did come when they were alarmed readily enough, but this was not until all the large herds had been broken up and scattered, and the miserable survivors had been so chased and harried that at last they learned to start and run even at their own shadows.

Another peculiarity of the buffalo was its habit, when stampeded, of dashing blindly forward against, over, or through anything that might be in the way. When running, a herd of buffalo followed its leaders, and yet these leaders lost the power of stopping, or even of turning aside, because they were constantly crowded upon and pushed forward by those behind. This explains why herds would dash into mire or quicksands, as they often did, and thus perish by the thousands. Those in front could not stop, while those behind could not see the danger toward which they were rushing. So, too, they ran into rivers, or into traps made for them by the Indians, or against railroad cars, or even dashed into the rivers and swam blindly against the sides of steamboats. If an obstacle lay squarely across their path, they tried to go through it, but if it lay at an angle to their course they would turn a little to follow it.

The buffalo calf is born from April to June, and at first is an awkward little creature, looking much like a domestic calf, but with a shorter neck. The hump at first is scarcely noticeable, but develops rapidly. They are odd-looking and

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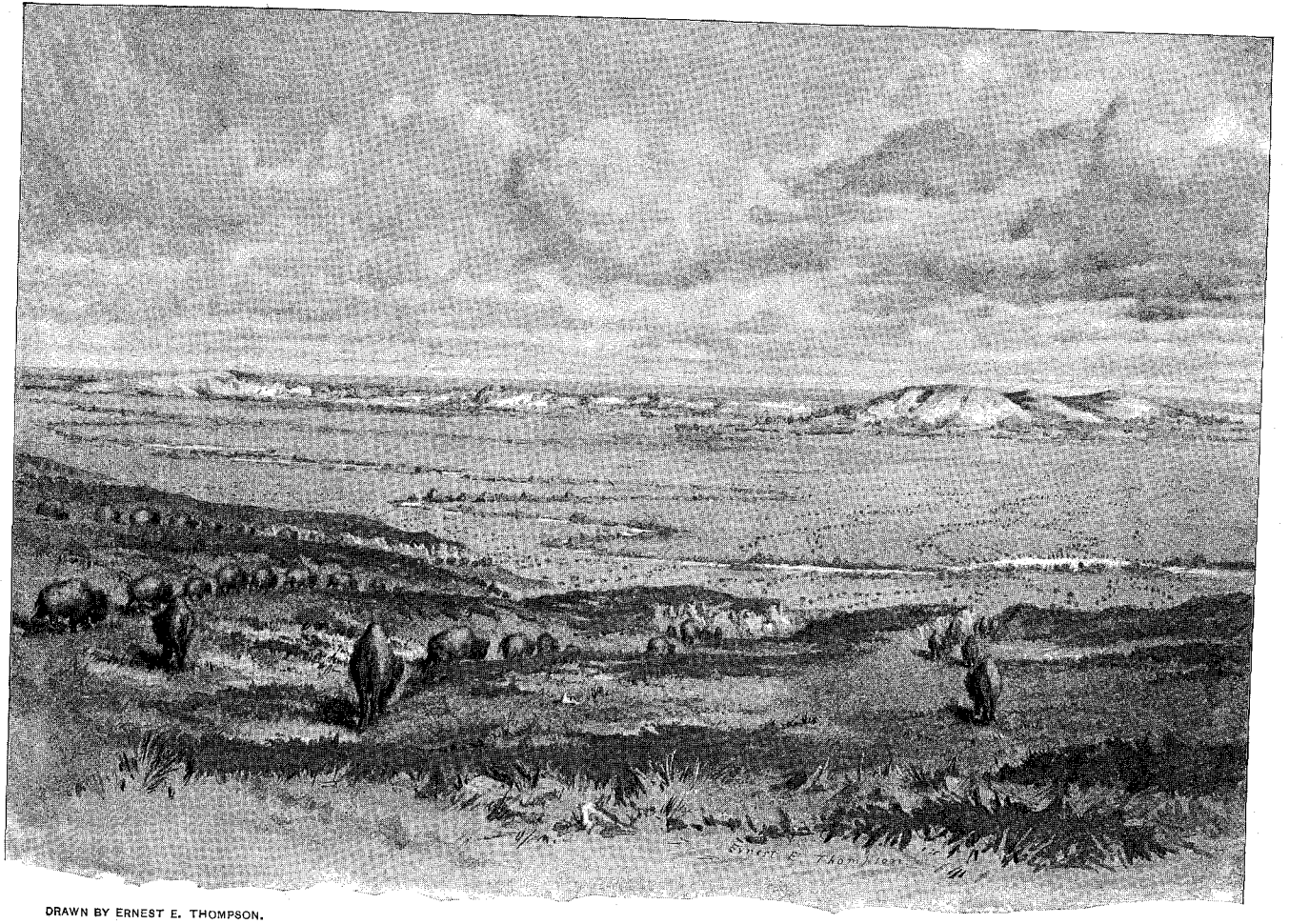

DRAWN BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

Going to Water.

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very playful little animals. They are easily caught and tamed, when quite young, but when a few months old they become as shy as the old buffalo, and are much more swift of foot.

Although apparently very sluggish, buffalo are really extremely active, and are able to go at headlong speed over a country where no man would dare to ride a horse. When alarmed they will throw themselves down the almost vertical side of a cañon and climb the opposite wall with cat-like agility. Sometimes they will descend cut banks by jumping from shelf to shelf of rock like the mountain sheep. To get at water when thirsty, they will climb down bluffs that seem altogether impracticable for such great animals. Many years ago, while descending the Missouri River in a flat-boat with two companions, I landed in a wide bottom to kill a mountain sheep. As we were bringing the meat to the boat, we saw on the opposite side of the river, about half-way down the bluffs, which were here about fifteen hundred feet high, a large buffalo bull. The bluffs were almost vertical, and this old fellow was having some difficulty in making his way down to the water. He went slowly and carefully, at times having pretty good going, and at others slipping and sliding for thirty or forty feet, sending the clay and stones rolling ahead of him in great quantities. We watched him for a little while, and then it occurred to some malicious spirit among us that it would be fun to see whether the bull could go up where he had come down. A shot was fired so as to strike near him—for no one wanted to hurt the old fellow—and as soon as the report reached his ears, he turned about and began to scramble up the bluffs. His first rush carried him, perhaps, a hundred feet vertically, and then he stopped and looked around. He seemed not to have the slightest difficulty in climbing up, nor did he use any caution or appear to pick his way at all. A second shot caused another rush up the steep ascent, but this time he went only half as far as before and again stopped. Three or four other shots drove him by shorter and shorter rushes up the bluffs, until at length he would go no further, and subsequent shots only caused him to shake his head angrily. Plainly he had climbed until his wind had given out, and now he would stand and fight. Our fun was over, and looking back as we floated down the river, our last glimpse was of the old bull, still standing on his shelf, waiting with lowered head for the unknown enemy that he supposed was about to attack him.

It is not only under stress of circumstances that the bison climbs. The mountain buffalo is almost as active as the mountain sheep, and was often found in places that tested the nerve and activity of a man to reach; and even the buffalo of the plains had a fondness for high places, and used to climb up on to broken buttes or high rocky points in the foothills. In recent years I have often noticed the same habit among range cattle and horses.

The buffalo were fond of rolling in the dirt, and to this habit, practised when the ground was wet, are due the buffalo wallows which so frequently occur in the old ranges, and which often contain water after all other moisture, except that of the streams, is dried up. These wallows were formed by the rolling of a succession of buffalo in the same moist place, and were often quite deep. They have often been described. Less well known was the habit of scratching themselves against trees and rocks. Sometimes a solitary erratic bowlder, five or six feet high, may be seen on the bare prairie, the ground immediately around it being worn down two or three feet below the level of the surrounding earth. This is where the buffalo have walked about the stone, rubbing against it, and where they trod loosening the soil, which has been blown away by the wind, so that in course of time a deep trench was worn about the rock. Often single trees along streams were worn quite smooth by the shoulders and sides of the buffalo.

When the first telegraph line was built across the continent, the poles used were light and small, for transportation over the plains was slow and expensive, and it was not thought necessary to raise the wires high above the ground. These poles were much resorted to by the buffalo to scratch against, and before long a great many

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of them were pushed over. A story, now of considerable antiquity, is told of an ingenious employee of the telegraph company, who devised a plan for preventing the buffalo from disturbing the poles. This he expected to accomplish by driving into them spikes which should prick the animals when they rubbed against them. The result somewhat astonished the inventor, for it was discovered that, where formerly one buffalo rubbed against the smooth telegraph poles, ten now struggled and fought for the chance to scratch themselves against the spiked poles, the iron furnishing just the irritation which their tough hides needed.

It was in spring, when his coat was being shed, that the buffalo, odd-looking enough at any time, presented his most grotesque appearance. The matted hair and wool of the shoulders and sides began to peel off in great sheets, and these sheets, clinging to the skin and flapping in the wind, gave the animal the appearance of being clad in rags.

The buffalo was a timid creature, but brought to bay would fight with ferocity. There were few sights more terrifying to the novice than the spectacle of an old bull at bay. His mighty bulk a quivering mass of active, enraged muscle; the shining horns, the little, spiky tail, and the eyes half hidden beneath the shaggy frontlet, yet gleaming with rage, combined to render him an awe-inspiring object. Nevertheless, owing to their greater speed and activity, the cows were much more to be feared than the bulls.

It was once thought that the buffalo performed annually extensive migrations, and it was even said that those which spent the summer on the banks of the Saskatchewan wintered in Texas. There is no reason for believing this to have been true. Undoubtedly there were slight general movements north and south, and east and west, at certain seasons of the year, but many of the accounts of these movements are entirely misleading, because greatly exaggerated. In one portion of the northern country I know that there was a decided east and west seasonal migration, the herds tending in spring away from the mountains, while in the autumn they worked back again, no doubt seeking shelter in the rough, broken country of the foothills from the cold west winds of the winter.

The buffalo is easily tamed when caught as a calf, and in all its ways of life resembles the domestic cattle. It at once learns to respect a fence, and manifests no disposition to wander.

Three years ago there were in this country about two hundred and fifty domesticated buffalo, in the possession of about a dozen individuals. Of these the most important herd was that of Hon. C. J. Jones, of Garden City, Kan., which included about fifty animals captured and reared by himself, and the Bedson herd of over eighty, purchased in Manitoba. The Jones herd at one time consisted of about one hundred and fifty head. Next came that of Charles Allard and Michel Pablo, of the Flat Head Agency in Montana, which in 1888 numbered thirty-five, and has now increased to about ninety. Mr. Jones's herd has been broken up, and he now retains only about forty-five head, of which fifteen are breeding cows. He tells me that within the past year or two he has sold over sixty pure buffalo, and that nearly as many more have died through injuries received in transporting them by rail.

Mr. Jones is the only individual who of recent years has made any systematic effort to cross the buffalo with our own domestic cattle. As far back as the beginning of the present century, this was successfully done in the West and Northwest, and in Audubon & Bachman's "Quadrupeds of America" may be found an extremely interesting account, written by Robert Wickliffe, of Lexington, Ky., giving the results of a series of careful and successful experiments which he carried on for more than thirty years. These experiments showed that the cross for certain purposes was a very valuable one, but no systematic efforts to establish and perpetuate a breed of buffalo cattle were afterward made until within the past ten years. Mr. Jones has bred buffalo bulls to Galloway, Polled Angus, and ordinary range cows, and has succeeded in obtaining calves from all. Such half-breeds are of very

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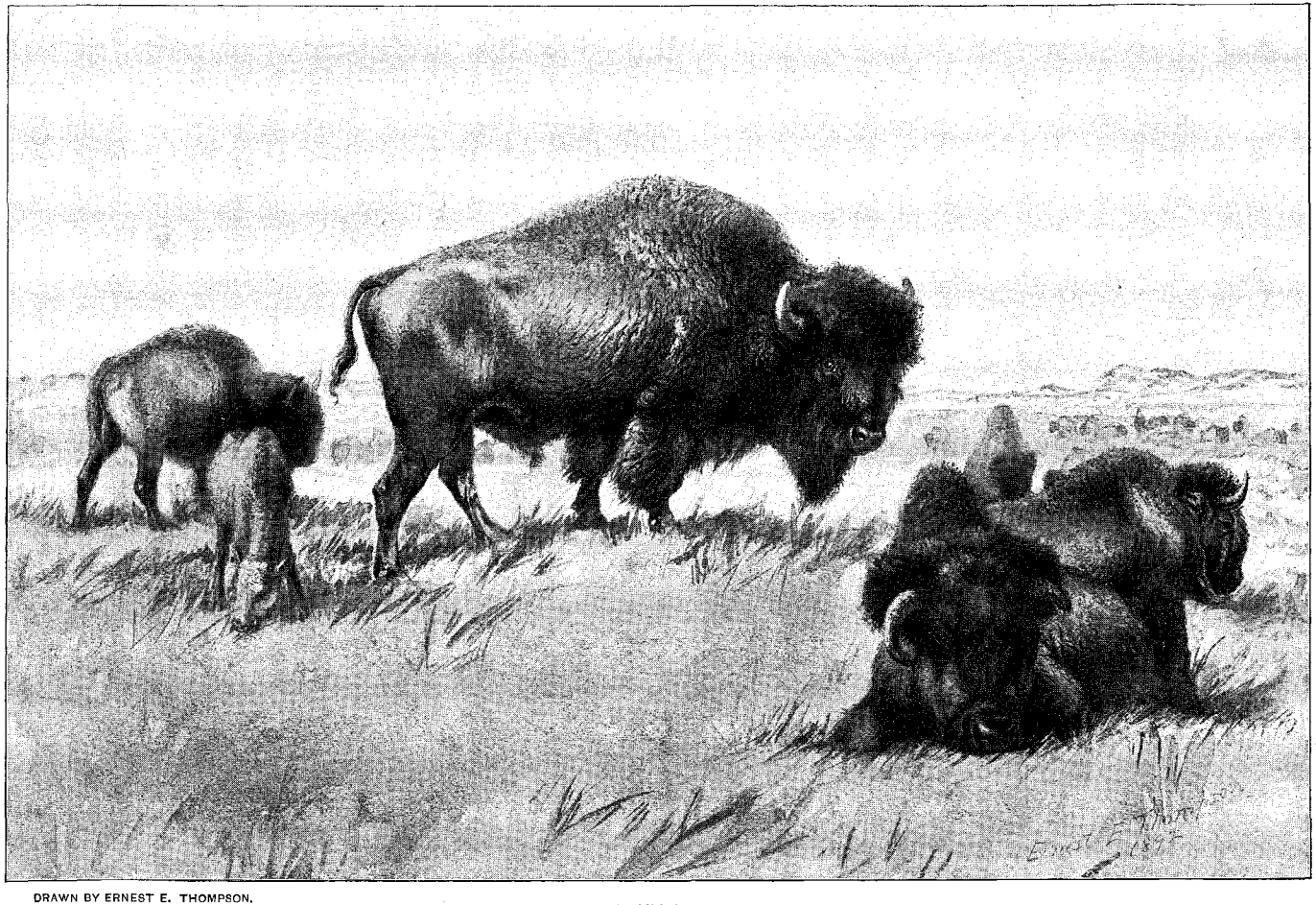

DRAWN BY ERNEST E. THOMPSON.

At Mid-day.

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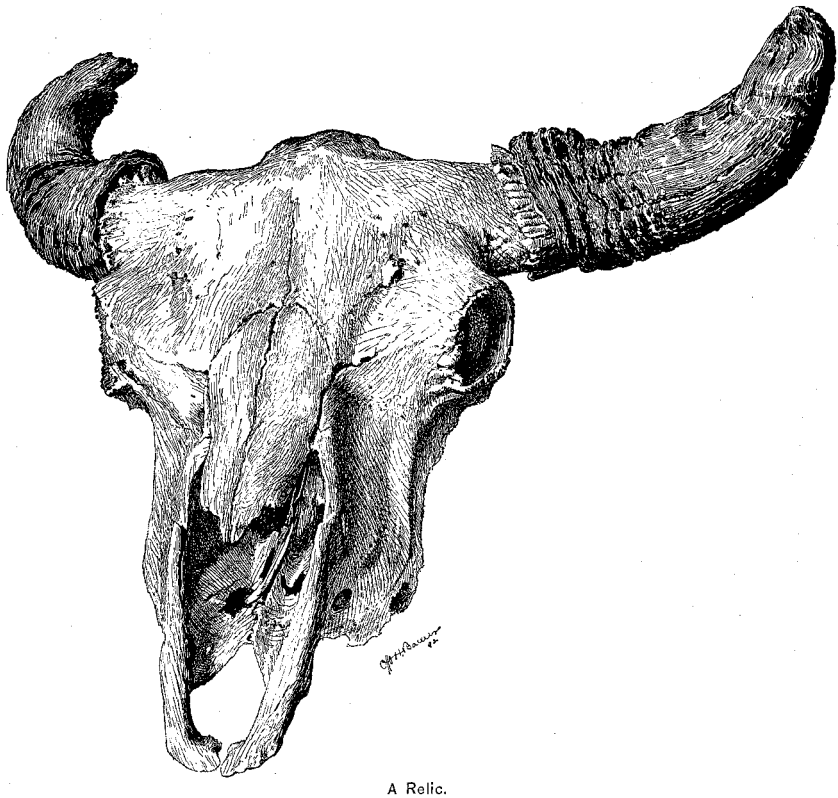
large size, extremely hardy, and, as a farmer would say, "easy keepers." They are fertile among themselves or with either parent. A half-breed cow of Mr. Jones's that I examined was fully as large as an ordinary work-ox, and in spring, while nursing a calf, was fat on grass. She lacked the buffalo hump, but her hide would have made a good robe. The great size and tremendous frame of these cross-bred cattle should make them very valuable for beef, while their hardiness would exempt them from the dangers from winter—so often fatal to domestic range cattle—and they produce a robe which is quite as valuable as that of the buffalo, and more beautiful because more even all over. If continued, these attempts at cross-breeding may do much to improve our Western range cattle.

Mr. Jones has sold a number of buffalo to persons in Europe where there is a considerable demand for them. It is to be hoped that no more of these domesticated buffalo will be allowed to leave the country where they were born. Indeed, it would seem quite within the lines of the work now being carried on by the Agricultural Department for the Government to purchase all the domesticated American buffalo that can be had, and to start, in some one of the Western States, an experimental farm for buffalo breeding and buffalo crossing. With a herd of fifty pure bred buffalo cows and a sufficient number of bulls, a series of experiments could be carried on which might be of great value to the cattle growers of our western country. The stock of pure buffalo could be kept up and increased, surplus bulls, pure and half bred, could be sold to farmers, and, in time, the new race of buffalo cattle might become so firmly established that it would endure.



A Relic.

To undertake this with any prospect of success, such a farm would have to be managed by a man of intelligence and of wide experience in this particu-

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lar field; otherwise all the money invested would be wasted. Mr. Jones is perhaps the only man living who knows enough of this subject to carry on such an experimental farm with success.

Although only one species of buffalo is known to science, old mountaineers and Indians tell of four kinds. These are, besides the ordinary animal of the plains, the "mountain buffalo," sometimes called "bison," which is found in the timbered Rocky Mountains; the "wood buffalo" of the Northwest, which inhabits the timbered country to the west and north of Athabaska Lake; and the "beaver buffalo." The last named has been vaguely described to me by northern Indians as small and having a very curly coat. I know of only one printed account of it, and this says that it had "short, sharp horns which were small at the root and curiously turned up and bent backward, not unlike a ram's, but quite unlike the bend of the horn in the common buffalo." It is possible that this description may refer to the musk ox and not to a buffalo. The "mountain" and "wood" buffalo seem to be very much alike in habit and appearance. They are larger, darker, and heavier than the animal of the plains, but there is no reason for thinking them specifically distinct from it. Such differences as existed were due to the conditions of their environments.

The color of the buffalo in its new coat is a dark liver-brown. This soon changes, however, and the robes, which are at their best in November and early December, begin to grow paler toward spring; and when the coat is shed, the hair and wool from young animals is almost a dark smoky-gray. The calf when first born is of a bright yellow color, almost a pale red on the line of the back. As it grows older it becomes darker, and by late autumn is almost as dark as the adults. Variations from the normal color are very rare, but pied, spotted, and roan animals were sometimes killed. Blue or mouse-colored buffalo were occasionally seen, and a bull of this color was observed in the National Park last January. White buffalo—though often referred to as mythical—sometimes occurred. These varied from gray to cream-white. The rare and valuable "silk" or "beaver" robe owes its name to its dark color and its peculiar sheen or gloss. White or spotted robes were highly valued by the Indians. Among the Blackfeet they were presented to the Sun as votive offerings. Other tribes kept them in their sacred bundles.

Apart from man, the buffalo had but few natural enemies. Of these the most destructive were the wolves, which killed a great many of them. These, however, were principally old, straggling bulls, for the calves were protected by their mothers, and the females and young stock were so vigorous and so gregarious that they had but little to fear from this danger. It is probable that, notwithstanding the destruction which they wrought, the wolves performed an important service for the buffalo race, keeping it vigorous and healthy by killing weak, disabled, and superannuated animals, which could no longer serve any useful purpose in the herd, and yet consumed the grass which would support a healthy breeding animal. It is certainly true that sick buffalo, or those out of condition, were rarely seen.

The grizzly bear fed to some extent on the carcasses of buffalo drowned in the rivers or caught in the quicksands, and occasionally they caught living buffalo and killed them. A Blackfoot Indian told me of an attempt of this kind which he witnessed. He was lying hidden by a buffalo trail in the Bad Lands, near a little creek, waiting for a small bunch to come down to water, so that he might kill one. The buffalo came on in single file as usual, the leading animal being a young heifer. When they had nearly reached the water, and were passing under a vertical clay wall, a grizzly bear, lying hid on a shelf of this wall, reached down, and with both paws caught the heifer about the neck and threw himself upon her. The others at once ran off, and a short struggle ensued, the bear trying to kill the heifer, and she to escape. Almost at once, however, the Indian saw a splendid young bull come rushing down the trail toward the scene of conflict, and charge the bear, knocking him down. A fierce combat ensued. The bull would charge the bear, and when

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he struck him fairly would knock him off his feet, often inflicting severe wounds with his sharp horns. The bear struck at the bull, and tried to catch him by the head or shoulders, and to hold him, but this he could not do. After fifteen or twenty minutes of fierce and active fighting the bear had received all the punishment he cared for, and tried to escape, but the bull would not let him go, and kept up the attack until he had killed his adversary. Even after the bear was dead the bull would gore the carcass and sometimes lift it clear of the ground on his horns. He seemed insane with rage, and, notwithstanding the fact that most of the skin was torn from his head and shoulders, appeared to be looking about for something else to fight. The Indian was very much afraid lest the bull should discover and kill him, and was greatly relieved when he finally left the bear and went off to join his band. This Blackfoot had never heard of Uncle Remus's tales, but he imitated Brer Rabbit—laid low and said nothing.

To the Indians the buffalo was the staff of life. It was their food, clothing, dwellings, tools. The needs of a savage people are not many, perhaps, but whatever the Indians of the plains had, that the buffalo gave them. It is not strange, then, that this animal was reverenced by most plains tribes, nor that it entered largely into their sacred ceremonies, and was in a sense worshipped by them. The Pawnees say "Through the corn and the buffalo we worship the Father." The Blackfeet ask, "What one of all the animals is most sacred?" and the reply given is "The buffalo."

The robe was the Indian's winter covering and his bed, while the skin, freed from the hair and dressed, constituted his summer sheet or blanket. The dressed hide was used for moccasins, leggings, shirts, and women's dresses. Dressed cow-skins formed their lodges, the warmest and most comfortable portable shelters ever devised. Braided strands of raw hide furnished them with ropes and lines, and these were made also from the twisted hair. The green hide was sometimes used as a kettle, in which to boil meat, or, stretched over a frame of boughs, gave them coracles, or boats, for crossing rivers. The tough, thick hide of the bull's neck, allowed to shrink smooth, made a shield which would turn a lance-thrust, an arrow, or even the ball from an old-fashioned smooth-bore gun. From the raw hide, the hair having been shaved off, were made parfleches—envelope-like cases which served for trunks or boxes—useful to contain small articles. The cannon-bones and ribs were used to make implements for dressing hides; the shoulder-blades lashed to sticks made hoes and axes, and the ribs runners for small sledges drawn by dogs. The hoofs were boiled to make a glue for fastening the feathers and heads on their arrows, the hair used to stuff cushions, and later saddles, strands of the long black beard to ornament articles of wearing-apparel and implements of war, such as shields and quivers. The sinews lying along the back gave them thread and bow-strings, and backed their bows. The horns furnished spoons and ladles, and ornamented their war bonnets. Water buckets were made from the lining of the paunch. The skin of the hind leg cut off above the pastern, and again a short distance above the hock, was once used for a moccasin or boot. Fly-brushes were made from the skin of the tail dried on sticks. Knife-sheaths, quivers, bow-cases, gun-covers, saddle-cloths, and a hundred other useful and necessary articles, all were furnished by the buffalo.

The Indians killed some smaller game, as elk, deer, and antelope, but for food their dependence was on the buffalo. But before the coming of the whites their knives and arrow-heads were merely sharpened stones, weapons which would be inefficient against such great, thick-skinned beasts. Even under the most favorable circumstances, with these primitive implements, they could not kill food in quantities sufficient to supply their needs. There must be some means of taking the buffalo in considerable numbers. Such wholesale capture was accomplished by traps or surrounds, which all depended for success on one characteristic of the animal—its curiosity.

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The Blackfeet, Plains Crees, Gros Ventres of the Prairie, Sarcees, some bands of the Dakotas, Snakes, Crows, and some others, drove the herds of buffalo into pens from above, or over high cliffs, where the fall killed or crippled a large majority of the herd. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes drove them into pens on level ground; the Blackfeet, Aricaras, Mandans, Gros Ventres of the Village, Pawnees, Omahas, Otoes, and others, surrounded the herds in great circles on the prairie, and then frightening them so that they started running, kept them from breaking through the line of men, and made them race round and round in a circle, until they were so exhausted that they could not run away, and were easily killed.

These primitive modes of slaughter have been described by earlier writers, and frequently quoted in recent years; yet, in all that has been written on this subject I fail to find a single account which gives at all a true notion of the methods employed, or the means by which the buffalo were brought into the enclosures. Eye-witnesses have been careless observers, and have taken many things for granted. My understanding of this matter is derived from men who from childhood have been familiar with these things, and from them, during years of close association, I have again and again heard the story of these old hunting methods.

The Blackfoot trap was called the *pískŭn*. It was an enclosure, one side of which was formed by the vertical wall of a cut bank, the others being built of rocks, logs, poles, and brush six or eight feet high. It was not necessary that these walls should be very strong, but they had to be tight, so that the buffalo could not see through them. From a point on the cut bank above this enclosure, in two diverging lines stretching far out into the prairie, piles of rock were heaped up at short intervals, or bushes were stuck in the ground, forming the wings of a V-shaped chute, which would guide any animals running down the chute to its angle above the *pískŭn*. When a herd of buffalo were feeding near at hand, the people prepared for the hunt, in which almost the whole camp took part. It is commonly stated that the buffalo were driven into the *pískŭn* by mounted men, but this is not the case. They were not driven but led, and they were led by an appeal to their curiosity. The man who brought them was usually the possessor of a "buffalo rock," a talisman which was believed to give him greater power to call the buffalo than was had by others. The previous night was spent by this man in praying for success in the enterprise of the morrow. The help of the Sun, *Nápi*, and all Above People was asked for, and sweet grass was burned to them. Early in the morning, without eating or drinking, the man started away from the camp and went up on the prairie. Before he left the lodge he told his wives that they must not go out, or even look out, of the lodge during his absence. They should stay there, and pray to the Sun for his success, and burn sweet grass until he returned. When he left the camp and went up on to the prairie toward the buffalo, all the people followed him, and distributed themselves along the wings of the chute, hiding behind the piles of rock or brush. The caller sometimes wore a robe and a bull's head bonnet, or at times was naked. When he had approached close to the buffalo, he endeavored to attract their attention by moving about, wheeling round and round, and alternately appearing and disappearing. The feeding buffalo soon began to raise their heads and stare at him, and presently the nearest ones would walk toward him to discover what this strange creature might be, and the others would follow. As they began to approach, the man withdrew toward the entrance of the chute. If the buffalo began to trot, he increased his speed, and before very long he had the herd well within the wings. As soon as they had passed the first piles of rock, behind which some of the people were concealed, the Indians sprang into view, and by yelling and waving robes frightened the hindmost of the buffalo, which then began to run down the chute. As they passed along, more and more people showed themselves and added to their terror,

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and in a very short time the herd was in a headlong stampede, guided toward the angle above the *pískŭn* by the piles of rock on either side.

About the walls of the *pískŭn*, now full of buffalo, were distributed the women and children of the camp, who, leaning over the enclosure, waving their arms and calling out, did all they could to frighten the penned-in animals, and to keep them from pushing against the walls or trying to jump or climb over them. As a rule the buffalo raced round within the enclosure, and the men shot them down as they passed, until all were killed. After this the people all entered the *pískŭn* and cut up the dead, transporting the meat to camp. The skulls, bones, and less perishable offal were removed from the enclosure, and the wolves, coyotes, foxes, and badgers devoured what was left.

It occasionally happened that something occurred to turn the buffalo, so that they passed through the guiding arms and escaped. Usually they went on straight to the angle and jumped over the cliff into the enclosure below. In winter, when snow was on the ground, their straight course was made additionally certain by placing on, or just above the snow, a line of buffalo chips leading from the angle of the V, midway between its arms out on to the prairie. These dark objects, only twenty or thirty feet apart, were easily seen against the white snow, and the buffalo always followed them, no doubt thinking this a trail where another herd had passed.

By the *Sauiksik* tribe of the Blackfoot nation and the Plains Crees, the *pískŭn* was built in a somewhat different way, but the methods employed were similar. With these people, who inhabited a flat country, the enclosure was built of logs and near a timbered stream. Its walls were complete; that is, there was no opening or gateway in them, but at one point this wall, elsewhere eight feet high, was cut away so that its height was only about four feet. From this point a bridge or causeway of logs, covered with dirt, sloped by a gradual descent down to the level of the prairie. This bridge was fenced on either side with logs, and the arms of the V came together at the point where the bridge reached the ground. The buffalo were driven down the chute as before, ran up on this bridge, and were forced to leap into the pen. As soon as all had entered, Indians who had been concealed near by ran up and put poles across the opening through which the buffalo had passed, and over these poles hung robes so as entirely to conceal the outer world. Then the butchering of the animals took place.

Further to the south, out on the prairie, where timber and rocks and brush were not obtainable for making traps like these, simpler but less effective methods were adopted. The people would go out on the prairie and conceal themselves in a great circle, open on one side. Then some man would approach the buffalo, and decoy them into the circle. Men would now show themselves at different points and start the buffalo running in a circle, yelling and waving robes to keep them from approaching, or trying to break through, the ring of men. This had to be done with great judgment, however, for often if the herd got started in one direction it was impossible to turn it, and it would rush through the ring and none would be secured. Sometimes if a herd was found in a favorable position, and there was no wind, a large camp of people would set up their lodges all about the buffalo, in which case the chances of success in the surround were greatly increased.

The tribes which used the *pískŭn* also practised driving the buffalo over high, rough cliffs, where the fall crippled or killed most of the animals which went over. In such situations, no enclosure was built at the foot of the precipice.

In the later days of the *pískŭn* in the north, the man who brought the buffalo often went to them on horseback, riding a white horse. He would ride backward and forward before them, zig-zagging this way and that, and after a little they would follow him. He never attempted to drive, but always led them. The driving began only after the herd had passed the outer rock piles, and the people had begun to rise up and frighten them.

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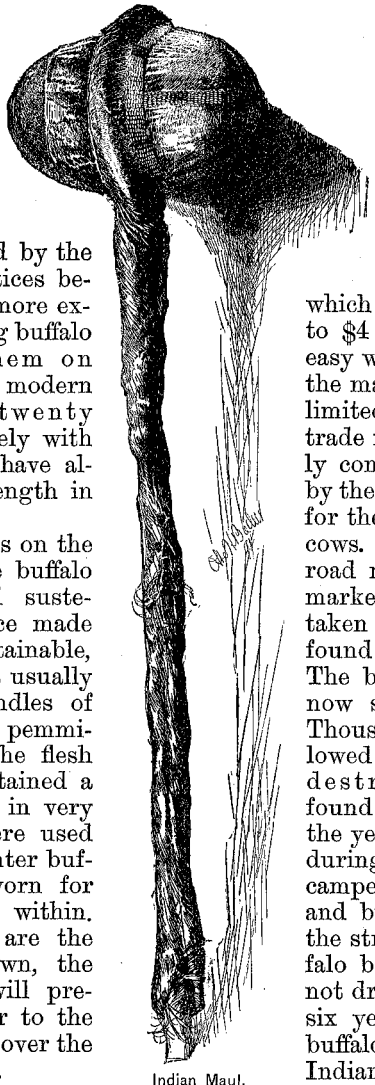
This method of securing meat has been practised in Montana within thirty years, and even more recently among the Plains Crees of the north. I have seen the remains of old *piskŭns*, and the guiding wings of the chute, and have talked with many men who have taken part in such killings.

All this had to do, of course, with the primitive methods of buffalo killing. As soon as horses became abundant, and sheet-iron arrow-heads, and later guns, were secured by the Indians, these old practices began to give way to the more exciting pursuit of running buffalo and of surrounding them on horseback. Of this modern method, as practised twenty years ago, and exclusively with the bow and arrow, I have already written at some length in another place.

To the white travellers on the plains in early days the buffalo furnished support and sustenance. Their abundance made fresh meat usually obtainable, and the early travellers usually carried with them bundles of dried meat, or sacks of pemmican, food made from the flesh of the buffalo, that contained a great deal of nutriment in very small bulk. Robes were used for bedding, and in winter buffalo moccasins were worn for warmth, the hair side within. Coats of buffalo skin are the warmest covering known, the only garment which will present an effective barrier to the bitter blasts that sweep over the plains of the Northwest.



Indian Maul.

Perhaps as useful to early travellers as any product of the buffalo, was the "buffalo chip," or dried dung. This, being composed of comminuted woody fibre of the grass, made an excellent fuel, and in many parts of the treeless plains was the only substance which could be used to cook with.

The dismal story of the extermination of the buffalo for its hides has been so often told, that I may be spared the sickening details of the butchery which was carried on from the Mexican to the British boundary line in the struggle to obtain a few dollars by a most ignoble means. As soon as railroads penetrated the buffalo country, a market was opened for their hides. Men too lazy to work were not too lazy to hunt, and a good hunter could kill in the early days from thirty to seventy-five buffalo a day, the hides of which were worth from $1.50 to $4 each. This seemed an easy way to make money, and the market for hides was unlimited. Up to this time the trade in robes had been mainly confined to those dressed by the Indians, and these were for the most part taken from cows. The coming of the railroad made hides of all sorts marketable, and even those taken from naked old bulls found a sale at some price. The butchery of buffalo was now something stupendous. Thousands of hunters followed millions of buffalo and destroyed them wherever found and at all seasons of the year. They pursued them during the day, and at night camped at the watering places, and built lines of fires along the streams, to drive the buffalo back so that they could not drink. It took less than six years to destroy all the buffalo in Kansas, Nebraska, Indian Territory, and northern Texas. The few that were left of the southern herd retreated to the waterless plains of Texas, and there for a while had a brief respite. Even here the hunters followed them, but as the animals were few and the territory in which they ranged vast, they held out here for some years. It was in this country, and against the very last sur-

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vivors of this southern herd, that "Buffalo Jones" made his very successful trips to capture calves.

The extirpation of the northern herd was longer delayed. No very terrible slaughter occurred until the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad; then, however, the same scenes of butchery were enacted. Buffalo were shot down by tens of thousands, their hides stripped off, and the meat left to the wolves. The result of the crusade was soon seen, the last buffalo were killed in the Northwest near the boundary line in 1883, and that year may be said to have finished up the species, though some few were killed in 1884 to 1885.

After the slaughter had been begun, but years before it had been accomplished, the subject was brought to the attention of Congress, and legislation looking to the preservation of the species was urged upon that body. Little general interest was taken in the subject, but in 1874, after much discussion, Congress did pass an act providing for the protection of the buffalo. The bill, however, was never signed by the President.

During the last days of the buffalo, a remarkable change took place in its form, and this change is worthy of consideration by naturalists, for it is an example of specialization — of development in one particular direction — which was due to a change in the environment of the species, and is interesting because it was brought about in a very few years, and indicates how rapidly, under favoring conditions, such specialization may take place.

This change was noticed and commented on by hunters who followed the northern buffalo, as well as by those who assisted in the extermination of the southern herd. The southern hunters, however, averred that the "regular" buffalo had disappeared—gone off somewhere—and that their place had been taken by what they called the southern buffalo, a race said to have come up from Mexico, and characterized by longer legs and a longer, lighter body than the buffalo of earlier years, and which was also peculiar in that the animals never became fat. Intelligent hunters of the northern herd, however, recognized the true state of the case, which was that the buffalo, during the last years of their existence, were so constantly pursued and driven from place to place that they never had time to lay on fat as in earlier years, and that, as a consequence of this continual running, the animal's form changed, and instead of a fat, short-backed, short-legged animal, it became a long-legged, light-bodied beast, formed for running.

This specialization in the direction of speed at first proceeded very slowly, but at last, as the dangers to which the animals were subjected became more and more pressing, it took place rapidly, and as a consequence the last buffalo killed on the plains were extremely long-legged and rangy, and were very different in appearance — as they were in their habits — from the animals of twenty years ago.

Buffalo running was not a sport that required much skill, yet it was not without its dangers. Occasionally a man was killed by the buffalo, but deaths from falls and from bursting guns were more common. Many curious stories of such accidents are told by the few real old-timers whose memory goes back fifty years, to the time when flint-lock guns were in use. A mere fall from a horse is lightly regarded by the practised rider; the danger to be feared is that in such a fall the horse may roll on the man and crush him. Even more serious accidents occurred when a man fell upon some part of his equipment, which was driven through his body. Hunters have fallen in such a way that their whip-stocks, arrows, bows, and even guns, have been driven through their bodies. The old flint-lock guns, or "fukes," which were loaded on the run, with powder poured in from the horn by guess, and a ball from the mouth, used frequently to burst, causing the loss of hands, arms, and even lives.

While most of the deaths which occurred in the chase resulted from causes other than the resistance of the buffalo, these did occasionally kill a man. A curious accident happened in a camp of Red River half-breeds in the early '70s. The son of an Iroquois half-

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breed, about twenty years old, went out one day with the rest of the camp to run buffalo. At night he did not return, and the next day all the men went out to search for him. They found the horse and the arms, but could not find the man, and could not imagine what had become of him. About a year later, as the half-breeds were hunting in another part of the country, a cow was seen which had something unusual on its head. They chased and killed her, and found that she had on her head the pelvis of a man, one of the horns having pierced the thin part of the bone, which was wedged on so tightly that they could hardly get it off. Much of the hair on the head, neck, and shoulders of the cow was worn off short, and on the side on which the bone was, down on the neck and shoulders, the hair was short, black, and looked new, as if it had been worn entirely off the skin, and was just beginning to grow out again. It is supposed that this bone was part of the missing young man, who had been hooked by the cow, and carried about on her head until his body fell to pieces.

My old and valued friend, Charles Reynolds, for years chief of scouts at Fort Lincoln, Dak., and who was killed by the Sioux in the Custer fight in 1876, told me of the death of a hunting partner of his, which shows how dangerous even a dying buffalo may be. The two men had started from the railroad to go south and bring in a load of meat. On finding a bunch of buffalo, they killed by stalking what they required, and then on foot went up to the animals to butcher them. One cow, lying on her side, was still moving a little convulsively, but dying. The man approached her as if about to cut her throat, but when he was within a few feet of her head, she sprang to her feet, rushed at him, struck him in the chest with her horns, and then fell dead. Charley ran up to his partner, and to his horror saw that the cow's horn had ripped him up from the belly to the throat, so that he could see the heart still expanding and contracting.

Charley buried his partner there, and returning to the town, told his story. He was at once arrested on the charge that he had murdered his companion, and was obliged to return to the place and to assist in digging up the body to establish the truth of his statements.

In the early days when the game was plenty, buffalo running was exhilarating sport. Given a good horse, the only other requisite to success was the ability to remain on his back till the end of the chase. No greater degree of skill was needed than this, and yet the quick motion of the horse, the rough ground to be traversed, and the feeling that there was something ahead that must be overtaken and stopped, made the ride attractive. There was the very slightest spice of danger, for while no one anticipated an accident, it was possible that one's horse might step into a badger hole, in which case his rider would get a fall that would make his bones ache.

The most exciting, and by far the most interesting, hunts in which I ever took part were those with the Indians of the plains. They were conducted almost noiselessly, and no ring of rifle-shot broke the stillness of the air, nor puff of smoke rose toward the still, gray autumn sky. The consummate grace and skill of the naked Indians, and the speed and quickness of their splendid ponies, were well displayed in such chases as these. More than one instance is recorded where an Indian has sent an arrow entirely through the bodies of two buffalo. Sometimes such a hunt was signalized by some feat of daring bravado that, save in the seeing, was scarcely credible, as when the Cheyenne Big Ribs rode his horse close up to the side of a huge bull, and, springing on his back, rode the savage beast for some distance, and then with his knife gave it its death-stroke. Or a man might find himself in a position of comical danger, as did "The Trader" who was thrown from his horse on to the horns of a bull without being injured. One of the horns passed under his belt and supported him, and at the same time prevented the bull from tossing him. In this way he was carried for some distance on the animal's head, when the belt gave way and he fell to the ground unhurt, while the

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bull ran on. There were occasions when buffalo or horses fell in front of horsemen riding at full run, and when a fall was avoided only by leaping one's horse over the fallen animal. In the buffalo chase of old days it was well for a man to keep his wits about him, for, though he might run buffalo a thousand times without accident, the moment might come when only instant action would save him his life, or at least an ugly hurt.

In the early days of the first Pacific Railroad, and before the herds had been driven back from the track, singular hunting parties were sometimes seen on the buffalo range. These hunters were capitalists connected with the newly constructed roads, and some of them now for the first time bestrode a horse, while few had ever used firearms. On such a hunt, one well-known railroad director, eager to kill a buffalo, declined to trust himself on horseback, preferring to bounce over the rough prairie in an ambulance driven by an alarmed soldier, who gave less attention to the mules he was guiding than to the loaded and cocked pistol which his excited passenger was brandishing. These were amusing excursions where a merry party of pleasant officers from a frontier post, and their guests, a jolly crowd of merchants, brokers, and railroad men from the East, start out to have a buffalo hunt. With them go the post guide and a scout or two, the escort of soldiers, and the great blue army wagons, under whose white tilts are piled all the comforts that the post can furnish—unlimited food and drink, and many sacks of forage for the animals. Here all was mirth and jest and good fellowship, and, except that canvas covered them while they slept, the hunters lived in as much comfort as when at home. The killing of buffalo was to them only an excuse for their jolly outing amid novel scenes.

It was on the plains of Montana, in the days when buffalo were still abundant, that I had one of my last buffalo hunts—a hunt with a serious purpose. A company of fifty or more men, who for weeks had been living on bacon and beans, longed for the "boss ribs" of fat cow, and when we struck the buffalo range two of us were deputed to kill some meat. My companion was an old prairie man of great experience, and I myself was not altogether new to the West, for I had hunted in many territories, and had more than once been "jumped" by hostile Indians. Our horses were not buffalo runners, yet we felt a certain confidence that if we could find a bunch and get a good start on them, we would bring in the desired meat. The troops would march during the day, for the commanding officer has no notion of waiting in camp merely for fresh meat, and we were to go out, hunt, and overtake the command at their night's camp.

The next day after we had reached the buffalo range we started out long before the eastern sky was gray, and were soon riding off over the chilly prairie. The trail which the command was to follow ran a little north of east, and we kept to the south and away from it, believing that in this direction we would find the game; and that if we started them they would run north or northwest—against the wind, so that we could kill them near the trail. Until some time after the sun had risen we saw nothing larger than antelope, but at length, from the top of a high hill we could see far away to the east dark dots on the prairie, which we knew could only be buffalo. They were undisturbed too, for, though we watched them for some time, we could detect no motion in their ranks.

It took us nearly two hours to reach the low, broken buttes on the north side of which the buffalo were, and, riding up on the easternmost of these, we tried to locate our game more exactly. It was important to get as close as possible before starting them, so that our first rush might carry us into the midst of them. Knowing the capabilities of our horses, which were thin from long travel, we felt sure that if the buffalo should take the alarm before we were close to them, we could not overtake the cows and young animals which always run in the van, and should have to content ourselves with old bulls. On the other hand, if we could dash in among

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them during the first few hundred yards of the race, we should be able to keep up with and select the fattest animals in the herd.

When we reached a point just below the crest of the hill, I stopped and waited, while my companion rode on. Just before he got to the top he too halted, then took off his hat and peered over the ridge, examining so much of the prairie beyond as was now visible to him. His inspection was careful and thorough, and when he had made sure that nothing was in sight, his horse took a step or two forward and then stopped again, and the rider scanned every foot of country before him. The horse, trained as the real hunter's horse is always trained, understood what was required of him, and with pricked ears examined the prairie beyond with as much interest as did his rider. When the calf of Charley's right leg pressed the horse's side, two or three steps more were taken, and then a lifting of the bridle hand caused another halt.

At length I saw my companion slowly bend forward over his horse's neck, turn, and ride back to me. He had seen the backs of two buffalo lying on the edge of a little flat hardly a quarter of a mile from where we stood. The others of the band must be still nearer to us. By riding along the lowest part of the sag which separated the two buttes, and then down a little ravine, it seemed probable that we could come within a few yards of the buffalo unobserved. Our preparations did not take long. The saddle cinches were loosened, blankets arranged, saddles put in their proper places and tightly cinched again. Cartridges were brought round to the front and right of the belt, where they would be convenient for reloading. Our coats tied behind the saddle were looked to, the strings which held them being tightened and securely retied. All this was not lost on our horses, which understood as well as we did what was coming. We skirted the butte, rode through the low sag and down into the little ravine, which soon grew deeper, so that our heads were below the range of vision of almost anything on the butte. Passing the mouth of the little side ravine, however, there came into full view a huge bull lying well up on the hillside. Luckily his back was toward us, and, each bending low over his horse's neck, we rode on, and in a moment were hidden by the side of the ravine. Two or three minutes more, and we came to another side ravine which was wide and commanded a view of the flat. We stopped before reaching this, and a peep showed that we were within a few yards of two old cows, a young heifer, and a yearling, all of them to the north of us. Beyond, we could see the backs of others all lying down.

We jumped on our horses again, and, setting the spurs well in, galloped up the ravine and up on the flat, and as we came into view the nearest buffalo, as if propelled by a huge spring, were on their feet, and, with a second's pause to look, dashed away to the north. Scattered over the flat were fifty or seventy-five buffalo, all of which, by the time we had glanced over the field, were off, with heads hanging low to the ground, and short, spiky tails stretched out behind. We were up even with the last of the cows, and our horses were running easily and seemed to have plenty of reserve power. Charley, who was a little ahead of me, called back, "They will cross the trail about a mile north of here. Kill a couple when we get to it." I nodded, and we went on. The herd raced forward over the rolling hills, and in what seemed a very short time we rushed down a long slope on to a wide flat, in which was a prairie dog town of considerable extent. We were on the very heels of the herd, and in a cloud of dust kicked up by their rapid flight. To see the ground ahead was impossible. We could only trust to our horses and our good luck to save us from falling. Our animals were doing better than we had supposed they could, and were going well and under a pull. I felt that a touch of the spurs and a little riding would bring us up even with the leaders of the buffalo. The pace had already proved too much for several bulls, which had turned off to one side and been passed by. As we flew across the flat, I saw far off a dark line and two white objects, which I knew must be our command. I called

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to my comrade and, questioning by the sign, pointed at the buffalo. He nodded, and in a moment we had given free rein to our horses, and were up among the herd. During the ride I had two or three times selected my game, but the individuals of the band changed positions so constantly that I could not keep track of them. Now, however, I picked out a fat two-year-old bull, but as I drew up to him he ran faster than before, and rapidly made his way toward the head of the band. I was resolved that he should not escape, and so, though I was still fifteen or twenty yards in the rear, fired. At the shot he fell heels over head directly across a cow, which was running by his side and a little behind him. I saw her turn a somerset, and almost at the same instant heard Charley shoot twice in quick succession, and saw two buffalo fall. I fired at a fat young cow, that I had pushed my pony up close to. At the shot she whirled, my horse did the same, and she chased me as hard as she could go for seventy-five yards, while I did some exceedingly vigorous spurring, for she was close behind me all the time. To do my horse justice, I think that he would have run as fast as he could, even without the spurs, for he appreciated the situation. At no time was there any immediate danger that the cow would overtake us; if there had been, I should have dodged her. Presently the cow stopped, and stood there very sick. When I rode back I did not find it easy to get my horse near her, but another shot was not needed, and while I sat looking at her, she fell over dead. The three buffalo first killed had fallen within a hundred yards of the trail where the wagons afterward passed, and my cow was but little farther away. The command soon came up, the soldiers did the butchering, and before long we were on the march again.

Of the millions of buffalo which even in our own time ranged the plains in freedom, none now remain. From the prairies which they used to darken, the wild herds, down to the last straggling bull, have disappeared. In the Yellowstone National Park, protected from destruction by United States troops, are the only wild buffalo which exist within the borders of the United States. These are mountain buffalo, and, from their habit of living in the thick timber and on the rough mountain sides, they are only now and then seen by visitors to the Park. It is impossible to say just how many there are, but from the best information that I can get, based on the estimates of reliable and conservative men, I conclude that the number was not less than four hundred in the winter of 1891–92. Each winter or spring the Government scout employed in the Park sees one or more herds of these buffalo, and as such herds are usually made up in part of young animals and have calves with them, it is fair to assume that they are steadily if slowly increasing. The report of a trip made last January speaks of four herds seen in the Hayden Valley, which numbered respectively 78, 50, 110, and 15. Besides these, a number of single animals and of scattering groups were seen at a distance, which would perhaps bring the total number up to three hundred. Of course, it is not to be supposed that all the buffalo in the Park were at that time collected in this one valley.

In the far Northwest, in the Peace River district, there may still be found a few wood buffalo. Judging from reports of them which occasionally reach us from Indians and Hudson's Bay men, their habits resemble those of the European bison. They are seldom killed, and the estimate of their numbers varies from five hundred to fifteen hundred. This cannot be other than the merest guess, since they are scattered over many thousand square miles of territory which is without inhabitants, and for the most part unexplored.

On the great plains is still found the buffalo skull half buried in the soil and crumbling to decay. The deep trails once trodden by the marching hosts are grass-grown now, and fast filling up. When these most enduring relics of a vanished race shall have passed away, there will be found, in all the limitless domain once darkened by their feeding herds, not one trace of the American buffalo.

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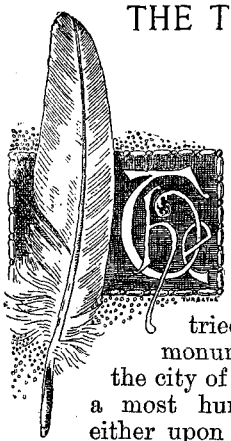
THE TILDEN TRUST LIBRARY: WHAT SHALL IT BE?

By John Bigelow.



A RECENT decision of the Court of Appeals, nullifying the clause of the late Mr. Tilden's will in which he tried to provide a free monumental library for the city of New York, imports a most humiliating reflection either upon the statesmen who made our testamentary laws or upon the court which interpreted them. In either case, and irrespective of the loss visited upon our commercial metropolis by this decision, the result cannot fail to be regarded not only as a defeat of justice, but as a public calamity.

What were Mr. Tilden's wishes and intentions in regard to the disposition of the bulk of his fortune after making what he deemed an adequate provision for his kindred, no one who has read his will could entertain a doubt. His intentions have been disregarded and his will set aside by the Court of Appeals, apparently, because he had reposed more confidence in his executors than the law permits. Had he selected for his executors gentlemen in whose integrity he had less confidence, gentlemen whose discretion he distrusted, and had he tied them up with such restrictions as obvious prudence would have dictated in such a case, his wishes might have been respected and the city of New York be now the richer by some five millions of dollars.

Whether this decision is in accord with the laws of the State or merely a caprice of the judiciary, it is final so far as the Tilden Trust is concerned; and, despite the carefully elaborated directions of his will, the whole of this large bequest was decided to belong to heirs for whom he designed only what was indeed a generous provision, none of them being descendants of his body, but which amounts in fact to less than one-fifth of his estate.

Happily a remnant has been saved from the wreck; what may be characterized as a lunar rather than a solar remnant, but still a remnant of planetary proportions. In view of the uncertainties, expense, and delays incident to litigation of this character, the executors of Mr. Tilden and the trustees of the Tilden Trust deemed it prudent, previous to the final argument of the Court of Appeals, to accept the terms of a settlement proffered by the grand-niece of Mr. Tilden, who was a party to the suit for the invalidation of the will, and who upon the death of her grandmother, Mr. Tilden's sister, and under her will, not under the will of Mr. Tilden, became entitled to one-half of all that part of the estate that had been intended for the Tilden Trust.

By the terms of this settlement the trustees of the Tilden Trust came into the possession of a property from which they expect to realize from two to two and a quarter millions of dollars. None of this sum, however, comes to the Tilden Trust through the will of Mr. Tilden. If this remnant shall ever be consecrated to the purpose for which the larger sum was designed, it will represent the shadow only of Mr. Tilden's beneficent intentions: the substance having been entirely diverted by the courts in other directions. Had the trustees of the Tilden Trust declined to avail themselves of this opportunity of insuring the city against the risks of a total loss, any private citizen would have encountered no legal obstacle in taking the same risk and putting the proceeds of the venture into his own pocket.

Notwithstanding his long-cherished desire, his carefully matured plans and clearly expressed instructions, the public will never receive a single penny directly from Mr. Tilden's estate except what may come to it periodically in the form of taxes.

Shamefully unjust to the memory of Mr. Tilden as this state of facts will ap-

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pear, when the judicial light of history shall be turned upon it, it delivers the trustees of the Tilden Trust from some of the restrictions in the administration of what they have saved—a fact which may ultimately prove advantageous to the public.

By his will it is clear that Mr. Tilden intended to confer upon his trustees a wide discretion in regard to the application of his bequest. He sought to provide for the city in which he had passed most of his life, in which he had amassed his fortune, and from which he had received every mark of public regard that could render life attractive to him, not only a free library, but such other educational facilities as in their judgment would be most opportune.*

Had the validity of the Tilden Trust been sustained by the courts, the trustees would have been compelled to restrict their operations rigorously to the needs of "A free library in the city of New York." This testamentary restriction, however, does not apply to the fund which has come into the hands of the trustees, except so far as such restriction is perpetuated by the charter of the Tilden Trust, a restriction which the legislature, if requested, will hardly hesitate to modify in any direction that would manifestly enlarge the usefulness of the Trust.

"The horse that drags its halter is not lost." Though the law has flagrantly shorn the Trust of its just proportions, a princely endowment for a library has been saved, and the immediate and pressing question now is, how can this endowment be used to the best advantage? In this question every New Yorker, at least, has a vital interest, and the press of New York a manifest duty, for it is only through the press that the best judgment of her citizens can be evolved and the public authorities properly encouraged and sustained in giving that judgment fit and adequate expression. Had the portion of his estate which Mr. Tilden destined for the Tilden Trust come into the hands of its trustees, it would have been their duty, as we understand it to have been their purpose, to open a library at once, or at least without unnecessary delay, at the testator's former residence, No. 15 Gramercy Park, a structure which could be made to accommodate some two hundred thousand volumes, and which would have the important advantage of being accessible both from Nineteenth and Twentieth Streets. Though this property would not furnish for any considerable time such accommodation as the Tilden Trust Library would require, even with its curtailed resources, it would have enabled the trustees to commence operations, within six months or a year at the latest, with a collection exceeding both in number and value the collections which first welcomed the public to any of the other great libraries of the world.

The fact that this structure had been for many years the residence of Mr. Tilden, as well as the obvious duty of the trustees to lose no time in giving the public an opportunity of profiting by his munificence, favored this idea. Could this dream have been realized, the library might have been dispensing its blessings, and at the same time developing organized strength and vigor, while the trustees should be taking the necessary steps to provide ampler accommodations for its progressive needs in the early future.

In view of their reduced resources, this policy is less likely to commend itself to the trustees. In the first place, they do not own the Gramercy Park property which Mr. Tilden intended them to have. They are joint owners of but half of it, the other half belonging to the heirs, and a suit in partition and sale at public auction may be necessary for a division of their respective interests. To whom it will belong after the sale, and the time to be consumed in the partition, are both, of course, uncertain.

In the second place, should the trustees become the purchasers of the

* "If for any cause or reason," he says in the 35th section of his will, "my said executors and trustees shall deem it inexpedient to convey said rest, residue, and remainder or any part thereof or to apply the same or any part thereof to the said institution, I authorize my said executors and trustees to apply the rest, residue, and remainder of my property, real and personal, after making good the said special Trusts herein directed to be constituted, or such portions thereof as they may not deem it expedient to apply to its use, to such charitable, educational, and scientific purposes as in the judgment of my said executors and trustees will render the said rest, residue, and remainder of my property most widely and substantially beneficial to the interests of mankind."

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Gramercy Park house, would they be justified in sinking so large a proportion of their reduced capital in non-income producing property, by appropriating it to such a purpose? They cannot count with any certainty, at present, upon an income of much over $80,000 a year. All of that will be needed to equip and operate such a reference library as befits a city already more populous than London fifty years ago, and likely to be as populous fifty years hence as London itself will then be.

In the third place, the Gramercy Park house was constructed for a residence; it would require strengthening and other extensive and more or less expensive alterations to adapt it to the purposes of a library, and when all was

View in One of the Stack-rooms of the Library.

done, it would not be fire-proof, a very serious objection to the dwelling-place of any large library.

In the fourth place, its territory would in a very few years be totally inadequate to the expanding needs of the library, for which it is manifestly wiser, if possible, to provide in the beginning than to incur all the disturbance, inconvenience, and expense of a removal, a new classification of the books, a reconstructing of catalogues, and numberless other subsidiary changes which would be required to adjust the library and its work to a new domicile and a new environment.

Were the trustees ever willing, would it be wise or prudent for the city to allow the funds for this library, the manifest destiny of which is to become the most important library of the continent, to be farther shrunk, merely to provide a shelter for its operations?

New York has already as many small, incomplete, and struggling libraries as are needed. Would it not be a folly to add to their number? What the city now wants is a library that shall possess sufficient vital force to become, reasonably soon, a repair for students from all parts of the world; to constitute an attraction to the literary and contemplative class, fitly corresponding with the incomparable attractions which she has always held out to men of affairs; to the organizers of the material industries and interests of the nation.

With their income unimpaired and entirely applicable to the equipment and operation of the library, this result could be realized in a very few years, for there probably was never a time in the history of the world when there were so many valuable libraries awaiting the advent of cash purchasers. Even in our own country there are very many large and valuable collections of books which would soon and without cost gravitate into any receptacle which would enlarge their usefulness and dignify the name and taste of their collectors. Of this the Tilden Trust has already received some substantial proofs, and only needs a suitable domicile to receive many more.

The British Museum owed its rapid growth and some of its most valuable possessions as much to the liberality of individuals as to its levies upon the national exchequer. In 1757 George II. gave it the library of the former kings of England. The same year the same monarch presented to it the Cotton Library. In 1763 George III. gave it the Thomason Collection of books and pamphlets issued in England between

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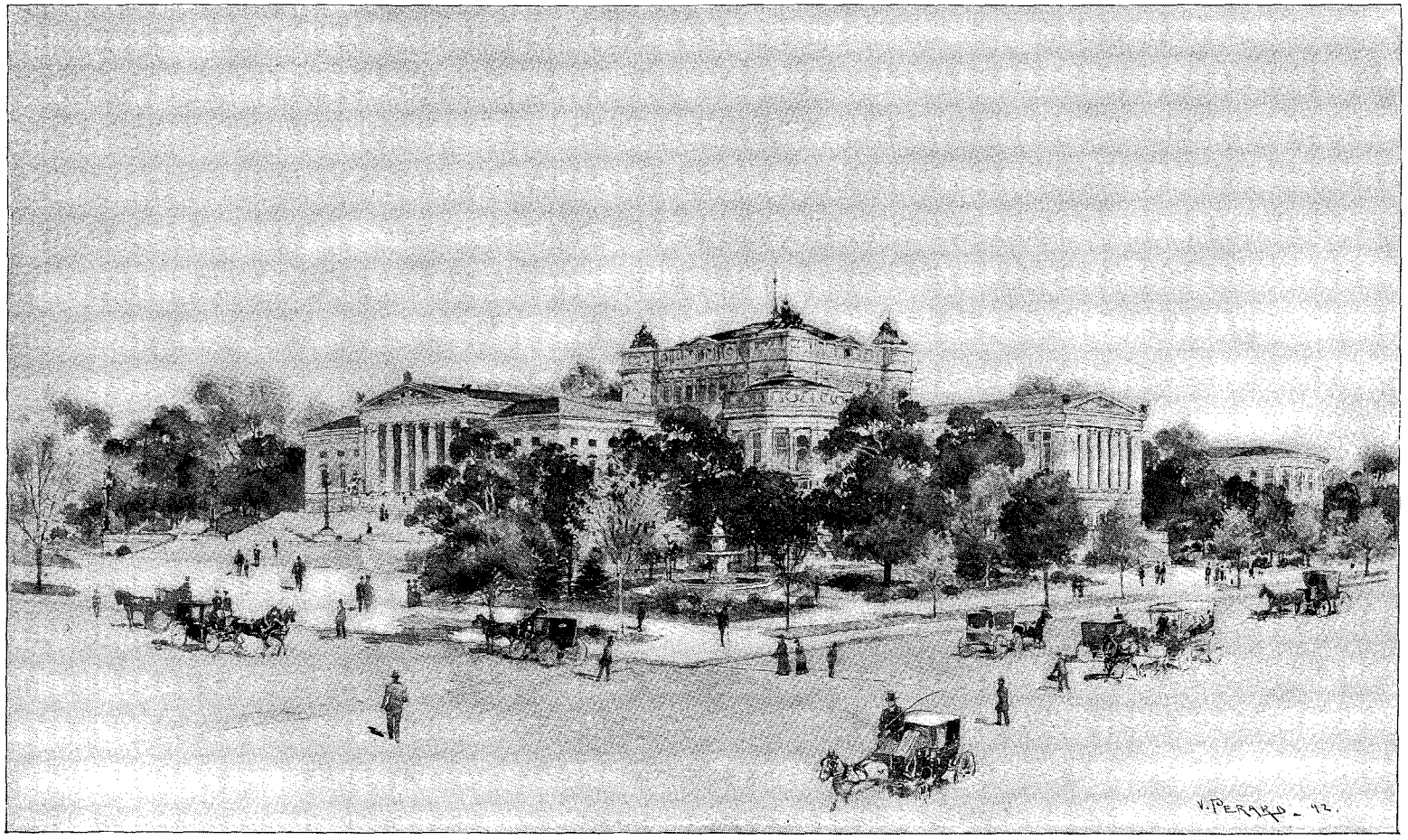

View showing the Position Suggested for the Tilden Library Building.

Bryant Park from the corner of the Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.

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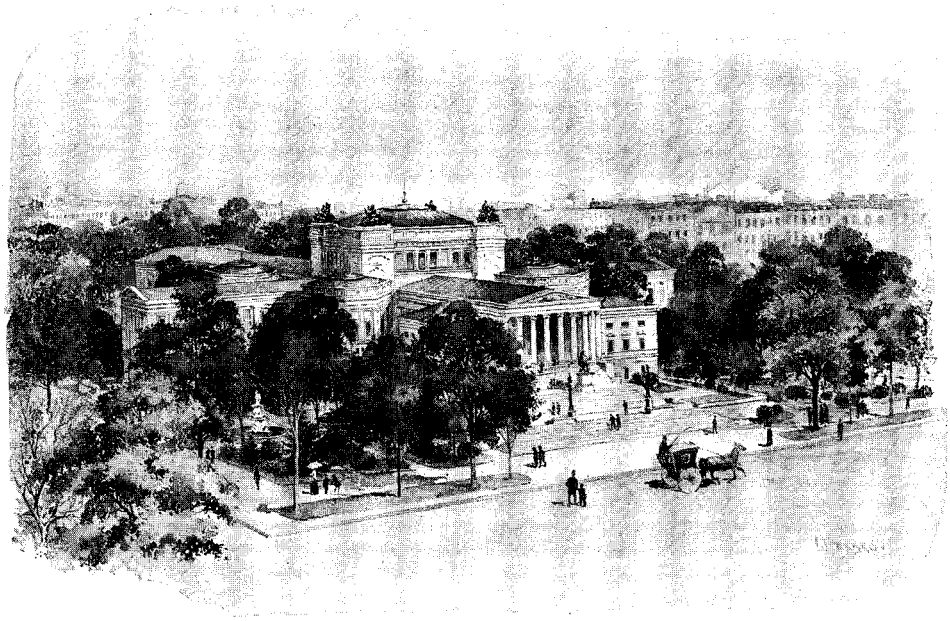

Bird's-eye View of the Bryant Park and Suggested Library.
(Seen from the Fifth Avenue side.)

the years 1640–1662, embracing all the controversial literature of that interesting period. In 1799 it received the bequest of the Rev. Mr. Cracherode's valuable collection. In 1820 Sir Joseph Banks, for many years President of the Royal Society, gave to it his library of 16,000 volumes. In 1823 George IV. presented to it the collection of his father, which is reported to have cost £650,000. In 1846 the Grenville Library of over twenty thousand volumes was bequeathed to it. These are some of the larger donations by the aid of which this library has reached its present enormous proportions, but they constitute by no means the larger part of its possessions acquired through the liberality of less conspicuous givers, such as Richard Gough, Richard Rawlinson, Robert Mason, F. W. Hope, and many others of later date. It does not require the gift of prophesy to foresee the time when a metropolitan free library, such as the Tilden Trust is destined to become if provided with suitable accommodations, would have quite as many and as bountiful benefactors.

Were any public-spirited citizen to address to the mayor and commonalty of the city of New York a proposition to secure to it the income of two or three millions of dollars for the equipment and operating of a free library within its borders on the single condition that they would provide for it a suitable repository, it is difficult to conceive of anyone hesitating about the acceptance of it. To close with such a proposition at once would seem to be a matter of course, neither inviting nor admitting of debate.

Such would seem to be precisely the opportunity now presented to the municipality of the most populous and wealthiest city of the American continent. This opportunity too presents itself at a most propitious moment. In the quarter of the city which has no rival in appropriateness for such a purpose, the city has a park now cumbered with a reservoir which is understood to have substantially survived its usefulness. This park embraces all the land between the Fifth and Sixth Avenues and between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets, and is now known as Bryant

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Park. The appropriation of parts of this park has already been seriously discussed.

A bill was introduced into the Legislature only a year or two before Mr. Tilden's death, with the acquiescence if not with the formal sanction of the municipal authorities, to have a portion of this park consecrated to a free library to be equipped and operated altogether at the city's expense. Mr. Tilden's co-operation was solicited. With his views upon the subject of such an institution, which had already taken formal shape in his will, he naturally declined to give the projected legislation any encouragement. How far his declension influenced the promoters of the bill and whether any intimations of his own purpose had anything to do with its fate has never transpired, but the bill was not pressed after it was ascertained that Mr. Tilden's co-operation could not be counted upon.

It has more recently been proposed to erect a new municipal building for all the courts and other municipal offices on this park; and a bill was also framed for that purpose, and submitted to the Legislature. The inconvenience of removing the judicial and administrative offices of the city so far from the great centre of business, and other objections of a no less grave character welled up so rapidly that that bill was not pressed, and the project, we believe, has been definitively abandoned.

Only one of the objections that either of these projects had to contend with would be even apparently applicable to the consecration of a portion of Bryant Park to the uses of a library, and that is the wise reluctance of the people to any reduction of the breathing spaces of the city, a reluctance with which we are in entire sympathy. If, however, ample library accommodations for the Tilden Trust Library can be provided in the Bryant Park for at least half a century to come, not only without restricting the present park accommodations, but actually increasing them—as we shall presently show that they can be—this objection will disappear.

One day, during the later stages of the debate over the plans to be adopted for the new library structure at Washington, the late Samuel J. Randall was lunching with the writer, and a gentleman present sketched on a bit of paper a plan for the National Library, upon which he had long been musing, and the details and merits of which he proceeded to expound to his listeners. Mr. Randall was so much taken with the plan that he requested the author to send him a detailed account of it in writing. This was done and forwarded to Washington, but failed to arrive there until after the plan now in progress of execution had been practically adopted by the committee. Before it left New York, however, it was submitted to Mr. Tilden. He was so much impressed by it as to say that it would insure larger and better results for its cost than any plan of a library building he had ever seen, and he expressed the wish that it might be adopted by Congress. This structure was to be in the form of a cross, a form than which no other secures in an equal degree the two primary requisites of a dwelling-place for books—light and air.

It can hardly be thought extravagant to say that no site better adapted for a structure of suitable proportions for a metropolitan library could be carved out of any part of the city than this of Bryant Park. It is on the highest ground between the Central Park and the Battery; it is, and will continue to be, central as long as any place in New York is ever likely to be central; it is accessible by two of the most frequented thoroughfares of the city, and is precisely of the shape and proportions best calculated to combine all the required accommodations for a library, without restricting the present privileges of the park.

The plan in question, somewhat elaborated as to details in the accompanying sketches since it was submitted to Mr. Tilden, may be briefly described as a cross, the upper part lying toward the Fifth Avenue; the lower and longer part toward the Sixth Avenue; the arms extended, one toward Fortieth Street, and the other toward Forty-second Street. The width in the clear of the main structure, both from east to west and from north to south, to be, say, sixty or sixty-five feet.

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Double-faced shelves perpendicular to the wall, for the stacking of books, will rise one tier above another four stories high on both sides of every part of the building not otherwise appropriated. These stacks of shelves on the lower floor would be about twenty-five feet long, making for both sides fifty feet of shelving and leaving an open passage in the centre for the circulation of the public, of from ten to fifteen feet. The shelves on the next and succeeding floors would recede as they rose, and each upper stack would be about three feet shorter than the stack immediately below it, to leave the space of a narrow gallery for communication from alcove to alcove on each story. The stacks of the upper story or tier would therefore be nine or ten feet shorter than the stacks on the lower floor, thus affording opportunities of securing to the library at all times the greatest abundance of air and light. These several stacks would form a series of alcoves eight feet wide, with a small table in each, admirably calculated to combine with every facility of access to books a seclusion and exemption from interruption which the serious student in New York now seeks in vain, whether in private or public resorts. The stack rooms to the right and left would be 60 × 108 feet, while the stack room toward the west, or Sixth Avenue, would be 60 × 335 feet.

At the intersection of the arms with the stems of the cross, as laid down on the accompanying plans, is a central hall or rotunda 90 feet in diameter, in the centre of which the librarian on duty would have his desks, catalogues, and bibliographical conveniences around him, and from which he could cover with his eye all the thoroughfares of the library. Tubes or other modern contrivances for the rapid delivery of books from the galleries and other remote parts of the library would concentrate at this station.

Four passages leading out of the four corners of this rotunda conduct to four octagonal pavilions, each 45 feet in diameter, having on their lower floors spacious vestibules through which the rotunda could be reached from four directions. In the upper part of each pavilion is a reading-room. One of these could be used for adult males, one for females, a third for children, and the fourth for whatever use it shall ultimately prove to be most needed. These pavilions are each lighted upon seven of their eight sides, and so located as to bring them in convenient proximity to the stack rooms and rotunda, yet completely sheltered from the noise and bustle of both.

At the foot of the main or lower stem of the cross are two projecting hemicycles designed for lecture-rooms or audience chambers, which may be reached from the street without entering the library.

On entering by the main doorway from the Fifth Avenue to the first floor, the student finds himself in a vestibule 22 × 37 feet. A corridor to the right and left conducts to the offices of the administration. Crossing the vestibule he passes into a spacious hall divided into three uninclosed compartments or bays supported by columns, suited for the arrangement and display of books of peculiar value, curious documents, prints, autographs, etc. This hall, comprising most of the upper stem of the cross, will measure 115 feet in length and will be 35 feet between the columns, or 60 feet from wall to wall, forming an imposing approach to the rotunda, and may be visited without disturbing the readers or distracting the attention of those appointed to wait upon them.

In the basements there will be room for receiving, cleaning, cataloguing and binding books; alcoves for bound newspapers and other bulky periodicals; and several auditoriums for literary, scientific, and other societies, and laboratories and such apparatus as may be appropriately accommodated there. As the Sixth Avenue is about ten feet lower than the Fifth, the heating and lighting machinery would naturally be mounted in the sub-basement, at the western end of the building.

The total shelving on sides of alcoves secured by this plan would measure 132,000 feet. It is usual to allow 110 square feet for 1,000 books. At that rate there would be accommodation in the alcoves alone for 1,200,000 books. The British Museum contains about 1,600,000, the Bibliothèque Nationale in

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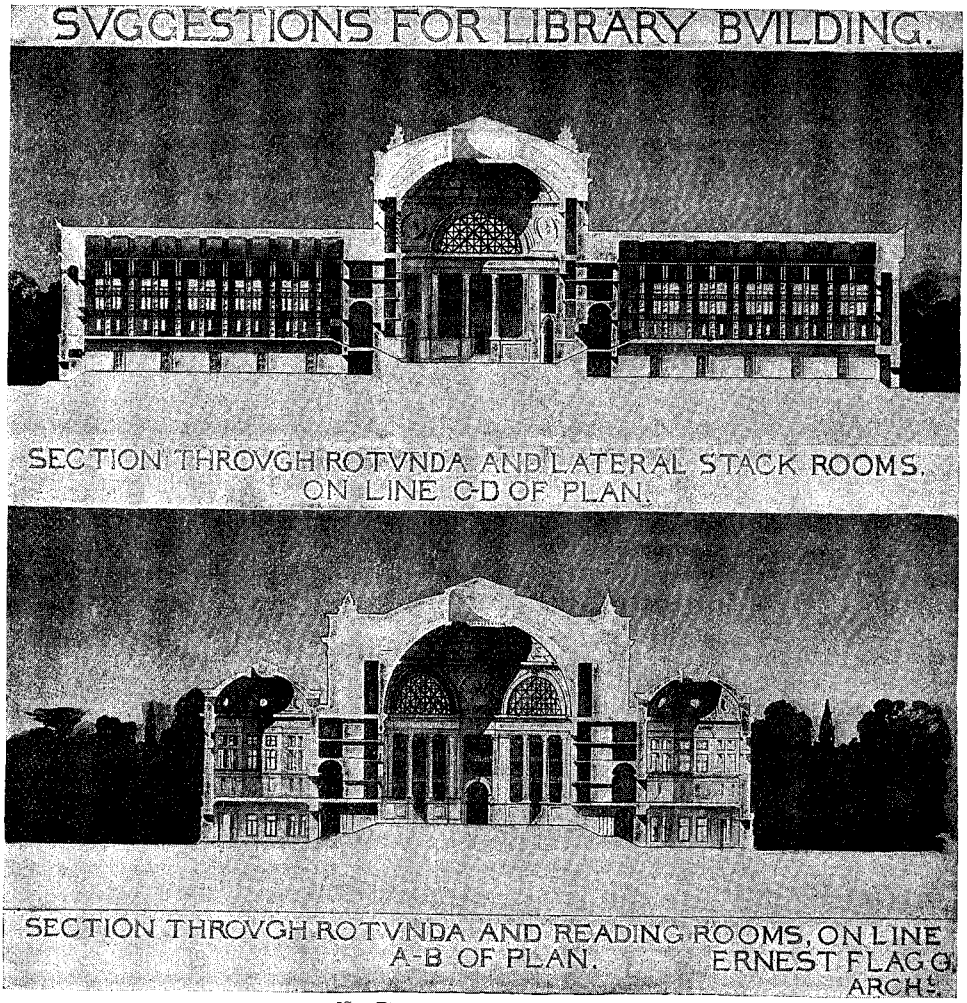
SVGGESTIONS FOR LIBRARY BVILDING.
SECTION THROVGH ROTVNDA AND LATERAL STACK ROOMS, ON LINE C-D OF PLAN.
SECTION THROVGH ROTVNDA AND READING ROOMS, ON LINE A-B OF PLAN.
ERNEST FLAGG, ARCHT.

[See Plans on pages 297 and 299.]

Paris, 2,500,000, the Congressional Library, more than 500,000. By utilizing the walls and corridors of the rotunda as in the British Museum, accommodations would be secured for an additional 300,000 volumes, which would more than suffice for the needs of the lending library. The vacant alcoves, or rather the place they would ultimately occupy, might be appropriated to the free exhibition of works of art of every description, a convenience which would be of great and reciprocal advantage to artists and the public.

We have stated that the structure we have proposed would increase instead of diminish the present park accommodations of the city. We will now explain and establish what may seem to our readers a somewhat paradoxical statement.

The proposed structure would leave the remaining and unoccupied portions of the park divided practically into four parks. The extreme length of the cross will be 715 feet. The arms, measured from the end of one to the end of the other, will measure 390 feet in length, and 65 feet in width. By setting the building back 150 feet from the Fifth Avenue and 50 feet from the Sixth Avenue, the two parks on Fifth Avenue would measure about 200 × 355 square feet each, and the two on Sixth Avenue, about 200 × 485 feet each.

Bryant Park entire contains 418,600

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square feet. It lies 920 feet on Fortieth and Forty-second Streets, and 455 feet on Fifth and Sixth Avenues. The reservoir occupies a little more than half of the whole plot. The proposed building would cover only 89,647 square feet, or about one-fifth of the plot, 21.44 per cent. exactly. Assuming that the reservoir occupies only half the plot, the park accommodations would be increased three-tenths, or, say, 12,540 square feet, by permitting the library to displace the reservoir.

In presenting this plan for a library we have intended to show the extreme available capacity of the plot under consideration. It might be reduced in the length of stem and arms to half the projected dimensions, preserving, of course, its proper proportions, and thus give the city adequate accommodations for many years. As increased accommodations came to be required, the structure could be extended in accordance with the plan, like the palace of the Tuileries, which was commenced by Catherine de Medici in 1564, and only completed during the reign of Napoleon.

In enumerating the advantages which the Bryant Park possesses over any other site in the city for a great library, we omitted to mention one of an economical character which is of by no means secondary importance.

The reservoir seems to be regarded as no longer a necessity to the city, or will soon cease to be such. The New York public will not be content to leave it cumbering the earth long after it has survived its usefulness. It contains not less than 80,000 cubic yards of stone and rubbish. Now, not only every ounce of this pile could be used in the construction of the proposed library and the terrace with which it should be surrounded, but all of the library walls except the exterior facing could be built from this material, while the old plaster of the reservoir would furnish all the sand that would be required for the mortar to lay them with. When we consider the cost of quarrying and bringing upon the premises the sand and stone required for such a structure as this, allowing the stone in the quarry to cost nothing, and add to it the cost of removing the reservoir, it is easy to see how a very large part of the cost of the library might be saved to the city by building it in Bryant Park.

When Carlyle said that "the true university of these days is a collection of books," he said nothing in disparagement of universities which are indispensable for teaching the young the use and value of books. In the felicitous lines of Wordsworth:

> "Books, we know,
> Are a substantial world, both pure and good,
> Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastime and our happiness will grow."

The appetite for them grows by what it feeds on. They displace meaner tastes and recreations. By bringing within our reach the accumulated wisdom of our race, they put us in stronger sympathy with all its members; thereby making better citizens and more harmonious families, with a constant tendency to the elevation of national character. They make life sweeter and better. They furnish the most effective antidote to the allurements of the drinking saloon, and they can do more than any available substitute to purify the ballot, to quench the unhallowed fires of political partisanship, and to make statesmen of politicians.

"It was profoundly true," said Mr. John Morley, speaking in support of the Free Library Act adopted in England in 1850, and quoting the expression of Burke, "that 'education was not reading a parcel of books, but exercising restraint, discipline, virtue and justice.' The parcel of books, however, if well chosen, reconciled us to the discipline, interpreted the virtue and justice, and awakened within us the diviner mind as to what was best in others and ourselves."

If the citizens of our great metropolis knew how few of the great books which have been the pride and delight of the world for the last two centuries would ever, could ever, have been written without the facilities accumulated for their authors in four or five of the great libraries of Europe, they would consider no duty more pressing, no disposition of their wealth more profitable, than the establishment of a library complete in all directions, as the first step to be

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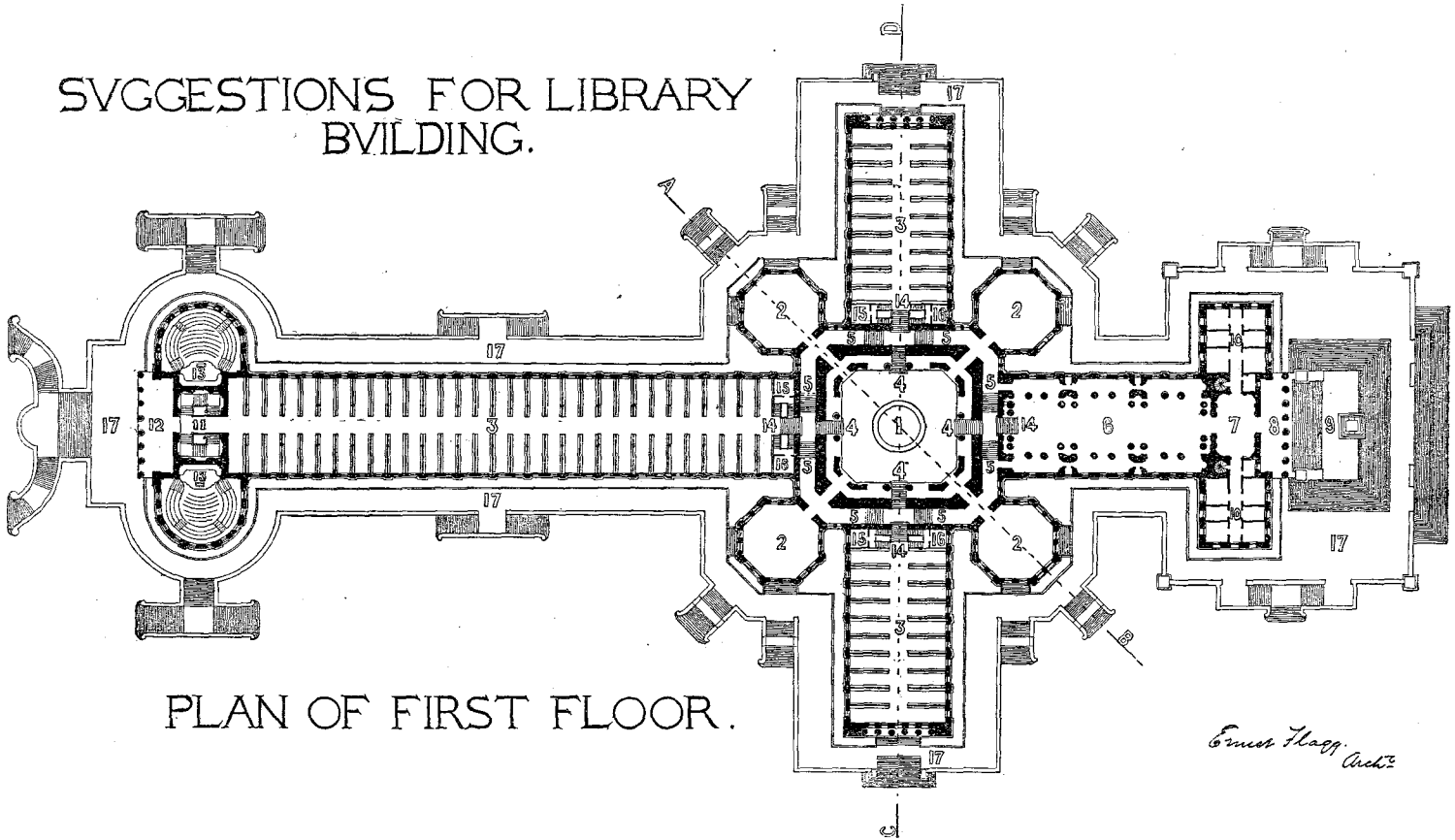

Plan of First Floor.—No. 1, rotunda; 2, 2, reading rooms; 3, 3, stack-rooms; 4, 4, steps, up from rotunda; 5, 5, steps and corridors to reading rooms; 6, great hall for the exhibition of valuable books and manuscripts; 7, Fifth Avenue vestibule; 8, portico; 9, perron; 10, offices for the administration; 11, staircase at the Sixth Avenue end; 12, portico; 13, 13, lecture halls; 14, 14, steps to stack-rooms and staircases connecting the different tiers of alcoves; 15, 15, toilet-rooms for employes and students using alcoves; 16, 16, cloak-rooms for the same; 17, 17, terrace.

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taken to secure to their country that eminence in the world of letters without which their commercial and industrial eminence must soon become, if it should not already be, a source of humiliation rather than of pride. It is to be hoped that they will look upon the present moment as the occasion, and the Tilden Trust as the opportunity, to lay the foundations of an institution which shall make at least one indispensable contribution toward our country's attaining, and at no distant day, that supremacy in the republic of letters which is easily within her reach, and the falling short of which will be justly a reproach to her.

It may happen that the time when the reservoir can be spared by the city is too remote or indefinite to be treated as a factor in the problem which the Trustees of the Tilden Trust have to solve. It may be; and we know there are some whose judgment will have and deserves to have great weight in determining this question, who incline to the opinion that the reservoir should be regarded as a permanent institution to meet unexpected and extraordinary exigencies such as great cities are always more or less exposed to. With those questions we do not propose to deal. We have discussed this subject on the presumption that our municipal government had been and were still seriously entertaining the purpose of dispensing with the reservoir as no longer a necessity to the city for the uses for which it was constructed.

In either of the contingencies just referred to, the Bryant Park must be left out of the calculations of the Tilden Trust. The duty and interests of the city, however, to provide a shelter for the Tilden library remain unchanged. Should it, however, for the reasons named or for any other, decline to provide such shelter, the following alternatives are open to the Trustees:

First, to consolidate with some one or more of the larger libraries already established in New York. This course would be beset with difficulties which might in time possibly be surmounted; but the result of such a combination, would be likely to embody more or less of the peculiarities of each corporation, and lack that unity of plan and purpose which is of great importance in laying the foundations of a great library. The aid of the Legislature would have to be invoked; and tinkering with old charters is always a delicate business, and usually fruitful of litigation.

Second, they may make the best use they can of the means at their disposal to establish an independent library. In such case they would be likely—we think it would be wise in them—to abandon the idea of forming a general library, but to concentrate their resources with the view of supplying complete collections of books on a limited range of subjects, and, in the selection of those subjects, to endeavor to meet as far as possible the most pressing needs of the metropolis by supplementing the more serious deficiencies of other libraries.

These deficiencies are supposed to be most felt at present in the departments of physical science.

Next to the foundation of a general library of which the literature of the sciences would form only a section, the foundation of a scientific library pure and simple, that should be full and adequate, would probably prove of the greatest practical value to the public, and most in harmony with the views of Mr. Tilden had the problem ever presented itself to him in the shape in which it may be presented to his Trustees.

In this direction there would be unquestionably ample employment for all the funds of the Tilden Trust, if they were devoted not only to the providing of books but to facilitating and encouraging original research and popularizing its results by lectures and the press. The way has been in a measure prepared for such an intervention by a comparatively recent alliance of the principal scientific associations of the city. This alliance already includes the New York Academy of Sciences, the Torrey Botanical Club, the New York Microscopical Society, the Linnæan Society of New York, the New York Mineralogical Club, and the New York Mathematical Society. There is scarcely a person of any note in the scientific world of New York and its

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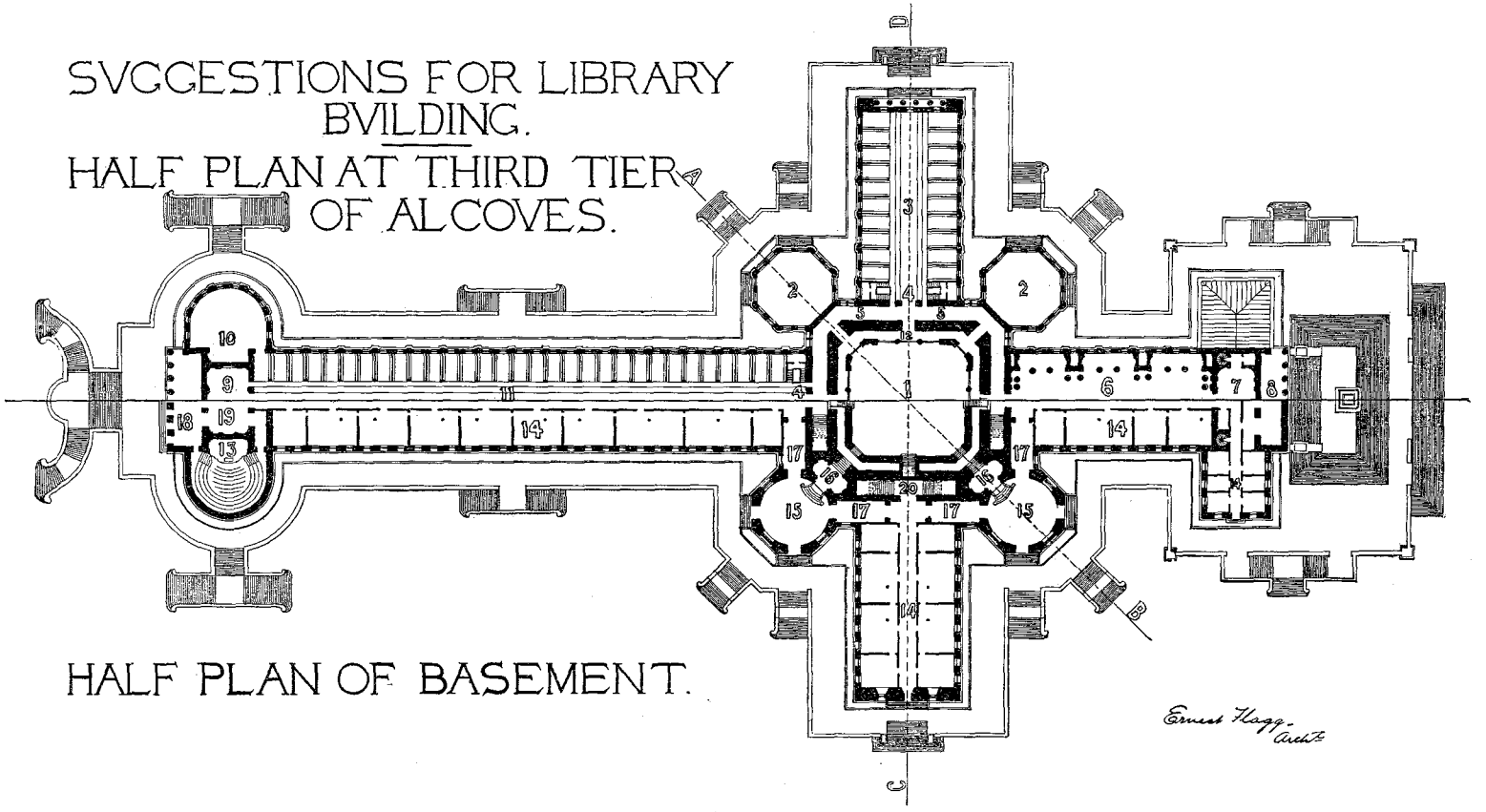

Half-plan at Third Tier of Alcoves.—No. 1, upper part of rotunda; 2, upper part of reading-rooms; 3, stack-room; 4, 4, staircases connecting the different tiers of alcoves; 5, 5, corridor connecting all the stack-rooms; 6, upper part of exhibition hall; 7, upper part of vestibule; 8, upper part of portico; 9, upper part of staircase hall; 10, upper part of lecture hall; 11, main stack-room; 12, gallery around rotunda for books.

Half-plan of Basement.—No. 13, lecture hall; 14, 14, rooms and offices for various purposes; 15, 15, vestibules for the general use of the public; 16, 16, steps and passage connecting vestibules with rotunda; 17, 17, corridors; 18, portico; 19, Sixth Avenue vestibule; 20, stairs to sub-basement.

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vicinage whose name does not figure in the list of members of one or more of these societies.

The object of their confederation was to combine facilities and opportunities for the promotion of scientific research which, separate, they could not enjoy. They all require ampler accommodations and appointments than their resources will command, and most of them have libraries which they cannot afford to keep up to the times and the needs of their members.

Should the competent authorities decline to avail themselves of this opportunity to make New York the intellectual as it is the commercial centre of the country, by refusing to provide a shelter for the great library with which the trustees of the Tilden Trust are prepared to endow it, a decision in many if not in all respects to be deplored, the Tilden Trust could at least, by taking these associations under its protection, give an impulse to science in New York which would help her citizens to forget the act of judicial spoliation of which she has been the victim.

SURE.

By Anna C. Brackett.

My thoughts go out like spider-threads
  Cast forth upon the air;
Filmy and fine, and floating wide,
Caught by whatever may betide,
  To seek thee everywhere.

In league with every breeze that blows,
  All ways, all holds they dare;
North, east, or south, or west they fly,
And sure, though winds be low or high,
  To find thee everywhere.

Love still is lord of space and fate;
  All roads his runners fare;
All heights that bar, they laughing climb,
They find all days the fitting time,
  And highways everywhere.

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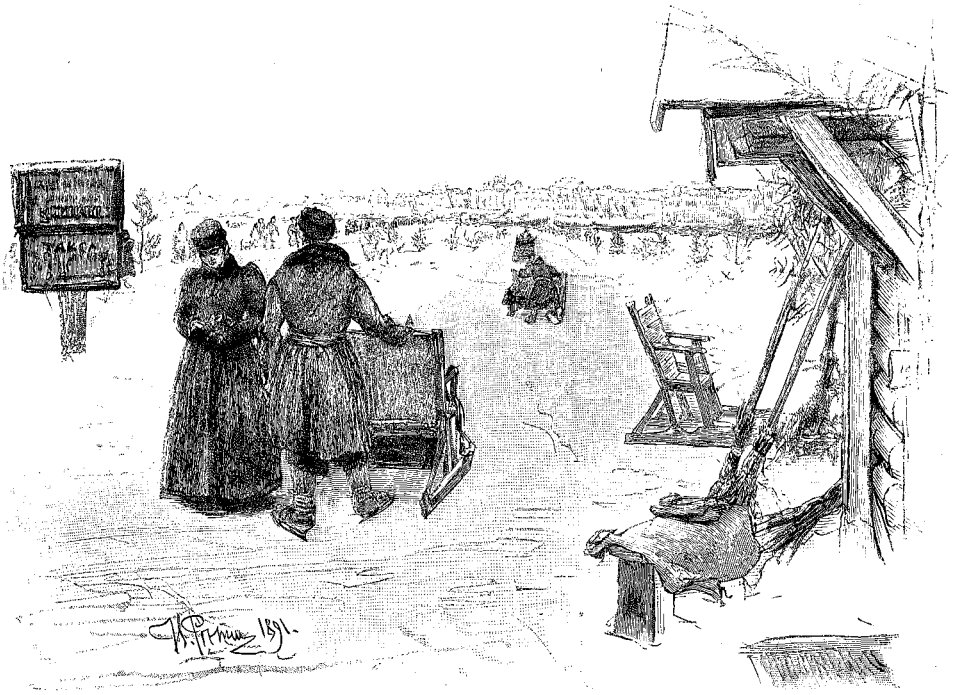

Sledge-road on the Frozen Nevá.

THE NÉVSKY PROSPÉKT.

By Isabel F. Hapgood.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ILYA EFIMOVITCH RÉPIN.

THE Névsky Prospékt! From the time when, as children, we first encounter the words, in geographical compilations disguised as books of travel, what visions do they not summon up! Visions of the realm of the Frost King and of his Regent, the White Tzar, as fantastic as any of those narrated of tropic climes by Scheherezade, and with which we are far more familiar than we are with the history of our native land.

When we attain to the reality of our visions, in point of locality at least, we find a definite starting-point ready to our hand, where veracious legend and more veracious history are satisfactorily blended. It is at the eastern extremity of the famous broad avenue—which is the meaning of Prospékt. Here, on the bank of the Nevá, tradition alleges that Alexander, Prince of Nóvgorod, won his great battle—and, incidentally, his surname of Névsky and his post of patron saint of Russia—over the united forces of the Swedes and oppressive Knights of the Teutonic Order, in the year 1240.

Nearly five hundred years later the spot was occupied by Rhitiowa, one of the forty Finnish villages scattered over the present site of St. Petersburg, as designated by the maps of the Swedes, whom Peter the Great—practically Russia's second patron saint—expelled anew when he captured their thriving commercial town, on the shore of the Nevá, directly opposite, now known as Málaya Ókhta, possessed of extensive foreign trade, and of a church older than the

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capital, which recently celebrated its two-hundredth anniversary.

It was in 1710 that Peter I. named the place "Victory," in honor of Prince-Saint Alexander Névsky's conquest, and commanded the erection of a Lávra, or first class monastery, the seat of a Metropolitan, and of a theological seminary. By 1716 the monastery was completed, in wood, as engravings of that day show us, but in a very different form from the complex of stone buildings of the present day. Its principal façade, with extensive, stiffly arranged gardens, faced upon the river, the only means of communication in that town, planted on a bog, threaded with marshy streams, being by boat. In fact, for a long time horses were so scarce in the infant capital, where reindeer were used in sledges even as late as the end of the last century, that no one was permitted to come to Court, during Peter the Great's reign, otherwise than by water. Necessity and the enforced cultivation of aquatic habits in his inland subjects, which the enterprising Emperor had so much at heart, combined to counsel this regulation.

The bones of Prince Alexander were brought to Petersburg, from their resting-place in the Vladímir Government, in 1724, Peter the Great occupying his favorite post, as pilot and steersman in the saint's state barge, and they now repose in the monastery cathedral, under a canopy, and in a tomb of silver, 3,600 pounds in weight, given by Peter's daughter, the devout Empress Elizabeth. In the cemetery surrounding the cathedral, under the fragrant firs and birches, with the blue Nevá rippling far below, lie many of the men who have contributed to the advancement of their country in literature, art, and science, during the last two centuries.

Of all the historical memories connected with this monastery none is more curious than that relating to the second funeral of Peter III. He had been buried by his wife, in 1762, with much simplicity, in one of the many churches of the Lávra, which contains the family tombs and monuments not only of members of the Imperial family, but of the noble families most illustrious in the eighteenth century. When Paul I. came to the throne, in 1796, his first care was to give his long-deceased father a more fitting burial. The body was exhumed. Surrounded by his court, Pável Petrovitch took the Impe-

Arkhángel Fishermen at the Market.

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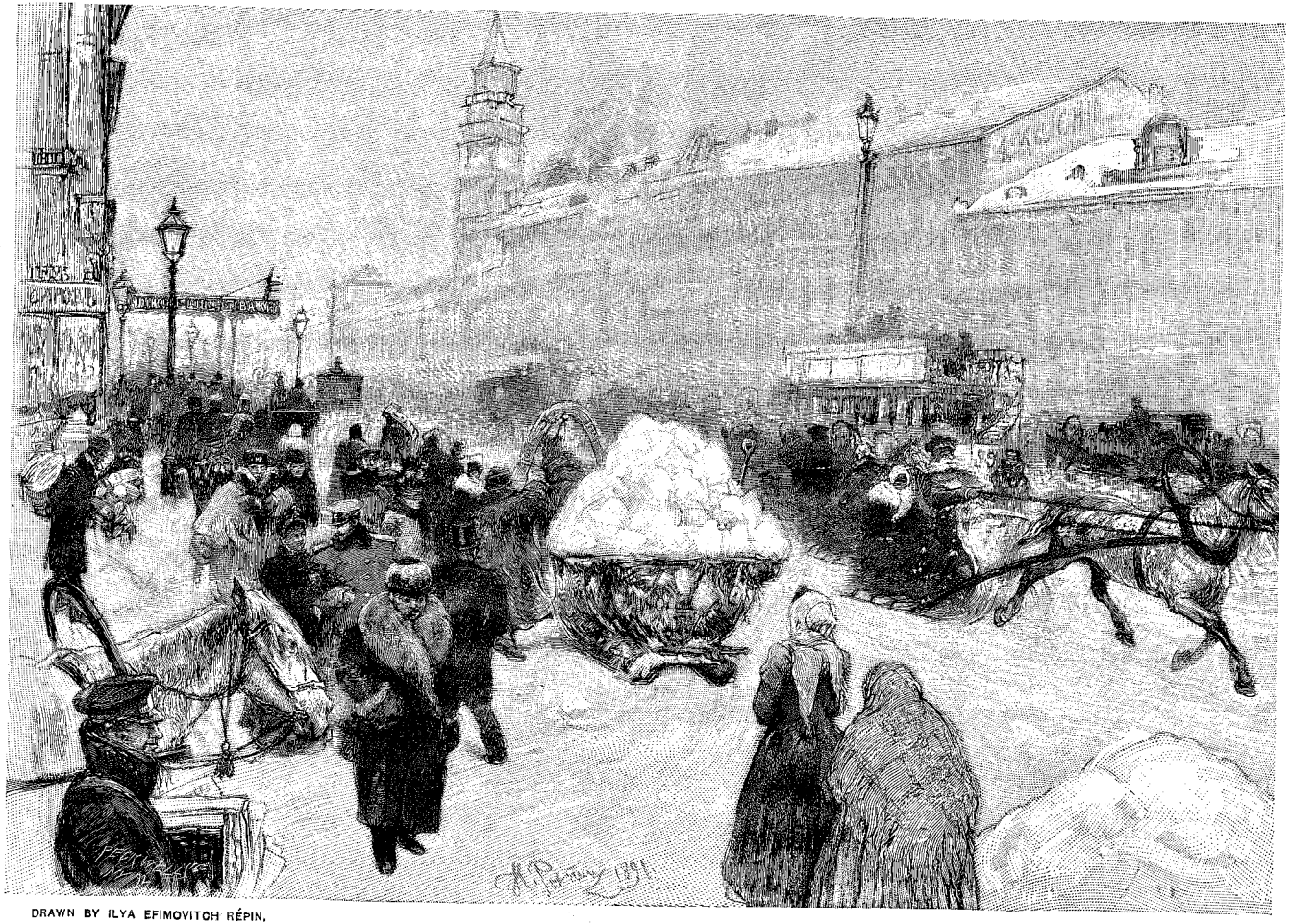

DRAWN BY ILYA EFIMOVITCH RÉPIN.

The Névsky Prospékt in Winter.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

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rial crown from the altar, placed it on his own head, then laid it reverently on his father's coffin. When Peter III. was transferred immediately afterward, with magnificent ceremonial, to the Winter Palace, there to lie in state by the side of his wife, Katherine II., and to accompany her to his proper resting-place among the sovereigns of Russia, in the cathedral of the Peter-Paul fortress, symbols of the Holy Ghost, inviolable in Russia, attack with impunity the grain bags in the acres of storehouses opposite, pick holes, and eat their fill undisturbed.

From this spot to the slight curve in the Prospékt, at the Známenskaya Square, a distance of about a mile, where the Moscow Railway station is situated, and where the train of steam

Teamsters on the Quay.

Count Alexéi Grigorévitch Orlóff was appointed, with fine irony, to carry the crown before his former master, whom he had betrayed, and in the necessity for whose first funeral he had played the part of Fate. It was with considerable difficulty that he was hunted up, while Emperor and pageant waited, in the obscure corner where he was sobbing and weeping; and with still greater difficulty was he finally persuaded to perform the task assigned to him in the procession.

Outside the vast monastery, which, like most Russian monasteries, resembles a fortress, though, unlike most of them, it has never served as such, the scene is almost rural. Pigeons, those tram-cars is superseded by less terrifying horse-cars, the whole aspect of the avenue is that of a provincial town, in the character of the people and the buildings, even to the favorite crushed strawberry and azure washes, and green iron roofs on the countrified shops. Here and there, not very far away, a log-house may even be espied.

During the next three-quarters of a mile the houses and shops are more city-like, and, being newer than those beyond, are more ornamented as to the stucco of their windows and doors. Here, as elsewhere, in this stoneless land, with rare exceptions the buildings are of brick or rubble, stuccoed and washed, generally in light yellow,

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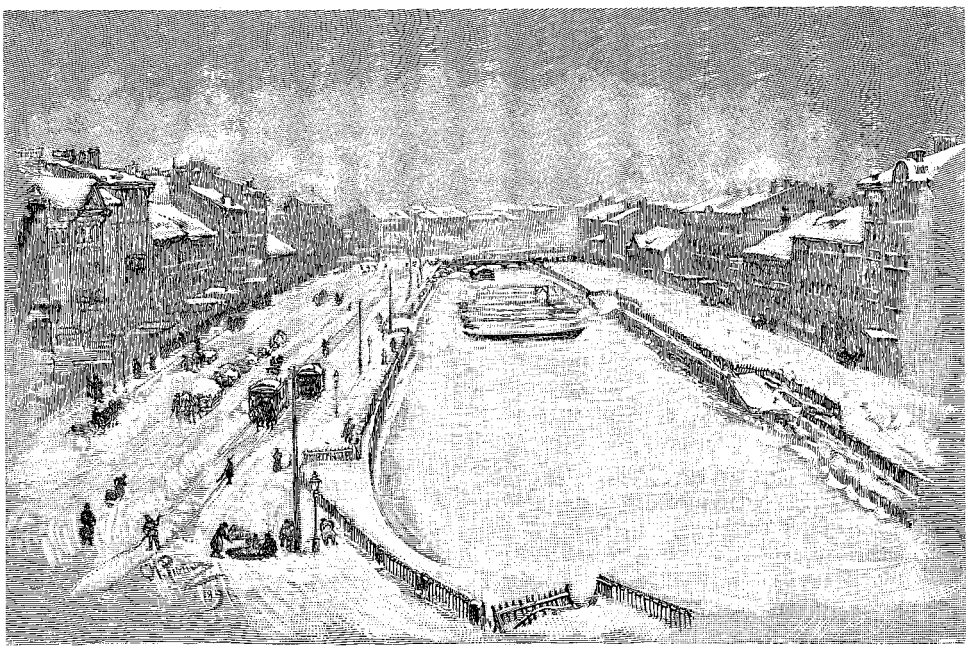

The Katherine Canal.

with walls three feet or more apart, warmly filled in, and ventilated through the hermetically sealed windows by ample panes in the centre of the sashes, or by apertures in the string-courses between stories, which open into each room. Shops below, apartments above, this is the nearly invariable rule.

It is only when we reach the Anítchkoff Bridge, with its graceful railing of sea-horses, adorned with four colossal bronze groups of horse-tamers, from the hand of the Russian sculptor, Baron Klodt, that the really characteristic part of the Névsky begins.

It is difficult to believe that fifty years ago this spot was the end of the Petersburg world. But at that epoch the Névsky was decorated with rows of fine large trees, which have now disappeared to the last twig. The Fontánka River, or canal, over which we stand, offers the best of the many illustrations of the manner in which Peter the Great, with his ardent love of water and Dutch ways, and his worthy successors, have turned natural disadvantages into advantages and objects of beauty. The Fontánka was the largest of the numerous marshy rivers in that Arctic bog selected by Peter I. for his new capital, which have been deepened, widened, faced with cut granite walls, and utilized as means of cheap communication between distant parts of the city, and as relief channels for the inundating waves of the Gulf of Finland, which rise, more or less, every year, from August to November, at the behest of the southwest gale. That this last precaution is not superfluous is shown by the iron flood-mark set into the wall of the Anítchkoff Palace, on the southern shore of the Fontánka, as on so many other public buildings in the city, with "1824" appended—the date of one celebrated and disastrous inundation which attained, in some places the height of thirteen feet and seven inches. This particular river derived its name from the fact that it was trained to carry water and feed the fountains in Peter the Great's favorite Summer Garden, of which only one now remains.

At the close of the last century, and even later, persons out of favor at Court, or nobles who had committed misdemeanors, were banished to the southern shores of the Fontánka, as to a foreign land. Among the amusements at the

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dáchas—the wooden country houses—in the wilder recesses of the vast parks which studded both shores, the chase after wild animals, and from bandits, played a prominent part.

The stretch which we have traversed with his Russianized German name, should fall a victim to this order, and he was detained until his fantastic cognomen, so harsh to Slavic ears, could be investigated.

By day or by night, in winter or summer, it is a pure delight to stand on the Anítchkoff Bridge and survey the scene on either hand. If we gaze to the north toward what is one of the oldest parts settled on the rivulet-riddled, so-called "mainland," in this Northern Venice, we see the long, plain façade of the Katherine Institute for the education of the daughters of officers, originally built by Peter the Great for his daughter Anna, as the "Italian Palace," but used only for the palace servants, until it was built over and converted to its present purpose. Beyond, we catch a glimpse of the yellow wings of Count Scheremétieff's ancient house and its great iron railing, behind which, in a spacious court-yard, after the Moscow fashion so rare in thrifty Petersburg, the main building lies invisible to us. If we look to the south, we find the long ochre mass of the Anítchkoff Pal-

The Restaurant Dominique.

on our way from the monastery, and which is punctuated at the corner of the canal and the Prospékt by the pleasing brick and granite palace of the Emperor's brother, Grand Duke Sergiéi Alexandrovitch, which formerly belonged to Prince Byelosélsky-Byelozérsky, was the suburb belonging to Lieutenant-Colonel Anítchkoff, who built the first bridge, of wood, in 1715. As late as the reign of Alexander I. all persons entering the town were required to inscribe their names in the register kept at the barrier placed at this bridge. Some roguish fellows having conspired to cast ridicule on this custom, by writing absurd names, the guards were instructed to make an example of the next jester whose name should strike them as suspicious. Fate willed that the Imperial Comptroller, Baltazár Baltazárovitch Kampenhausen,

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ace, facing on the Névsky, upon the right shore; on the left, beyond the palace of Sergiéi Alexandrovitch, the branch of the Alexander Névsky Monastery, in old Russian style, with highly colored saints and heads of seraphim on the outer walls; and a perspective of light, stuccoed building—dwellings, markets, churches—until the eye halts with pleasure on the distant blue dome of the Tróitzky cathedral, studded with golden stars. Indeed it is difficult to discover a vista in St. Petersburg which does not charm us with a glimpse of one or more of these cross-crowned domes, floating, bubble-like, in the pale azure of the sky. Though they are far from being as beautiful in form or coloring as those of Moscow, they satisfy us at the moment.

If it is on a winter night that we take up our stand here, we may catch a distant glimpse of the numerous "skating gardens," laid out upon the ice cleared on the snowy surface of the canal. The ice-hills will be black with forms flitting swiftly down the shining roads on sledges or skates, illuminated by the electric light; a band will be braying blithely, regardless of the piercing cold, and the skaters will dance on, in their fancy-dress ball or prize races, or otherwise, clad so thinly as to amaze the shivering foreigner as he hugs his furs.

Below Zero—a Fire in the Snow.

By day the teamsters stand upon the quay, with rough aprons over their ballet-skirted sheepskin coats waiting for a job. If we hire one of them, we shall find that they all belong to the ancient Russian Artél, or Labor Union, which prevents competition beyond a certain point. When the price has been fixed, after due and inevitable chaffering, one *lomovói* grasps his shapeless cap by its worn edge of fur, bites a kopék, and drops it in. Each of the other men contributes a marked copper likewise, and we are invited to draw lots, in full view, to determine which of them shall have the job. The master of the Artél sees to it that there is fair play on both sides. If an unruly member presumes to intervene with a lower bid, with the object of monopolizing the job out of turn, he is promptly squelched, and, though his bid may be allowed to stand, the man whose kopék we have drawn must do the work. The winner chee-ee-eeps to his little horse, whose shaggy mane has been tangled by the loving hand of the *domovói* (house-sprite) and

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The Corner of the Central Hall in the Gostínny Dvor.

hangs to his knees. The patient beast, which, like all Russian horses, is never covered, no matter how severe the weather may be, or how hot he may be from exercise, rouses himself from his real or simulated slumber, and takes up the burden of life again, handicapped by the huge wooden arch, gayly painted in flowers and initials, which joins his shafts, and does stout service despite his sorry aspect.

But the early summer is the season when the Fontánka is to be seen in its most characteristic state. The brilliant blue water sparkles under the hot sun, or adds one more tint to the exquisite hues which make of the sky one vast, gleaming fire-opal on those marvellous "white nights" when darkness never descends to a depth beyond the point where it leaves all objects with natural forms and colors, and only spiritualizes them with the gentle vagueness of a translucent veil. Small steamers, manned by wooden-faced, blond Finns, connect the unfashionable suburban

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quarter, lying near the canal's entrance into the Nevá on the west, with the fashionable Court quarter on the northern quays at its other entrance into the Nevá, seven versts away. They dart about like sea-gulls, picking their path, not unfraught with serious danger, among the obstructions. The obstructions are many: Washing-house boats (it is a good old unexploded theory in Petersburg that clothes are clean only when rinsed in running water, even though our eyes and noses inform us, unaided by chart, where the drainage goes); little flotillas of dingy flat-boats, anchored around the "Fish Gardens," and containing the latter's stock in trade, where persons of taste pick their second dinner-course out of the flopping inmates of a temporary scoop-net; huge, unwieldy, wood barks, put together with wooden pegs, and steered with long, clumsy rudders, which the poor peasants have painfully poled—tramp, tramp, tramp, along the sides—through four hundred miles of tortuous waterways from that province of the former haughty republic, "Lord Nóvgorod the Great," where Prince Rúrik ruled and laid the foundations of the present Imperial Empire, and whence came Prince-Saint Alexander, to win his surname of Névsky, as we have seen, at the spot where his monastery stands, a couple of miles, at most, away.

The boatmen, who have trundled all day long their quaint little barrows over the narrow iron rails into the spacious inner court-yards of the houses on the quay, and have piled up their wood for winter fuel, or loaded it into the carts for less accessible buildings, now sit on the stern of their barks, over their coarse food—sour black bread, boiled buckwheat groats, and salted cucumbers—doffing their hats and crossing themselves reverently before and after their simple meal, and chatting until the red glow of sunset in the north flickers up to the zenith in waves of sea-green, lilac, and amber, and descends again in the north, at the pearl pink of dawn. Sleep is a lost art with these men, as with all classes of people, during those nerve-destroying "white nights." When all the

A Fish-shop.

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silvery satin of the birch logs has been removed from their capacious holds, these primitive barks will be unpegged, and the cheap "bark-wood," riddled with holes as by a *mitrailleuse*, will be used for poor structures on the outskirts of the town.

On the upper shore of this river, second only to the Nevá in its perennial fascination, and facing on the Prospékt, stands the Anítchkoff Palace, on the site of a former lumber-yard, which was purchased by the Empress Elizabeth, when she commissioned her favorite architect, Rastrelli, to erect for Count Razumóvsky a palace in that rococo style which he used in so many palaces and churches during her reign and that of Katherine II.—the rococo style being, by the way, quite the most unsuited discoverable for Russian churches.

Count Alexéi Grigorevitch Razumóvsky was the Empress Elizabeth's husband, the uneducated but handsome son of a plain Kazák from Little Russia, who attracted the attention of Elizavéta Petrovna as his sweet voice rang out in the Imperial choir, at mass, in her palace church. When the palace was completed, in 1757, it did not differ materially from its present appearance, as a painting in the Winter Palace shows, except that its colonnade, now inclosed for the Imperial Chancellery and offices, then abutted directly on the Fontánka. It has had a very varied ownership, with some curious features in that connection which remind one of a gigantic game of ball between Katherine II. and Prince Potémkin. Count Razumóvsky did not live in it until after the Empress Elizabeth's death, in 1762. After his own death his brother sold it to the state, and Katherine II. presented it to Prince Potémkin, who promptly resold it to a wealthy merchant-contractor in the commissariat department of the army, who in turn sold it to Katherine II., who gave it once more to Potémkin. The Prince never lived here, but gave sumptuous garden parties in the vast park, which is now in great part built over, and sold it back to the state again in 1794. It was first occupied by royalty in 1809, when the Emperor Alexander I. settled his sister here, with her first husband (that Prince of Oldenburg whose territory in Germany Napoleon I. so summarily annexed a few years later), thereby converting the Oldenburgs permanently into Russian princes.

The Grand Duke Heir Nicholas used it from 1819 until he ascended the throne, in 1825, and since that time it has been considered the palace of the heir to the throne. But the present Emperor has continued to occupy it since his accession, preferring its simplicity to the magnificence of the Winter Palace.

The high walls, of that reddish-yellow hue, like the palace itself, which is usually devoted to government buildings in Russia, continue the line of offices along the Prospékt, and surround wooded gardens, where the Emperor and his family coast, skate, and enjoy their winter pleasures, invisible to the eyes of passers-by.

These woods and walls also form the eastern boundary of the Alexandra Square, in whose centre rises Mikéshin and Opekúshin's fine colossal bronze statue of Katherine II., crowned, sceptred, in Imperial robes, and with the men who made her reign illustrious grouped about her feet. Among these representatives of the Army, Navy, Literature, Science, Art, there is one woman—that dashing Princess Elizavéta Románovna Dáshkoff, who helped Katherine to her throne. As Empress, Katherine appointed her to be first president of the newly founded Academy of Sciences, but afterward withdrew her favor, and condemned her to both polite and impolite exile, because of her very services, the Princess hints, in her celebrated and very lively "Memoirs."

In the Alexandra Theatre, for Russian and German drama, which rears its new (1828) Corinthian peristyle and its bronze quadriga behind the great Empress, forming the background of the Square, two of the Empress's dramas still hold the stage, on occasion. For this busy and energetic woman not only edited and published a newspaper, the greater part of which she wrote with her own hand, but composed numerous comedies and comic operas, where the moral, though sufficiently obvious all the way through, one would have thought, in the good old style, is neatly

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labelled at the end. These were acted first in the private theatres of the various palaces, by the dames and cavaliers of the Court, after which professional actors presented them to the public in the ordinary theatres.

Buying Christmas Trees.

It is in vain that we scrutinize the chubby-cheeked countenance of the bronze Prince Potémkin, at Katherine II.'s feet, to discover the secret of the charm which made the Imperial lady who towers above him force upon him so often the ground upon which they both now stand. He stares stolidly at the Prospékt, ignoring not only the Theatre, but the vast structures containing the Direction of Theatres and Prisons, the Censor's Office, Theatrical School, and other government offices in the background; the new building for shops and apartments, where ancient Russian forms have been adapted to modern street purposes; and even the wonderfully rich Imperial Public Library, begun in 1794, to contain the books brought from Warsaw, with its Corinthian peristyle interspersed with bronze statues of ancient sages, on the garden side—all of which stand upon the scene of his former garden parties, as the name of the avenue beyond the plain end of the Library on the Prospékt—Great Garden Street—reminds us. Not far away is the site of the tunnel dug under the Prospékt by the revolutionists, which, however, was fortunately

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discovered in time to prevent the destruction of one of the fairest parts of the city, and its most valuable buildings. With the next block we enter upon the liveliest, the most characteristic portion of the Névsky Prospékt, in

A Vendor.

that scant fraction over a mile, which is left to us above the Anítchkoff Bridge.

Here stands the vast bazaar known as the *Gostínny Dvor*—"Guests' Court"—a name which dates from the epoch when a wealthy merchant engaged in foreign trade, and owning his own ships, was distinguished from the lesser sort by the title of "Guest," which we find in the ancient epic songs of Russia. Its frontage of seven hundred feet on the Prospékt, and one thousand and fifty on Great Garden and the next parallel street, prepare us to believe that it may really contain more than five hundred shops in the two stories, the lower surrounded by a vaulted arcade supporting an open gallery, which is invaluable for decorative purposes at Easter and on Imperial festival days. Erected in 1735, very much in its present shape, the one common throughout the country, on what had been an impassable morass a short time before, and where the ground still quakes at dawn,

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it may not contain the largest and best shops in town, and its merchants certainly are not "Guests" in the ancient acceptation of the word; but we may claim, nevertheless, that it presents a compendium of most purchasable articles extant, from samovárs, furs, and military goods, to books, sacred images, and Moscow imitations of Parisian novelties at remarkably low prices, as well as the originals.

The nooks and spaces of the arcade, especially at the corners and centre, are occupied by booths of cheap wares. The sacred image, indispensable to a Russian shop, is painted on the vaulted ceiling; the shrine lamp flickers in the open air, thus serving many aproned, homespun- and sheepskin-clad dealers. The throng of promenaders here is always varied and interesting. The practised eye distinguishes infinite shades of difference in wealth, social standing, and other conditions. The lady in the velvet *shúba*, lined with sable or black fox, her soft velvet cap edged with costly otter, her head wrapped in a fleecy knitted shawl of goat's down from the steppes of Orenburg, or pointed hood—the *bashlýk*—of woven goat's-down from the Caucasus, has driven hither in her sledge or carriage, and has alighted to gratify the curiosity of her sons. We know at a glance whether the lads belong in the aristocratic Pages' Corps, on Great Garden Street, hard by, in the University, the Law School, the Lyceum, or the Gymnasium, and we can make a shrewd guess at their future professions by their faces as well as by their uniforms. The lady who comes to meet us in sleeved pelisse, wadded with eider-down, and the one in a short jacket, have arrived, and must return, on foot; they could not drive far in the open air, so thinly clad.

At Christmas-tide there is a great augmentation in the queer "Vyázemsky" and other cakes, the peasant laces, sweet Výborg cracknels, fruit pastils, and other popular goods, on which these petty, open-air dealers appear to thrive, both in health and purse. The spacious area between the bazaar and the sidewalk of the Névsky is filled with Christmas-trees, beautifully unadorned, or ruined with misplaced gaudiness, brought in, in the majority of cases, by Finns from the surrounding country. Again, in the week preceding Palm Sunday, the *Vérbnaya Yármarka*, or Pussy Willow Fair, takes place here. Nominally it is held for the purpose of providing the public with twigs of that æsthetic plant (the only one which shows a vestige of life at that season), which are used as palms, from the Emperor's palace to the poorest church in the land. In reality it is a most amusing fair for toys and cheap goods suitable for Easter eggs; gay paper roses, wherewith to adorn the Easter cake, and that combination of sour and sweet cream and other forbidden delicacies, the *páskha*, with which the long, severe fast is to be broken, after midnight matins on Easter. Here are plump little red Finland parrots, green and red finches, and other song-birds, which kindly people buy and set free, after a pretty custom. The board and canvas booths, the sites for which are drawn by lot by soldiers' widows, and sold or used as suits their convenience, are locked at night by dropping the canvas flap, and are never guarded; while the hint that thefts may be committed, or that watching is necessary, is repelled with indignation by the stall-keepers.

There is always a popular toy of the hour. One year it consisted of highly colored, beautifully made bottle-imps, which were loudly cried as *Amerikánskiya zhíteli*—inhabitants of America. We inquired the reason for their name.

"They are made in the exact image of the Americans," explained the peasant vendor, offering a pale blue imp, with a long, red tongue and a phenomenal tail, for our admiration.

"We are inhabitants of America. Is the likeness very strong?" we asked.

The crowd tittered softly; the man looked frightened; but finding that no dire fate threatened, he was soon vociferating again, with a roguish grin:

"*Kupíti, kupí-i-íti! Prevoskhódniya Amérikanskiya zhíteli! Sá-á-miya nastoyáshtschiya!*" "Buy, buy, splendid natives of America! the most genuine sort!"

Far behind this Gostínny Dvor extends a complex mass of other curious "courts" and markets, all worthy of a

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visit for the popular types which they afford of the lower classes. Among them all none is more steadily and diversely interesting, at all seasons of the year, than the *Syennáya Plóshtschad*—the Haymarket—so called from its use in days long gone by. Here, in the Fish Market, is the great repository for the frozen food which is so necessary in a land where the Church exacts a sum total of over four months' fasting out of the twelve. Here the fish lie piled like cordwood, or overflow from casks, for economical buyers. Merchants wives', with heads enveloped in colored kerchiefs, in the olden style, well tucked in at the neck of their *salópi*, or sleeved fur-coats, prowl in search of bargains. Here sit the fishermen from the distant Múrman coast, from Arkhángel, with weather-beaten but intelligent faces, in their quaint skull-caps of reindeer hide, and baggy, shapeless garments of mysterious skins, presiding over the wares which they have risked their lives to catch in the stormy Arctic seas, during the long days of the brief summer-time; codfish dried and curled into gray unrecognizableness; yellow caviár which resists the teeth like tiny balls of gutta-percha—not the delicious gray "pearl" caviár of the sturgeon—and other marine food which is never seen on the rich man's table.

But we must return to the Névsky Prospékt. Nestling at the foot of the City Hall, at the entrance of the broad street between it and the Gostínny Dvor, on the Névsky, stands a tiny chapel, which is as thriving as the bazaar, in its own way, and as striking a compendium of some features in Russian architecture and life. Outside hangs a large image of the "Saviour-not-made-with-hands"—the Russian name for the sacred imprint on St. Veronica's handkerchief—which is the most popular of all the representations of Christ in ikóns. Before it burns the usual "unquenchable lamp," filled with the obligatory pure olive-oil. Beneath it stands a table bearing a large bowl of consecrated water. On hot summer days the thirsty wayfarer takes a sip, using the ancient Russian *kovsh*, or short-handled ladle, which lies beside it, crosses himself, and drops a small offering on the dish piled with copper coins near by, making change for himself if he has not the exact sum which he wishes to give.

Inside, many ikóns decorate the walls. The pale flames of their shrine-lamps is supplemented by masses of candles in the huge standing candlesticks of silver. A black-robed monk from the monastery is engaged, almost without cessation, in intoning prayers of various sorts, before one or another of the images. The little chapel is thronged; there is barely room for respectfully flourished crosses, such as the peasant loves, often only for the more circumscribed sign current among the upper classes, and none at all for the favorite "ground reverences." The approach to the door is lined with two files of monks and nuns: monks in high *klobúks*, like rimless chimney-pot hats, draped with black woollen veils, which are always becoming; *tchernútzi*, or lay sisters, from distant convents, in similar headgear, in caps flat or pointed like the small end of a watermelon, and with ears protected by black woollen shawls ungracefully pinned. Serviceable man's boots do more than peep out from beneath the short, rusty-black skirts. Each monk and nun holds a small pad of threadbare black velvet, whereon a cross of tarnished gold braid, and a stray copper or two, by way of bait, explain the eleemosynary significance of the bearers' "broad" crosses, dizzy "reverences to the girdle," and muttered entreaty, of which we catch only: "*Khrísti Rádi*—" for Christ's sake.

People of all classes turn in here for a moment of prayer, to "place a candle" to some saint, for the health, in body or soul, of friend or relative: the workman, his tools on his back in a coarse linen kit; the bearded muzhík from the country, clad in his sheepskin *tulúp*, wool inward, the soiled yellow leather outside set off by a gay sash; ladies, officers, civilians—the stream never ceases.

The only striking feature about the next building of importance, the *Gradskáya Dúma*, or City Hall, is the lofty tower, upon whose balcony, high in air, guards pace incessantly on the watch for fires. By day, they telegraph the locality of disaster to the fire depart-

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ment by means of black balls and white boards, in fixed combinations; by night, with colored lanterns. Each section of the city has a signal-tower of this sort, and the engine-house is close at hand. Gradskáya Dúma means literally, city thought, and the profundity of the meditations sometimes indulged in in this building, otherwise not remarkable, may be inferred from the fact discovered a few years ago, that many honored members of the Dúma (which also signifies the Council of City Fathers) whose names still stood on the roll, were dead, though they continued to vote and exercise their other civic functions with exemplary regularity!

Naturally, in a city which lies on a level with the southern point of Greenland, the most characteristic season to select for our observations of the life is winter.

The Prospékt wakes late. It has been up nearly all night, and there is but little inducement to early rising when the sun itself sets such a fashion as nine o'clock for its appearance on the horizon, like a pewter disk, with a well-defined hard rim, when he makes his appearance at all. It we take the Prospékt at different hours, we may gain a fairly comprehensive view of many Russian ways and people, cosmopolitan as the city is.

At half-past seven in the morning, the horse cars, which have been resting since ten o'clock in the evening, make a start, running always in groups of three, stopping only at turnouts. The *dvórniks* retire from the entrance to the courtyards, where they have been sleeping all night with one eye open, wrapped in their sheep-skin coats, a few shabby *izvóstchiks* make their appearance somewhat later, in company with small school-boys, in their soldierly uniforms, knapsacks of books on back, and convoyed by servants. Earliest of all are the closed carriages of officials, evidently the most lofty in grade, since it was decided, two or three years ago, by one of this class, that his subordinates could not reasonably be expected to arrive at business before ten or eleven o'clock after they had sat up until daylight over their indispensable club *vint* —which is Russian whist.

Boots [*muzhîks*] in scarlet cotton blouses, and full trousers of black velveteen, tucked into tall wrinkled boots, dart about to bakery and dairy shop, preparing for their masters' morning "tea." Venders of newspapers congregate at certain spots, and charge for their wares in inverse ratio to the experience of their customers; for regular subscribers receive their papers through the post-office, and, if we are in such unseemly haste as to care for the news before the ten o'clock delivery —or the eleven o'clock, if the postman has not found it convenient otherwise— we must buy on the street, though we live but half a block from the newspaper office, which opens at ten. By noon, everyone is awake. The restaurants are full of breakfasters, and Dominique's, which chances to stand on the most crowded stretch of the street, on the sunny north side beloved of promenaders, is dense with officers, cigarette smoke, and characteristic national viands judiciously mingled with those of foreign lands.

Mass is over, and a funeral passes down the Névsky Prospékt, on its way to the fashionable Alexander Névsky monastery or Nóvo-Dyevítche convent cemeteries. The deceased may have been a minister of state, or a great officer of the Court, or a military man who is accompanied by warlike pageant. The choir chants a dirge. The priests, clad in vestments of black velvet and silver, seem to find their long thick hair sufficient protection to their bare heads. The professional mutes, with their silver trimmed black baldrics and cocked hats, appear to have plucked up the street lanterns by their roots to serve as candles, out of respect to the deceased's greatness, and to illustrate how the city has been cast into darkness by the withdrawal of the light of his countenance. The dead man's orders and decorations are borne, in imposing state, on velvet cushions, before the gorgeous funeral car, where the pall, of cloth of gold, which will be made into a priest's vestment once the funeral is over, droops low among artistic wreaths and palms, of natural flowers, or beautifully executed in silver. Behind come the mourners on foot, a few

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women, many men, a Grand Duke or two among them, it may be; the carriages follow; the devout of the lower classes, catching sight of the train, cross themselves broadly, mutter a prayer, and find time to turn from their own affairs and follow for a little way, out of respect to the stranger corpse. More touching are the funerals which pass up the Prospékt on their way to the unfashionable cemetery across the Nevá, on Vasíly Óstroff; a tiny pink coffin resting on the knees of the bereaved parents in a sledge, or borne by a couple of bareheaded men, with one or two mourners walking slowly behind.

From noon onward, the scene on the Prospékt increases constantly in vivacity. The sidewalks are crowded, especially on Sundays and holidays, with a dense and varied throng, of so many nationalities and types that it is a valuable lesson in ethnography to sort them, and that a secret uttered is absolutely safe in no tongue—unless, possibly, it be that of Patagonia. But the universal language of the eye conquers all difficulties, even for the remarkably fair Tatár women, whose national garb includes only the baldest and gauziest apology for the obligatory veil.

The plain façades of the older buildings on this part of the Prospékt, which are but three or four stories in height—elevators are rare luxuries in Petersburg, and few buildings exceed five stories—are adorned, here and there, with gayly colored pictorial representations of the wares for sale within. But little variety in architecture is furnished by the inconspicuous Armenian, and the uncharacteristic Dutch Reformed and Lutheran churches which break the severe line of this "Tolerance Street," as it has been called. Most fascinating of all the shops are those of the furriers and goldsmiths, with their surprises and fresh lessons for foreigners; the treasures of Caucasian and Asian art in the Eastern bazaars; the "Colonial-wares" establishments, with their delicious game cheeses, and odd *studená* [fishes in jelly], their pineapples at five and ten dollars, their tiny oysters from the Black Sea, at twelve and a half cents apiece.

Enthralling as are the shop windows, the crowd on the sidewalk is more enthralling still. There are Kazáks, dragoons, cadets of the military schools, students, so varied, though their gay uniforms are hidden by their coats, that their heads resemble a bed of verbenas in the sun. There are officers of every sort: officers with rough gray overcoats and round lambskin caps; officers in large, flat-peaked caps, and smooth-surfaced voluminous cape-coats, wadded with eiderdown and lined with gray silk, which trail on their spurs, and with collars of costly beaver or striped American raccoon, and long sleeves forever dangling unused. A snippet of orange and black ribbon worn in the buttonhole shows us that the wearer owns the much-coveted military order of St. George. There are civilians in black cape-coats of the military pattern, topped off with cold, uncomfortable, but fashionable chimneypot hats, or, more sensibly, with high caps of beaver.

It is curious to observe how many opinions exist as to the weather. The officers leave their ears unprotected; a passing troop of soldiers—fine, large, hardy fellows—wear the strip of black woollen over their ears, but leave their bashlýks hanging, unused, on their backs, with tabs tucked neatly under shoulder-straps and belts, for use on the Balkans or some other really cold spot. Most of the ladies, on foot or in sledges, wear bashlýks or Orenburg shawls, over wadded fur caps, well pulled down to the brows. We may be sure that the pretty woman who trusts to her bonnet only has also neglected to put on the necessary warm galoshes, and that when she reaches home, sympathizing friends will rub her vain little ears, feet, and brow with spirits of wine, to rescue her from the results of her folly. Only officers and soldiers possess the secret of going about in simple leather boots, or protected merely by a pair of stiff, slapping leather galoshes, accommodated to the spurs.

For some mysterious reason, the picturesque nurses, with their pearl-embroidered, diadem-shaped caps, like the *kokóshniks* of the Empress and Court ladies, their silver-trimmed petticoats and jackets, patterned after the ancient Russian "soul-warmers," and made of

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pink or blue cashmere, never have any children in their charge in winter. Indeed, if we were to go by the evidence offered by the Névsky Prospékt, especially in cold weather, we should assert that there are no children in the city, and that the nurses are used as "sheep-dogs" by ladies long past the dangerous bloom of youth and beauty.

The more fashionable people are driving, however, and that portion of the one hundred and fourteen feet of the Prospékt's width which is devoted to the roadway, is, if possible, even more varied and entertaining in its kaleidoscopic features than the sidewalks. It is admirably kept at all seasons. With the exception of the cobblestone roadbed for the tramway in the centre, it is laid with hexagonal wooden blocks, well spiked together and tarred, resting upon tarred beams and planks, and forming a pavement which is both elastic and fairly resistent to the volcanic action of the frost. The snow is maintained at such a level that, while sledging is perfect, the closed carriages which are used for evening entertainments, calls, and shopping are never incommoded. Street sweepers in red cotton blouses and clean white linen aprons, sweep on calmly in the icy chill. The police, with their bashlýks wrapped round their heads in a manner peculiar to themselves, stand always in the middle of the street and regulate the traffic.

We will hire an *izvóstchik* and join the throng. The process is simple; it consists in setting ourselves up at auction on the curbstone, among the numerous cabbies waiting for a job, and knocking ourselves down to the lowest bidder. If our Vánka (Johnny, the generic name for cabby) drives too slowly, obviously with the object of loitering away our money, a policeman will give him a hint to whip up, or we may effect the desired result by threatening to speak to the next guardian of the peace. If Vánka attempts to intrude upon the privileges of the private carriages, for whom is reserved the space next the tramway track and the row of high, silvered posts which bear aloft the electric lights, a sharp "*Beregís!*" [Look out for yourself!] will be heard from the first fashionable coachman who is impeded in his swift career, and he will be called to order promptly by the police. Ladies may not, unfortunately, drive in the smartest of the public carriages, but must content themselves with something more modest and more shabby. But Vánka is usually good-natured, patient, and quite unconscious of his shabbiness, at least in the light of a grievance or as affecting his dignity. It was one of these shabby, but democratic and self-possessed fellows, who furnished us with a fine illustration of the peasant qualities. We encountered one of the Emperor's cousins on his way to his regimental barracks; the Grand Duke mistook us for acquaintances, and saluted. Our izvóstchik returned the greeting.

"Was that Vasíly Dmitrich?" we asked, in Russian form.

"Yes, madam."

"Whom was he saluting?"

"Us," replied the man, with imperturbable gravity.

Very different from our poor fellow, who remembers his duties to the saints and churches, and salutes Kazán Cathedral as we pass, with cross and bared head, is the fashionable coachman, who sees nothing but his horses. Our man's cylindrical cap of imitation fur is old, his summer armyák of blue cloth fits, as best it may, over his lean form and his sheepskin tulúp, and is girt with a cheap cotton sash.

The head of the fashionable coachman is crowned with a becoming gold-laced cap, in the shape of the ace of diamonds, well stuffed with down, and made of scarlet, sky-blue, sea-green, or other hue of velvet. His fur-lined armyák reaching to his feet, through whose silver buttons, under the left arm he is bursting with fashion or good living, is secured about his portly waist by a silken girdle glowing with roses and butterflies. His legs are too fat to enter the sledge—that is to say, if his master truly respects his own dignity—and his feet are accommodated in iron stirrups outside. He leans well back, with arms outstretched to accord with the racing speed at which he drives. In the tiny sledge—the smaller it is, the more stylish, in inverse ratio to the coachman, who is expected

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to be as broad as it is—sits a lady hugging her crimson velvet *shúba* lined with curled white Thibetan goat, or feathery black fox fur, close about her ears. An officer holds her firmly with one arm around the waist, a very necessary precaution at all seasons, with the fast driving, where drozhkies and sledges are utterly devoid of back or side rail. The spans of huge Orlóff stallions, black or dappled gray, display their full beauty of form in the harnesses of slender straps and silver chains; their beautiful eyes are unconcealed by blinders. They are covered with a coarse-meshed woollen net fastened to the winged dashboard, black, crimson, purple, or blue, which trails in the snow in company with their tails and the heavy tassels of the fur-edged cloth robe. The horses, the wide-spreading reddish beard of the coachman, parted in the middle like a well-worn whisk broom, the hair, eyelashes, and furs of the occupants of the sledge, all are frosted with rime until each filament seems to have been turned into silver wire.

There is an alarm of fire somewhere. A section of the fire department passes, that imposing but amusing procession of hand-engine, three water-barrels, pennons and fine horses trained in the *haute école*, which does splendid work with apparently inadequate means. An officer in gray lambskin cap flashes by, drawn by a pair of fine trotters. "*Vot on sam!*" mutters our izvóstchtik— "There he is himself!" It is General Gresser,* the Prefect of the Capital, who maintains perfect order, and demonstrates the possibilities of keeping streets always clean in an impossible climate. The pounding of those huge trotters' hoofs is so absolutely distinctive—as distinctive as the unique gray cap—that we can recognize it as they pass, cry like the izvóstchik: "*Vot on sam!*" and fly to the window with the certainty that it will be "he himself."

Court carriages with lackeys in crimson and gold, ambassadors' sledges with cock-plumed chasseurs and cockaded coachmen, the latter wearing their chevrons on their backs; rude wooden sledges, whose sides are made of knotted ropes, filled with superfluous snow; Grand Ducal tróïkas with clinking harnesses studded with metal plaques and flying tassels, the outer horses coquetting, as usual, beside the staid trot of the shaft-horse, all mingle in the endless procession which flows on up the Névsky Prospékt through the Bolsháya Morskáya—Great Sea Street—and out upon the Nevá quays, and back again, to see and be seen, until long after the sun has set on the short days, at six minutes to three. A plain sledge approaches. The officer who occupies it is dressed like an ordinary general, and there are thousands of generals! As he drives quietly along, police and sentries give him the salute of the ordinary general; so do those who recognize him by his face or his Kazák orderly. It is the Emperor out for his afternoon exercise. If we meet him near the gate of the Anítchkoff Palace, we may find him sitting placidly beside us, while our sledge and other sledges in the line are stopped for a moment to allow him to enter.

Here is another sledge, also differing in no respect from the equipages of other people, save that the lackey on the low knife-board behind wears a peculiar livery of dark green, pale blue, and gold (or with white in place of the green at Easter-tide). The lady whose large, dark eyes are visible between her sable cap and the superb black fox shawl of her crimson velvet cloak, is the Empress. The lady beside her is one of her ladies-in-waiting. Attendants, guards, are absolutely lacking, as in the case of the Emperor.

Here, indeed, is the place to enjoy winter. The dry, feathery snow descends, but no one heeds it. We turn up our coat collars and drive on. Umbrellas are unknown abominations. The permanent marquises, of light ironwork, which are attached to most of the entrances are serviceable only to those who use closed carriages, and in the rainy autumn.

Just opposite the centre of this thronged promenade, well set back from the street, stands the Cathedral of the Kazán Virgin. Outside, on the quay of the tortuous Katherine Canal, made a navigable water-way under the second Katherine, but lacking, through

* Since the above was written this able officer and very efficient Prefect has died.

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its narrowness, the picturesque features of the Fontánka, flocks of pigeons are fed daily from the adjoining grain shops. In the curve of the great colonnade, copied, like the exterior of the church itself, from that of St. Peter at Rome, bronze statues, heroic in size, of Generals Kutúzoff and Barclay de Tolly, by the Russian sculptor Orlóvsky, stand on guard.

Hither the Emperor and Empress come "to salute the Virgin," on their safe return from a journey. Hither are brought Imperial brides in gorgeous state procession—when they are of the Greek faith—on their way to the altar in the Winter Palace. We can never step into this temple without finding some deeply interesting and characteristically Russian event in progress. After we have run the inevitable gauntlet of monks, nuns, and other beggars at the entrance, we may happen upon a baptism, just beyond, the naked, newborn infant sputtering gently after his thrice-repeated dip in the candle-decked font, with the priest's hand covering his eyes, ears, mouth, and nostrils, and now undergoing the ceremony of anointment, or confirmation. Or we may come upon a bridal couple, in front of the solid silver balustrade; or the exquisite liturgy, exquisitely chanted, by the fine choir in their vestments of scarlet, blue, and silver, with the seraphic wings upon their shoulders, and intoned, with a finish of art unknown in other lands, by priests robed in rich brocade. Or it may be that a popular sermon by a well-known orator has attracted a throng of listeners among the lofty pillars of gray Finland granite, hung with battle-flags and the keys of conquered towns. What we shall assuredly find is, votaries ascending the steps to salute with devotion the benignant, brown-faced Byzantine Virgin and Christ-Child, encrusted with superb jewels, or kneeling in "ground reverences" with brow laid to the marble pavement, before the *ikonostás*, or rood-screen, of solid silver. Our Lady of Kazán has been the most popular of wonder-working Virgins ever since she was brought from Kazán to Moscow, in 1579, and transported to Petersburg, in 1721 (although her present cathedral dates only from 1811), and the scene here on Easter-night is second only to that at St. Isaac's when the porticos are thronged by the lower classes waiting to have their flower- and candle-decked cakes and cream blessed at the close of the Easter matins.

One of the few individual dwelling-houses which linger on the Névsky Prospékt, and which presents us with a fine specimen of the rococo style which Rastrelli so persistently served up at the close of the eighteenth century, is that of the Counts Stróganoff, at the lower quay of the Móika. The Móika [literally, Washing] River is the last of the semicircular, concentric canals which intersect the Névsky and its two radiating companion Prospékts, and impart to that portion of the city which is situated on the (comparative) mainland a resemblance to an outspread fan, whose palm-piece is formed by the Admiralty on the Nevá quay.

The statèly pile, and the pompous air of the big, gold-laced Swiss lounging at the entrance on the Névsky, remind us that the Stróganoff family has been a power in Russian history since the middle of the sixteenth century.

It was a mere handful of their Kazáks, led by Yermák Timoféevitch, who conquered Siberia, in 1581, under Ivan the Terrible, while engaged in repelling the incursions of the Tatárs and wild Siberian tribes on the fortified towns which the Stróganoffs had been authorized to erect on the vast territory at the western foot of the Urál Mountains, conveyed to them by the ancient Tzars. Later on, when Alexéi Mikhailovitch, the father of Peter the Great, established a new code, grading punishments and fines by classes, the highest money tax assessed for insult and injury was fifty rubles; but the Stróganoffs were empowered to exact one hundred rubles.

Opposite the Stróganoff house, on the upper Móika quay, rises the large, reddish-yellow Club of the Nobility, representing still another fashion in architecture, which was very popular during the last century for palaces and grand mansions—the Corinthian peristyle upon a solid, lofty basement. It is not an old building, but was prob-

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ably copied from the palace of the Empress Elizabeth, which stood on this spot. Elizavéta Petrovna, though she used this palace a great deal, had a habit of sleeping in a different place each night, the precise spot being never known beforehand. This practice is attributed, by some Russian historians, to her custom of turning night into day. She went to the theatre, for example, at eleven o'clock, and any courtier who failed to attend her was fined fifty rubles. It was here that the populace assembled to hurrah for Elizavéta Petrovna, on December 6, 1741, when she returned, with little Ivan VI. in her arms, from the Winter Palace, where she had made captive his father and his mother, the regent Anna Leopoldina. It may have been the recollection of the ease with which she had surprised indolent Anna Leopoldina in her bed-chamber which caused her to be so uncertain in her own movements, in view of the fact that there were persons so ill-advised as to wish the restoration of the slothful German regent and her infant son, disastrous as that would have been to the country.*

Later on, the chief of police lived here, and the adjoining bridge, which had hitherto been known as the Green Bridge, had its name changed to the Police Bridge, which rather puzzling appellation it still bears.

A couple of blocks beyond this corner of the Névsky, the Móika and the Grand Morskáya, the Névsky Prospékt ends at the Alexander Garden, backed by the Admiralty, and the Nevá, after having passed in its course through all grades of society, from the monks at the extreme limit, peasant huts—or something very like them, on the outskirts—artistic and literary circles in the Péski quarter (the Sands), well-to-do merchants and nobles, officials and wealthy courtiers, until now we have reached the culminating point, where the Admiralty, Imperial Palace and War Office complete the national group begun at the church.

When, in 1704, Peter the Great founded his beloved Admiralty, as the first building on the mainland then designed for such purposes as this, and not for residence, it was simply a shipyard, open to the Nevá, and inclosed on three sides by low wooden structures, surrounded by stone-faced earthworks, moats, and palisades. Hither Peter was wont to come of a morning, after having routed his ministers out of bed to hold Privy Council, at three and four o'clock, to superintend the work, and to lend a hand himself. The first stone buildings were erected in 1726, after his death. In the early years of the present century Alexander I. rebuilt this stately and graceful edifice, after the plans of the Russian architect Zakhároff, who created the beautiful tower adorned with Russian sculptures, crowned by a golden spire, in the centre of the immense façade, fourteen hundred feet long, which forms a feature inseparable from the vista of the Prospékt for the greater part of its length, to the turn at the Známenskaya Square. On this spire, at the present day, flags and lanterns warn the inhabitants of low-lying districts in the capital, of the rate at which the water is rising during inundations. In case of serious danger the flags are reinforced by signal guns from the fortress. But in Peter I.'s day these flags and guns bore exactly the opposite meaning to the unhappy nobles whom the energetic Emperor was trying to train into rough-weather sailors. To their trembling imaginations these signal orders to assemble for a practice sail signified, "Come out and be drowned!" since they were obliged to embark in the crafts too generously given to them by Peter, and cruise about until their leader (who delighted in a storm) saw fit to return. There is a story of one unhappy wight, who was honored by the presence aboard of his craft of a very distinguished and very sea-sick

* We must do the Russians who occupy the building at the present day, the justice to state that they uphold religiously the nocturnal tradition thus established by Elizavéta Petrovna, and even improve upon it. From six o'clock in the evening onward, the long windows of the Club, on the *bel étage*, blaze with light. The occasioual temporary obscurations produced by the steam from relays of samovárs, do not interfere materially with the neighbors' view of the card-parties and the final exchange of big bundles of bank-bills, which takes place at five o'clock the next morning, or later. Even if players and bills were duly shielded from observation, the *mauvais quart d'heure* would be accurately revealed by the sudden rush for the sledges, which have been hanging, in a swarm, about the door, according to the usual convenient custom of Vánka, wherever lighted windows suggest possible patrons. Poor, hard-worked Vánka slumbers all night on his box, with one eye open, or falls prone in death-like exhaustion over the dash-board, upon his sleeping horse, while his cap lies on the snow, and his shaggy head is bared to the bitter blasts.

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Persian, making his first acquaintance with the pleasures of yachting, and who spent three days, without food, tacking between Petersburg and Kronstadt, in the vain endeavor to effect a landing during rough weather.

When the present Admiralty was built, a broad and shady boulevard was organized on the site of the old glacis and covered way, and later still, when the break in the quay was filled in, and the shipbuilding transferred to the New Admiralty a little farther down the river, the boulevard was enlarged into the New Alexander Garden, one of the finest squares in Europe. It soon became the fashionable promenade, and the centre of popular life as well, by virtue of the merry-makings which here took place. Here, during the Carnival of 1836, the temporary cheap theatre of boards was burned, at the cost of one hundred and twenty-six lives, and many injured persons, which resulted in these dangerous *balagáni* and other holiday amusements being removed to the spacious parade-ground known as the Empress's Meadow.

If we pass round the Admiralty to the Nevá, we shall find its frozen surface teeming with life. Sledge roads have been laid out on it, marked with evergreen bushes, over which a *yamtschík* will drive us with his tróika, fleet as the wind, to Kronstádt, twenty miles away. Plank walks, fringed with street lanterns, have been prepared for pedestrians. Broad ice paths have been cleared, whereon the winter ferry-boats ply—green garden-chairs, holding one or more persons, furnished with warm lap-robes, and propelled by stout *muzhíks* on skates, who will transport us from shore to shore for the absurdly small sum of less than a cent apiece, though a ride with the reindeer (now a strange sight in the capital), at the Lapplanders' encampment, costs much more.

It is hard to tear ourselves from the charms of the river, with its fishing, ice-cutting, and many other interesting sights always in progress. But of all the scenes that which we may witness on Epiphany Day—the "Jordan" or Blessing of the Waters, in commemoration of Christ's baptism in the Jordan—is the most curious and typically Russian.

After mass, celebrated by the Metropolitan, in the cathedral of the Winter Palace, whose enormous reddish-ochre mass we perceive rising above the frost-jewelled trees of the Alexander Garden, to our right as we stand at the head of the Névsky Prospékt, the Emperor, his heir, his brothers, uncles, and other great personages, emerge in procession upon the quay. Opposite the Jordan door of the palace a scarlet, gold, and blue pavilion, also called the "Jordan," has been erected over the ice. Thither the procession moves, headed by the Metropolitan and the richly vestured clergy, their mitres gleaming with gems, bearing crosses and church banners, and the Imperial choir, clad in crimson and gold, chanting as they go. The Empress and her ladies, clad in full Court costume at mid-day, look on from the palace windows. After brief prayers in the pavilion, all standing with bared heads, the Metropolitan dips the great gold cross in the rushing waters of the Nevá, through a hole prepared in the thick, opalescent, green ice, and the guns on the opposite shore thunder out a salute. The pontoon Palace Bridge, the quays on both sides of the river, all the streets and squares for a long distance round about are densely thronged, and, as the guns announce the consecration every head is bared, every right hand in the mass, thousands strong, is raised to execute repeated signs of the cross on brow and breast.

From our post at the head of the Prospékt we behold, not the ceremony itself but the framework of a great national picture, the great Palace Square, whereon twenty thousand troops can manœuvre, and in whose centre rises the greatest monolith of modern times, the shaft of red Finland granite, eighty-four feet in height, crowned with a cross-bearing angel, the monument to Alexander I. There stand the Guards' Corps; and the huge building of the General Staff, containing the Ministries of Finance and of Foreign Affairs, and many things besides, originally erected by Katherine II. to mask the rears of the houses at the end of the Névsky, and rebuilt under Nicholas I., sweeping in a magnificent semicircle opposite the Winter Palace. Regiments restrain the

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zeal of the crowd to obtain the few posts of vantage from which the consecration of the waters is visible, and to keep open a lane for the carriages of royalty, diplomats, and invited guests. They form part of the pageant, like the Empress's cream-colored carriage and the white horses and scarlet liveries of the Metropolitan. The crowd is devout and silent, as Russian crowds always are, except when they see the Emperor after he has escaped a danger, when they become vociferous with an animation which is far more significant than it is in more noisy lands. The ceremony over, the throngs melt away rapidly and silently; pedestrians, Finnish ice-sledges, traffic in general, resume their rights on the palace sidewalks and the square, and after a state breakfast the Emperor drives quietly home, unguarded, to his Anítchkoff Palace.

If we glance to our left, and slightly to our rear, as we stand thus facing the Nevá and the Admiralty, we see the Prefecture and the Ministry of War, the latter once the mansion of a grandee in the last century; and, rising above the latter, we catch a glimpse of the upper gallery and great gold-plated, un-Russian dome, of St. Isaac's Cathedral, which is visible for twenty miles down the Gulf of Finland. The granite pillars glow in the frosty air with the bloom of a Delaware grape. We forgive St. Isaac for the non-Russian character of the modern ecclesiastical glories of which it is the exponent as we listen eagerly to the soft, rich, boom-boom-boo-om of the great bourdon, embroidered with silvery melody by the multitude of smaller bells, chiming nearly all day long with a truly orthodox sweetness unknown to the Western world, and which, to-day, are more elaborately beautiful than usual, in honor of the great festival. We appreciate to the full the wailing cry of the prisoner, in the ancient epic songs of the land: "He was cut off from the light of the fair, red sun, from the sound of sweet church-bells."

On the great Palace Square another characteristic sight is to be seen on the nights of Court balls, which follow the Jordan, when the blaze of electric light from the rock-crystal chandeliers, big as haystacks, within the state apartments, is supplemented by the fires in the heater and on the snow outside, round which the waiting coachmen warm themselves, with Rembrandtesque effects of *chiaro-oscuro* second only to the picturesqueness of *dvórniks* in their nondescript caps and shaggy coats, who cluster round blazing fagots in less aristocratic quarters when the thermometer descends below zero.

When spring comes, with the magical suddenness which characterizes Northern lands, the gardens, quays, and the Névsky Prospékt still preserve their charms for a space, and are thronged far into the night with promenaders, who gaze at the Imperial crowns, stars, monograms, and other devices temporarily applied to the street lanterns, and the fairy flames on the low curb-posts (whereat no horse, though unblinded, ever shies), with which man attempts, on the numerous royal festival days of early summer, to rival the illumination of the indescribably beautiful tints of river and sky. But the peasant-izvóstchik goes off to the country to till his little patch of land, aided by the shaggy little farm-horse, which has been consorting on the Prospékt with thoroughbred trotters all winter, and helping him to eke out his cash income, scanty at the best of times; or he emigrates to a summer resort, scorning our insinuation that he is so unfashionable as to remain in town. The deserted Prospékt is torn up for repairs. The merchants, especially the goldsmiths, complain that it would be true economy for them to close their shops. The annual troops of foreign travellers arrive, view the lovely islands of the Nevá delta, catch a glimpse of the summer cities in the vicinity, and dream, ah, vain dream! that they have also really beheld the Névsky Prospékt, the great avenue of the realm of the Frost King and the White Tzar!

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A CASE IN POINT.

By George A. Hibbard.

"For better for worse."
—The Form of Solemnization of Matrimony.

THE Rev. Laurence Thesiger stood looking out of one of the many narrow windows—flamboyant and mullioned—through which the sunlight poured into his "study" in the tower of the Church of the Ascension, in the town of Millville. The building, as conscientiously ecclesiastic and as smartly picturesque as the fancy of a young architect just back from the Beaux Arts had been able to create, stood on the corner, where the main street joined the "Square," and its windows commanded the meagre life of the place.

Under the diffused haze of one of the latest days of a late Indian summer the scant aspects of Millville might be, for the time, forgotten. The "stores" across the small, dusty park, in the centre of which was the "Soldiers' Monument," were less crudely prominent and the newly built residences and older dwellings farther up the street seemed, each after its kind, to possess a noteworthy dignity, or, in no inconsiderable degree, a certain homely beauty.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose you may make the announcement. I don't think that there is any doubt about it. The place has been proffered to me by Mr. Cooley and Mr. Tarkington, and it only remains for the Vestry to pass on the matter; but as Tarkington and Cooley are 'pillars' of the church, I don't think there can be any uncertainty as to the result. Give me a good word, Ricart; I believe you can do it with a clear conscience."

Ricart, a man older than the young clergyman, but still his evident contemporary, jerked out a short, indulgent laugh before he replied.

"As you are not going to preach my funeral sermon after all, it would be quite safe for me to say what I please; that is, if I were pleased to say anything that wasn't entirely flattering about our departing pastor. But never fear. I'll depict in the most moving terms the grief of your 'flock,' and your own heartfelt sorrow at leaving those under your ministration. I'll touch upon the good you have done here, and say that it is only a fitting reward that you should have the opportunity of continuing your labors in a larger field." Ricart laughed again. "I'll do more than the usual thing, for I take it, from what you say, that you'll accept."

"Accept!" cried Thesiger, "accept a metropolitan 'call' to the rectorship of St. James's! Of course, a man would be mad to think of refusing." Then he went on in a less assertive and a more explanatory manner, that, before he was done, had indeed become almost apologetic. "I won't talk that sort of thing that is so often justly ridiculed, about the chance of doing greater good and the duty of bearing the heavier burden. I have not always thought about the Church in the usual way. I never could understand why it is not possible to be a man and a clergyman at the same time. It has not lessened my power of accomplishment here, that I have always looked for something better; I mean for something that might enable me to reach a greater number of those who might perhaps be in peculiar need of my aid. I may be wrong, but I am convinced that I am equal to meeting the requirements of a more complex life. I believe, and truly believe, that much that I have preached here has not been fully understood. It is my fault. I should have met the spiritual difficulties that were likely to present themselves to my congregation, not have attempted to grapple with abstract questions not likely to concern it."

"Well, brother Thesiger," laughed Ricart, "there have been times when it has seemed to me that you have rather preached over our heads."

"I certainly can justify myself to myself," said Thesiger, thoughtfully, "and, with the full knowledge of my own life, accept this good fortune without a pang of self-accusation, or the consciousness

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that I have been unduly self-seeking. I think I have accomplished a good deal here. This beautiful church," and he proudly glanced around the room, "would hardly have been built if it had not been for my insistence; and in going away from here I can feel that I leave behind me a work accomplished." He paused, then continued: "By remaining, I could only carry on what already has been begun—something another can do as well as I—and, in time, life would become a mere routine, and all initiative power would be finally lost. Now I go to meet new requirements, and, with the new demands upon me, I hope to find new strength. Yes, Ricart, I will say it boldly, I am ambitious, I have striven to satisfy my ambition, and such success is very precious to me."

"I suppose," said Ricart, quietly, "that it is because you are so vividly human yourself, that you have had the power to touch, as you have, human hearts. Well, personally, I am sorry you are going; I shall miss you, Thesiger, and so will a great many others."

"I have many good friends from whom it will be a grief to part."

"Exactly," said Ricart; "I can understand that there are reasons why you will be sorry to go after all."

"What do you mean?"

"As a married man myself," remarked Ricart, throwing one leg over the other, and looking up quizzingly, "I have always wondered, Laurence, how you have managed to remain a single one so long."

The Rev. Laurence Thesiger blushed—unmistakably blushed—in an embarrassed and youthful fashion.

"Really, Lucius——" he began.

"You think that isn't any of my business—you're right, it isn't. Only when you've been at college with a man—lived shoulder to shoulder with him through the most impassioned decade of his life, you naturally take an interest in him, and watch him a little more closely than you do another. Laurence," continued Ricart, with a good-humored directness with which it was impossible to feel indignant, "you're in love. I've seen it for a long time. You're in love, although I must say that I am uncertain as to the object of your affections; but then I rather think that the reason that I am uncertain is that you are a little uncertain yourself."

Thesiger did not answer, and only uneasily shuffled some papers lying upon the table.

"You should have taken a wife long ago."

"I have thought for some time——" began Thesiger. Then he paused and again went on: "A man's life is certainly in many ways incomplete unless he is married, and a clergyman——"

"Certainly," interrupted Ricart. "A clergyman. Matrimony is as much expected of him as it is of a physician."

"I should never think of getting married in any spirit—of—expediency," replied Thesiger.

"Come, come, Laurence," cried Ricart, "where's your usual directness? You know, and you know that I know, that you have thought out the whole matter. Now that this has come, you will go and offer yourself to her at once. The town has settled it all, and only wonders that you haven't asked her to marry you already."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Thesiger, weakly.

"There—look at him!" exclaimed Ricart, "and yet, what can you expect from a mortal in love, but subterfuge and dissimulation? One of the first effects of that condition seems to be the development of all the guilefulness in a man's make-up. Whom do I mean? Why, Eleanor Cranstone, of course."

"Isn't she a noble woman!" exclaimed Thesiger, enthusiastically.

"Yes," continued Ricart, "nobly planned and all the rest of it. Eleanor Cranstone is a glorious creature, and I don't wonder that you admire her. We all do. But she's rather too splendid a possession even for the dreams of most men. It's only for one like yourself—predestined to honor and glory—that such gifts are intended."

"She makes me feel my own unworthiness," said Thesiger, simply. "Often, when I have done something in which I have taken perhaps undue pride, I have perceived when meeting her that it did not amount to so very much after all."

"Oh, she is perfect," assented Ricart, with a shrug of his shoulders; "but I

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confess that I, for my part, can get on better with humanity that is much farther from complete excellence."

"Don't you believe," asked Thesiger, anxiously, "that we ought to admire what we know to be the best?"

"I don't know what we ought to do; I know that, with my imperfect nature, Miss Cranstone assumes the aspect of an Inquisition and frightens me with unapprehended terrors. Of course, with you it's different; your superior organism can breathe in such a rarefied air and thrive in it. Nothing could be better. Everyone says so, and I tell you, the very tangible judgment of that very intangible entity — quantity — or what you will, is not to be despised."

"I will confess, Lucius," said the Rev. Laurence Thesiger with something like a sigh, "that there have been times when I have——" he stopped abruptly. "But she has always, as you say, with your customary recklessness of expression, seemed something remote and unattainable. I have always hesitated——"

"What becoming modesty," laughed Ricart, "in one whom all our fair maidens flock to hear, and before whom they reverently bow down!"

"Don't be common, Lucius," returned Thesiger; "you'll say something about embroidered slippers next, but really you'd better keep all that for the 'funny' column of your newspaper."

"Well," laughed Ricart, good-humoredly, "I shan't embarrass you by a too plain statement of plain facts; still I think you hardly need have feared at any time to present yourself before any young woman in the place. There is not one who wouldn't jump at you."

The Rev. Laurence Thesiger frowned his serious displeasure.

"One and all," continued the unabashed Ricart, "from little Marion Thorpe to the great Eleanor Cranstone herself. By the way," he went on, "how do you reconcile your conduct in regard to little Marion with your painfully accurate ecclesiastical conscience? There was a time——"

"Don't be an idiot," remonstrated Thesiger, impatiently; "Miss Thorpe and I were very good friends—we are very good friends still. She is very pretty and very charming, but she is not like Miss Cranstone—not so inspiring, not so——"

"So depressingly supereminent. No, I am afraid there is a good deal of individual imperfection about Marion. At least there is so much of it that she's capable of feeling hurt by the way you have acted toward her."

"Honestly, Ricart—" remonstrated Thesiger.

"I know," said his companion, "that you gentlemen who call us all to account don't like very much to be called to account yourselves."

"But I assure you," interrupted Thesiger, "there was never anything between Miss Thorpe and myself. She is always so bright and jolly that you naturally fall into a certain *camaraderie*, and it easily might appear to the outside world to mean more than it really does."

"I don't know what it meant to you, but it must have been rather hard for her to see herself so completely put out by Miss Cranstone. However, I suppose Marion'll get over it. She's generally a plucky little soul, but really——"

"Ricart, I won't have you talk this way, as if I had been—ah—allowing the girl to think that I felt more than I really did. Marion Thorpe is very charming, and we are great friends——"

"But nothing more. All right. I am keeping you." Ricart moved toward the door. "I have seen your growing impatience for a long time."

"I have nothing to do; I——"

"But still you'll be willing to be rid of me. There are times, Laurence, when the best of friends is in the way," and with a quick smile of intelligence Ricart opened the door. "I may not treat you or your good luck with quite the respect either of you deserves, but that's only my way. I really admire the one and am sincerely glad of the other."

"Thank you, Lucius," said Thesiger as they shook hands on the threshold; "if you said you overrated the first and underestimated the last you would be nearer the truth—but—thank you."

Thesiger closed the door and returned to the window. Although there was something hasty in his movements, he stood looking out at the dusty road and the leaf-strewn grass. He knew

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what he was going to do now, and he would not long delay its accomplishment; but there was a certain charm in the moment before direct action was taken, and when he could still feign to himself that there might be some doubt as to the result. It seemed almost as if he had waited for this success before coming at a decision. The promotion he had desired had, in some inexplicable way, seemed to settle it all, and he felt that now he should ask Eleanor Cranstone to become his wife. How could it have been possible for him to have doubted for an instant? He felt amazed at his own blindness, and a vision of Eleanor Cranstone, calm, stately, and beautiful, rose before his eyes and increased his wonder at his own hesitancy.

He seized his soft, clerical hat and, locking the door, hastened downstairs.

"I shall not be back to-day," he said to the conservative sexton, who evidently viewed the rector's nervous hastiness with suspicion, if not with disapprobation; "and if anyone wants me, say I shall not be at the rectory until evening."

The Rev. Laurence Thesiger was a very happy man as he made his way down the straight stone walk that cut the carefully kept lawn surrounding his church; he was a happy man—as one is happy in the conscious attainment of a long-sought desire—and it was with a feeling that a little self-glory was not only pardonable, but fitting, that he walked along. He glanced up the village street where the thinning leaves permitted the intersecting branches of the great elms to be seen. It was all very charming, very reposeful; but he assured himself that it was no place for him; and with a relief inexpressible he felt a renewed thankfulness that liberation had at last come.

At the corner made by the first cross-street, placed upon what was really a terrace—for the stone facing that ran along the sidewalk was quite high and topped with a handsome balustrade—stood one of those houses that attest, if nothing else, the wealth and liberality of the owner. It was a massive building, the finest in the place, and fit indeed to do honor in a larger town. When Cranstone, the local banker, had built it there had at first been a certain inappropriateness in its size and character; but, with the quick changefulness of an American place, other houses of the same sort had grown up around it, which, if they did not equal, helped to remove the aspect of isolation that had given it a certain appearance of crudeness.

Thesiger mounted the few steps that led from the street; opened the heavily wrought iron gate; walked along the winding gravel path leading to the house, and, crossing the drive which approached the main door in a generous sweep, passed under the *porte cochere*. He could not conceal the fact that his heart beat a little quicker than ordinarily and that there was a queer, hot sensation about his temples. He was a little ashamed of it, for, as has been said, he was very young, and he wondered apprehensively, after he had rung the bell, whether there was anything in his appearance that would lead the servant to suspect that he was more excited than usual.

"Is—is Miss Cranstone in?" asked the Rev. Laurence Thesiger, with a limp uncertainty he had no power to control. It seemed to him that the servant, as well as the sexton, noticed something unaccustomed in his aspect or manner, and eyed him suspiciously.

"No, sir, Miss Cranstone has gone out to drive."

"Oh!" exclaimed Thesiger, feebly and helplessly.

"But," continued the servant, with what Thesiger could not convince himself was not a sympathetic inflection of comforting assurance, "she has been gone for some time and may be back very soon. Indeed, Miss Eleanor said that she would be in at five o'clock."

"Yes," murmured Thesiger, "she said she would be in at five o'clock."

"Will you wait, sir?" asked the servant, who knew very well who he was.

"No, no," he replied with an air of indifference, and half consciously striving to create the impression that it was of no consequence; "but you are sure she said she would be in at five o'clock?"

"Yes, sir."

It certainly was very perplexing and annoying. In all his experience of

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secular literature Thesiger did not remember to have encountered any instance when a hero, hastening to throw himself at the feet of his lady-love, was checked by a servant's simple announcement that she was "out." It generally requires a crime or a catastrophe to turn aside a young man bent upon such a purpose; and here he was, as effectually cut off by this conventional statement as he would have been by the machinations of the most successful villain.

There seemed to be something wrong, but there was no escape from the position, and the only thing to do was to find some method of employing his time until five o'clock.

He could as he walked from the door look across the street, and he saw, with the imperfect consciousness of one in deep absorption, the opposite house. As the Cranstone residence characterized a period in the growth of Millville, so did the dwelling opposite mark another. It was wooden, clap-boarded, painted a dull brown, and it stood nearly flush with the street. There was a broad porch before its door, with narrow, transverse seats, and what were now leafless vines climbed briskly up the slender supporting columns of the roof. That it was old as houses go in America was evident, and already it had gained something of the charm which we begin to find in a self-respecting dwelling that has lasted more than two or three generations. It was of the old order of things at Millville, when indeed Millville had not been Millville at all, but Manlius, and the sound of the steam whistle and the gleam and glitter of the arc light were still unknown. But the Rev. Laurence Thesiger did not muse upon the changing conditions of an American village life. He only thought that it was mail time, and that if he walked to the post-office to get his letters he might be able to fill up some part of that hour that seemed to stretch out before him to such an interminable length.

Some one, not recognizing him, pushed against Thesiger as he halted motionless before the checkered wall of post boxes, but he did not look up; another spoke to him, but he did not answer. It had been so sudden that, for a moment, full comprehension had not been possible; but now that he had read the letter for the second time, the reality of the situation was clearly before him. He felt the sudden sickness of disappointment—the helplessness of despair. That what had happened had been utterly unexpected to the writer was evident, for it was with the apologetic tone of one who feels that he has guiltily raised false hopes that the announcement was made. And so the vestry had made its decision, and he—the Rev. Laurence Thesiger—was not the man after all; but Dr. Riddelberger, who, in assuming the position of rector of St. James's, would leave a charge of almost equal importance in an almost equally large city. The complimentary assurances did not in the least lighten the blow for Thesiger; nor did the reason given, that it was only his inexperience that had prevented him from receiving the "call," in any degree comfort him. The one crushing fact, that what he had hoped was not to be, completely overwhelmed him, and in that despair that, in youth, seems endless he could see no hope of relief.

He walked down the post-office steps and into the "Square," then instinctively turned in the direction from which only a moment before he had come. There was to be no change; only the same old story, growing duller, older, harder, tamer all the time. He could not hope now to get out of Millville for a long time—if forever; and life, which before had carried with it a sense of accomplishment, must now become the mere regular fulfilment of duty. He knew so well what to expect; and at his age there is hardly anything more depressing than the dead weight of certainty.

"Hello!" said some one, at what seemed a great distance, but who, as he gradually aroused himself from his lethargy, he discovered was really quite near.

"Hello!" repeated the same voice.

"Why, Ricart," said Thesiger, "is that you?"

"Yes," answered Ricart; "but why is the reverend gentleman so surprised to see me, in view of the fact that we have

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met on an average twice a day for the last three years?"

"It seemed to me singularly opportune, that is all. There was something I wanted to tell you——"

"I am to offer my congratulations. The fair one has proved kind," interrupted Ricart. "Laurence, you're a lucky fellow—youth, success, and such a wife as Eleanor Cranstone."

"But I haven't even asked Miss Cranstone to marry me."

"Not asked her? What have you been doing? I left you hastening to pour your tale of love into her ears."

"But she was 'out,'" stammered Thesiger.

"What a fearful lion in the path," laughed Ricart. "I understand the bold lover is now hastening to see if she is 'in.' But I don't see great determination in your eye. However, all is so fitting that I won't say to you——"

"What?" asked Thesiger, as Ricart paused.

"Nothing—nothing."

"What were you going to say?"

"Why, that in asking a woman to marry you there is always one thing that you ought to think of—that is, when the matter isn't simplified by not being able to think at all."

"And what is that?"

"You should ask yourself: Is this the woman with whom I should be the happiest if the world went against me, if misfortune came? That's the question, and on the answer depends all. There's many a girl whom it would be a joy and a privilege for us to 'love, honor, and cherish' if we were always successful, but those with whom we feel that we could bear ill-luck are very few—very few. It isn't given to a man to know more than one such in his life—one with whom the world were 'well lost,' and with whom even defeat were bearable. But," and Ricart moved on, "this is neither here nor there."

"Wait a moment," said Thesiger, catching him by the sleeve as he turned away; "I told you that there was something I wanted to say. You needn't make the announcement after all."

"Not make the announcement!" exclaimed Ricart.

"No," continued Thesiger, "the vestry of St. James's has taken action, and the Rev. Dr. Riddleberger has been made rector. I have just received a letter notifying me of the fact."

"And so," said Ricart, after a short pause, "we shall still have you with us. Well, Laurence, I'm sorry on your account; but in this instance what's one man's poison is another man's meat. We gain by your loss."

"Of course, I am disappointed."

"And so you will have to put up with Millville, and all that Millville implies. Well, you might have a worse fate—the most prominent and respected person in a place of this size, with a woman like Eleanor Cranstone to share all with you."

"Ricart, you know that our old friendship permits you to say much——"

"But I mustn't go too far." Ricart looked at the other for a moment, and then laughed shortly. "Well, perhaps I had better be more careful, considering— And I shan't make the announcement."

Ricart moved away, but before he had gone many steps he looked back at Thesiger, who still stood where he had left him. He saw Thesiger pause, half turning as if he would again go down the street, then saw him straighten himself and advance briskly in the direction in which he had been going.

It was only a short distance, and Thesiger found himself before the porch of the brown, clap-boarded house that had before only so momentarily occupied his attention. He quickly ascended the steps, pulled the bell, letting the bell-pull fly back sharply, and then sat down on the hard, warped, and weatherbeaten bench.

There must have been something in the manner in which he rang, for a trimly capped maid speedily opened the door, with something of a startled air.

"Is Miss Thorpe at home?" asked the Rev. Laurence Thesiger, quickly rising.

"Yes, sir," said the maid, as she opened the door still farther so that he might come in.

Ricart, who had seen but not heard, continued on his way, a smile of intelligence slowly gathering about his lips.

"So it was a case in point after all," he half said to himself.

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The Apparition of Saint Scholastica.—Lesueur.

FRENCH ART.

I. CLASSIC PAINTING.

By W. C. Brownell.

MORE than that of any other modern people French art is a national expression. It epitomizes very definitely the national æsthetic judgment and feeling, and if its manifestations are even more varied than are elsewhere to be met with, they share a certain character that is very salient. Of almost any French picture or statue of any modern epoch one's first thought is that it is French. The national quite overshadows the personal quality. In the field of the fine arts, as in nearly every other in

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which the French genius shows itself, the results are evident of an intellectual co-operation which insures the development of a common standard and tends to subordinate idiosyncrasy. The fine arts, as well as every other department of mental activity, reveal the effect of that social instinct which is so much more powerful in France than it is anywhere else, or has ever been elsewhere, except possibly in the case of the Athenian republic. Add to this influence that of the intellectual as distinguished from the sensuous instinct and one has, I think, the key to this salient characteristic of French art which strikes one so sharply and always as so plainly French. As one walks through the French rooms at the Louvre, through the galleries of the Luxembourg, through the unending rooms of the *Salon* he is impressed by the splendid competence everywhere displayed, the high standard of culture universally attested, by the overwhelming evidence that France stands at the head of the modern world æsthetically—but not less, I think, does one feel the absence of imagination, opportunity, of spirituality, of poetry in a word. The French themselves feel something of this. At the great Exposition of 1889 no pictures were so much admired by them as the English, in which appeared, even to an excessive degree, just the qualities in which French art is lacking, and which less than those of any other school showed traces of the now all but universal influence of French art. The most distinct and durable impression left by any exhibition of French pictures is that the French æsthetic genius is at once admirably artistic and extremely little poetic.

It is a corollary of the predominance of the intellectual over the sensuous instinct that the true should be preferred to the beautiful, and some French critics are so far from denying this preference of French art that they express pride in it, and, indeed, defend it in a way which makes one feel slightly amateurish and fanciful in thinking of beauty apart from truth. A walk through the Louvre, however, suffices to restore one's confidence in his own convictions. The French rooms, at least until modern periods are reached, are a demonstration that in the sphere of æsthetics science does not produce the greatest artists — that something other than intelligent interest and technical accomplishment are requisite to that end, and that system is fatal to spontaneity. M. Eugène Véron is the mouthpiece of his countrymen in asserting absolute beauty to be an abstraction, but the practice of the mass of French painters is, by comparison with that of the great Italians and Dutchmen, eloquent of the lack of poetry that results from a scepticism of abstractions. The French classic painters — and the classic-spirit, in spite of every force that the modern world brings to its destruction, persists wonderfully in France—show little absorption, little delight in their subject. Contrasted with the great names in painting they are eclectic and traditional, too purely expert. They are too cultivated to invent. Selection has taken the place of discovery in their inspiration. They are addicted to the rational and the regulated. Their substance is never sentimental and incommunicable. Their works have a distinctly professional air. They distrust what cannot be expressed; what can only be suggested does not seem to them worth the trouble of trying to conceive. Beside the world of mystery and the wealth of emotion forming an imaginative penumbra around such a design as Raphael's Vision of Ezekiel, for instance, Poussin's treatment of essentially the same subject is a diagram.

On the other hand, qualities intimately associated with these defects are quite as noticeable in the old French rooms of the Louvre. Clearness, compactness, measure, and balance are evident in nearly every canvas. Everywhere is the air of reserve, of intellectual good-breeding, of avoidance of extravagance. That French painting is at the head of contemporary painting, as far and away incontestably it is, is due to the fact that it alone has kept alive the traditions of art which, elsewhere than in France, have given place to other and more material ideals. From the first its practitioners have been artists rather than poets, have

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The Building of Carthage.—Claude.

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Le Bénédicité.—Chardin.

possessed, that is to say, the constructive rather than the creative, the organizing rather than the imaginative temperament, but they have rarely been perfunctory and never common. French painting in its preference of truth to beauty, of intelligence to the beatific vision, of form to color, in a word, has nevertheless, and perhaps *à fortiori*, always been the expression of ideas. These ideas almost invariably have been expressed in rigorous form —form which at times fringes the lifelessness of symbolism. But even less frequently, I think, than other peoples have the French exhibited in their

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painting that contentment with painting in itself which is the dry rot of art. With all their addiction to truth and form they have followed this ideal so systematically that they have never suffered it to become mechanical, merely *formal*—as elsewhere (in England and among ourselves, everyone will have remarked) in instances where form has been mainly considered and where sentiment happens to be lacking, is so often the case. Even when care for form is so excessive as to imply an absence of character, the form itself is apt to be so distinguished as itself to supply the element of character, and character consequently particularly refined and immaterial. And one quality is always present: elegance is always evidently aimed at and measurably achieved. Native or foreign, real or factitious as the inspiration of French classicism may be, the sense of style and of that perfection of style which we know as elegance is invariably noticeable in its productions. So that, we may say, from Poussin to Puvis de Chavannes, from Clouet to Meissonier, *taste*—a refined and cultivated sense of what is sound, estimable, competent, reserved, satisfactory, up to the mark, and above all, elegant and distinguished—has been at once the arbiter and the stimulus of excellence in French painting. It is this which has made the France of the past three centuries, and especially the France of to-day—as we get farther and farther away from the great art epochs—both in amount and general excellence of artistic activity, comparable only with the Italy of the Renaissance and the Greece of antiquity.

Moreover it is an error to assume that because form in French painting appeals to us more strikingly than substance that French painting is lacking in substance. In its perfection form appeals to every appreciation; it is in art, one may say, the one universal language. But just in proportion as form in a work of art approaches perfection, or universality, just in that proportion does the substance which it clothes, which it expresses, seem unimportant to those to whom this substance is foreign. Some critics have even fancied, for example, that Greek architecture and sculpture—the only Greek art we know anything about—were chiefly concerned with form, and that the ideas behind their perfection of form were very simple and elementary ideas, not at all comparable in complexity and elaborateness with those which confuse and distinguish the modern world. When one comes to French art it is still more difficult for us to realize that the ideas underlying its expression are ideas of import, validity, and attachment. The truth is largely that French ideas are not our ideas; not that the French who—except possibly the ancient Greeks and the modern Germans—of all peoples in the world are, as one may say, addicted to ideas, are lacking in them. Technical excellence is simply the inseparable accompaniment, the outward expression of the kind of æsthetic ideas the French are enamoured of. Their substance is not our substance, but while it is perfectly legitimate for us to criticise their substance it is idle to maintain that they are lacking in substance. If we call a painting by Poussin pure style, a composition of David merely the perfection of convention, one of M. Rochegrosse's dramatic canvases the rhetoric of technic and that only, we miss something. We miss the idea, the substance, behind these varying expressions. These are not the less real for being foreign to us. They are less spiritual and more material, less poetic and spontaneous, more schooled and traditional than we like to see associated with such adequacy of expression, but they are not for that reason more mechanical. They are ideas and substance which lend themselves to technical expression a thousand times more readily than do ours. They are, in fact, exquisitely adapted to technical expression.

The substance and ideas which we desire fully expressed in color, form, or words are, indeed, very exactly in proportion to our esteem of them, inexpressible. We like hints of the unutterable, suggestions of significance that is mysterious and import that is incalculable. The light that "never was on sea or land" is the illumination we seek. The "Heaven," not the atmosphere that "lies about us" in our mature age as "in our infancy," is what appeals most

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strongly to our subordination of the intellect and the senses to the imagination and the soul. Nothing with us very deeply impresses the mind if it does not arouse the emotions. Naturally, thus, we are predisposed insensibly to infer from French articulateness the absence of substance, to assume from the triumphant facility and felicity of French expression a certain insignificance of what is expressed. Inferences and assumptions based on temperament, however, almost invariably have the vice of superficiality, and it takes no very prolonged study of French art for candor and intelligence to perceive that if its substance is weak on the sentimental, the emotional, the poetic, the spiritual side, it is exceptionally strong in rhetorical, artistic, cultivated, æsthetically elevated ideas, as well as in that technical excellence which alone, owing to our own inexpertness, first strikes and longest impresses us.

When we have no ideas to express, in a word, we rarely save our emptiness by any appearance of clever expression. When a Frenchman expresses ideas for which we do not care, with which we are temperamentally out of sympathy, we assume that his expression is equally empty. Matthew Arnold cites a passage from Mr. Palgrave, and comments significantly on it, in this sense. "The style," exclaims Mr. Palgrave, "which has filled London with the dead monotony of Gower or Harley Streets, or the pale commonplace of Belgravia, Tyburnia, and Kensington; which has pierced Paris and Madrid with the feeble frivolities of the Rue Rivoli and the Strada de Toledo." Upon which Arnold observes that "the architecture of the Rue Rivoli expresses show, splendor, pleasure, unworthy things, perhaps, to express alone and for their own sakes, but it expresses them; whereas, the architecture of Gower Street and Belgravia merely expresses the impotence of the architect to express anything."

And in characterizing the turn for poetry in French painting as comparatively inferior, it will be understood at once, I hope, that I am comparing it with the imaginativeness of the great Italians and Dutchmen, and with Rubens and Holbein and Turner, and not asserting the supremacy in elevated sentiment over Claude and Corot, Chardin and Cazin, of the Royal Academy, or the New York Society of American artists. And so far as an absolute rather than a comparative standard may be applied in matters so much too vast for any hope of adequate treatment according to either method, we ought never to forget that in criticising French painting, as well as other things French, we are measuring it by an ideal which now and then we may appreciate better than Frenchmen, but rarely illustrate as well.

Furthermore, the qualities and defects of French painting—the predominance in it of national over individual force and distinction, its turn for style, the kind of ideas which inspire its substance, its classic spirit in fine — are explained hardly less by its historic origin than by the character of the French genius itself. French painting really began in connoisseurship, one may say. It arose in appreciation, that faculty in which the French have always been, and still are, unrivalled. Its syntheses were based on elements already in combination. It originated nothing. It was eclectic at the outset. Compared with the slow and suave evolution of Italian art, in whose earliest dawn its borrowed Byzantine painting served as a stimulus and suggestion to original views of natural material rather than as a model for imitation and modification, the painting that sprang into existence, Minerva-like, in full armor, at Fontainebleau under Francis I., was of the essence of artificiality. The court of France was far more splendid than, and equally enlightened with, that of Florence. The monarch felt his title to Mæcenas-ship as justified as that of the Medici. He created, accordingly, French painting out of hand. He summoned Leonardo, Andrea del Sarto, Rossi, Primaticcio, and founded the famous Fontainebleau school. Of necessity it was Italianate. It had no Giotto, Masaccio, Raphael behind it. Italian was the best art going; French appreciation was educated and keen; its choice between evolution and adoption was in-

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evitable. It was very much in the position in which American appreciation finds itself to-day. Like our own painters, the French artists of the Renaissance found themselves, at the very beginning of French artistic history—so far as painting is concerned—familiar with masterpieces wholly beyond their power to create, and produced by a foreign people who had enjoyed the incomparable advantage of arriving at their artistic apogee through natural stages of growth, beginning with impulse and culminating in expertness.

The situation had its advantages as well as its drawbacks certainly. It saved French painting an immense amount of fumbling, of laborious experimentation, of crudity, of failure. But it stamped it with an essential artificiality from which it did not fully recover for over two hundred years, until, insensibly, it had built up its own traditions and gradually brought about its own inherent development. In a word, French painting had an intellectual rather than an emotional origin. Its first practitioners were men of culture rather than of feeling; they were inspired by the artistic, the constructive, the fashioning, rather than the poetic, spirit. And so evident is this inclination in even contemporary French painting—and indeed in all French æsthetic expression—that it cannot be ascribed wholly to the circumstances mentioned. The circumstances themselves need an explanation, and find it in the constitution itself of the French mind, which (owing, doubtless, to other circumstances, but that is extraneous) is fundamentally less imaginative and creative than co-ordinating and constructive.

Naturally thus, when the Italian influence wore itself out, and the Fontainebleau school gave way to a more purely national art; when France had definitely entered into her Italian heritage and had learned the lessons that Holland and Flanders had to teach her as well; when, in fine, the art of the modern world began, it was an art of grammar, of rhetoric. Certainly up to the time of Géricault painting in general held itself rather pedantically aloof from poetry. Claude, Chardin, what may be called the illustrated *vers de société* of the Louis Quinze painters—of Watteau and Fragonard—even Prudhon did little to change the prevailing color and tone. Claude's art is, in manner, thoroughly classic. His *personal* influence was perhaps first felt by Corot. He stands by himself, at any rate, quite apart. He was the first thoroughly original French painter, if indeed one may not say he was the first thoroughly original modern painter. He has been assigned to both the French and Italian schools—to the latter by Gallophobist critics, however, through a partisanship which in æsthetic matters is ridiculous; there was in his day no Italian school for him to belong to. The truth is that he passed a large part of his life in Italy and that his landscape is Italianate. But more conspicuously still, it is ideal—ideal in the sense intended by Goethe in saying, "There are no landscapes in nature like those of Claude." There are not indeed. Nature has been transmuted by Claude's alchemy with lovelier results than any other painter—save always Corot, shall I say?—has ever achieved. Witness the pastorals at Madrid, in the Doria Gallery at Rome, the "Dido and Æneas" at Dresden, the sweet and serene superiority of the National Gallery canvases over the struggling competition manifest in the Turners juxtaposed to them through the unlucky ambition of the great English painter. Mr. Ruskin says that Claude could paint a small wave very well, and acknowledges that he effected a revolution in art, which revolution "consisted mainly in setting the sun in heavens." But Claude's excellence consists in his ability to paint visions of loveliness, pictures of pure beauty, not in his skill in observing the drawing of wavelets or his happy thought of painting sunlight. Mr. George Moore observes ironically of Mr. Ruskin that his grotesque depreciation of Mr. Whistler—"the lot of critics" being "to be remembered by what they have failed to understand"—"will survive his finest prose passage." I am not sure about Mr. Whistler. Contemporaries are too near for a perfect critical perspective. But assuredly Mr.

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Ruskin's failure to perceive Claude's point of view—to perceive that Claude's aim and Stanfield's, say, were quite different; that Claude, in fact, was at the opposite pole from the botanist and the geologist, whom Mr. Ruskin's "reverence for nature" would make of every landscape painter—is a failure in appreciation than to have shown which it would be better for him as a critic never to have been born. It seems hardly fanciful to say that the depreciation of Claude by Mr. Ruskin, who, is a landscape painter himself, using the medium of words instead of pigments, is, so to speak, professionally unjust.

"Go out, in the springtime, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom — paths that forever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here and there with new-mown heaps, filling the air with fainter sweetness—look up toward the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines."

Claude's landscape is not Swiss, but if it were it would awaken in the beholder a very similar sensation to that aroused in the reader of this famous passage. Claude indeed painted landscape in precisely this way. He was perhaps the first—though priority in such matters is trivial beside preeminence—who painted *effects* instead of *things*. Light and air were his material, not ponds and rocks and clouds and trees and stretches of plain and mountain outlines. He first generalized the phenomena of inanimate nature, and in this he remains still unsurpassed. But, superficially, his scheme wore the classic aspect, and neither his contemporaries nor his successors, for over two hundred years, discovered the immense value of his point of view, and the puissant charm of his way of rendering nature.

Poussin, however, was the incarnation of the classic spirit, and perhaps the reason why a disinterested foreigner finds it difficult to appreciate the French estimate of him is that no foreigner, however disinterested, can quite appreciate the French appreciation of the classic spirit in and for itself. But when one listens to expressions of admiration for the one French "old master," as one may call Poussin without invidiousness, it is impossible not to scent chauvinism, as one scents it in the German panegyrics of Goethe, for example. He was a very great painter, beyond doubt. And as there were great men before Agamemnon there have been great painters since Raphael and Titian, even since Rembrandt and Velasquez. He had a strenuous personality, moreover. You know a Poussin at once when you see it. But to find the suggestion of the infinite, the Shakesperian touch in his work seems to demand the imaginativeness of M. Victor Cherbuliez. When Mr. Matthew Arnold ventured to remark to Sainte-Beuve that he could not consider Lamartine as a very important poet, Sainte-Beuve replied: "He was important to us." Many critics, among them one severer than Sainte-Beuve, the late Edmond Scherer, have given excellent reasons for Lamartine's absolute as well as relative importance, and perhaps it is a failure in appreciation on our part that is really responsible for our feeling that Poussin is not quite the great master the French deem him. Assuredly he might justifiably apply to himself the "Et-Ego-in-Arcadia" inscription in one of his most famous paintings. And the specific service he performed for French painting and the relative rank he occupies in it ought not to obscure his purely personal qualities, which, if not transcendent, are incontestably elevated and fine.

His qualities, however, are very thoroughly French qualities—poise, rationality, science, the artistic dominating the poetic faculty and style quite outshining significance and suggestion. He learned all he knew of art he said from the Bacchus Torso at Naples. But he was eclectic rather than imitative, and

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certainly used the material he found in the works of his artistic ancestors as freely and personally as Raphael the frescos of the Baths of Titus, or Donatello the fragments of antique sculpture. From his time on, indeed, French painting dropped its Italian leading-strings. He might often suggest Raphael—and any painter who suggests Raphael inevitably suffers for it—but always with an individual, a native, a French difference, and he is as far removed in spirit and essence from the Fontainebleau school as the French genius itself is from the Italian which presided there. In Poussin, indeed, the French genius first asserts itself in painting. And it asserts itself splendidly in him.

We who ask to be moved as well as impressed, who demand satisfaction of the susceptibility as well as—shall we say rather than ?—interest of the intelligence, may feel that for the qualities in which Poussin is lacking those in which he is rich afford no compensation whatever. But I confess that in the presence of even that portion of Poussin's magnificent accomplishment which is spread before one in the Louvre, to wish one's self in the Stanze of the Vatican or in the Sistine Chapel seems to me an unintelligent sacrifice of one's opportunities.

It is a sure mark of narrowness and defective powers of perception to fail to discover the point of view even of what one disesteems. We talk of Poussin, of Louis Quatorze art — as of its revival under David and its continuance in Ingres — of, in general, modern classic art as if it were an art of convention merely ; whereas, conventional as it is, its conventionality is—or was, certainly, in the seventeenth century — very far from being pure formulary. It was genuinely expressive of a certain order of ideas intelligently held, a certain set of principles sincerely believed in, a view of art as positive and genuine as the revolt against the tyrannous system into which it developed. We are simply out of sympathy with its aim, its ideal; perhaps, too, for that most frivolous of all reasons because we have grown tired of it.

But the business of intelligent criticism is to be in touch with everything. "Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner," as the French ethical maxim has it, may be modified into the true motto of æsthetic criticism, "Tout comprendre, c'est tout justifier." Of course by "criticism" one does not mean pedagogy, as so many people constantly imagine, nor does justifying everything include bad drawing. But as Lebrun, for example, is not nowadays held up as a model to young painters, and is not to be accused of bad drawing, why do we so entirely dispense ourselves from comprehending him at all ? Lebrun is, perhaps, not a painter of enough personal importance to repay attentive consideration, and historic importance does not greatly concern criticism. But we pass him by on the ground of his conventionality without remembering that what appears conventional to us was in his case not only sincerity but aggressive enthusiasm. If there ever was a painter who exercised what creative and imaginative faculty he had with an absolute gusto, Lebrun did so. He interested his contemporaries immensely ; no painter ever ruled more unrivalled. He fails to interest us because we have another point of view. We believe in our point of view and disbelieve in his as a matter of course ; and it would be self-contradictory to say, in the interests of critical catholicity, that in our opinion his may be as sound as our own. But to say that he has no point of view whatever—to say, in general, that modern classic art is perfunctory and mere formulary—is to be guilty of what has always been the inherent vice of protestantism in all fields of mental activity.

Nowhere has protestantism exhibited this defect more palpably than in the course of evolution of schools of painting. Pre-Raphaelitism is perhaps the only exception, and pre-Raphaelitism was a violent and emotional counter-revolution rather than a movement characterized by catholicity of critical appreciation. Literary criticism is certainly full of similar intolerance ; though when Gautier talks about Racine, or Zola about "Mes Haines," or Mr. Howells about Scott, the polemic temper, the temper most opposed to the critical,

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is very generally recognized. And in spite of their admirable accomplishment in various branches of literature these writers will never quite recover from the misfortune of having preoccupied themselves as critics with the defects instead of the qualities of what is classic. Yet the protestantism of the successive schools of painting against the errors of their predecessors has something even more crass about it. Contemporary painters and critics thoroughly alive, and fully in the contemporary æsthetic current, so far from appreciating modern classic art sympathetically, are apt to admire the old masters themselves mainly on technical grounds, and not at all to enter into their general æsthetic attitude. The feeling of contemporary painters and critics (except, of course, historical critics) for Raphael's genius is the opposite of cordial. We are out of touch with the "Disputa," with angels and prophets seated on clouds, with halos and wings, with such inconsistencies as the "Doge praying" in a picture of the marriage of St. Catherine, with the mystic marriage itself. Raphael's grace of line and suave space-filling shapes are mainly what we think of; the rest we call convention. We are become literal and exacting, addicted to the pedantry of the prescriptive, if not of the prosaic.

Take such a picture as M. Edouard Detaille's "Le Rêve," which won him so much applause a few years ago. M. Detaille is an irreproachable realist, and may do what he likes in the way of the materially impossible with impunity. Sleeping soldiers, without a gaiter-button lacking, bivouacking on the ground amid stacked arms whose bayonets would prick; above them in the heavens the clash of contending ghostly armies—wraiths born of the sleepers' dreams. That we are in touch with. No one would object to it except under penalty of being scouted as pitiably literal. Yet the scheme is as thoroughly conventional—that is to say, it is as closely based on hypothesis universally assumed for the moment—as Lebrun's "Triumph of Alexander." The latter is as much a true expression of an ideal as Detaille's picture. It is an ideal now become more conventional, undoubtedly, but it is as clearly an ideal and as clearly genuine. The only point I wish to make is, that Lebrun's painting —Louis Quatorze painting—is not the perfunctory thing we are apt to assume it to be. That is not the same thing, I hope, as maintaining that M. Bouguereau is significant rather than insipid. Lebrun was assuredly not a strikingly original painter. His crowds of warriors bear a much closer resemblance to Raphael's "Battle of Constantine and Maxentius" than the "Transfiguration" of the Vatican does to Giotto's, aside from the important circumstance that the difference in the latter instance shows development, while the former illustrates mainly an enfeebled variation. But there is unquestionably something of Lebrun in Lebrun's work —something typical of the age whose artistic spirit he so completely expressed.

To perceive that Louis Quatorze art is not all convention it is only necessary to remember that Lesueur is to be bracketed with Lebrun. All the sympathy which the Anglo-Saxon temperament withholds from the histrionism of Lebrun is instinctively accorded to his gentle and graceful contemporary, who has been called—*faute de mieux*, of course—the French Raphael. Really Lesueur is as nearly conventional as Lebrun. He has at any rate far less force; and even if we may maintain that he had a more individual point of view, his works are assuredly more monotonous to the scrutinizing sense. It is impossible to recall any one of the famous San Bruno series with any particularity, or, except in subject, to distinguish these in the memory from the sweet and soft "St. Scholastica" in the *Salon Carré*. With more sapience and less sensitiveness, Bouguereau is Lesueur's true successor, to say which is certainly not to affirm a very salient originality of the older painter. He had a great deal of very exquisite feeling for what is refined and elevated, but clearly it is a moral rather than an æsthetic delicacy that he exhibits, and æsthetically he exercises his sweeter and more sympathetic sensibility within the same rigid limits which circumscribe that of Lebrun. He has, indeed, less invention, less imagination, less sense

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of composition, less wealth of detail, less elaborateness, no greater concentration or sense of effect; and though his color is more agreeable, perhaps, in hue, it gets its tone through the absence of variety rather than through juxtapositions and balances. The truth is, that both equally illustrate the classic spirit, the spirit of their age *par excellence*, and of French painting in general, in a supreme degree, though the conformability of the one is positive and of the other passive, so to say; and that neither illustrates quite the subserviency to the conventional which we, who have undoubtedly just as many conventions of our own, are wont to ascribe to them, and to Lebrun in particular.

Fanciful as the Louis Quinze art seems, by contrast with that of Louis Quatorze, it, too, is essentially classic. It is free enough—no one, I think, would deny that—but it is very far from individual in any important sense. It has, to be sure, more personal feeling thar that of Lesueur or Lebrun. The artist's susceptibility seems to come to the surface for the first time. Watteau, Fragonard—Fragonard especially, the exquisite and impudent—are as gay, as spontaneous, as careless, as vivacious as Boldini. Boucher's goddesses and cherubs, disporting themselves in graceful abandonment on happily disposed clouds, outlined in cumulus masses against unvarying azure, are as unrestrained and independent of prescription as Monticelli's figures. Lancret, Pater, Nattier, and Van Loo—the very names suggest not merely freedom but a sportive and abandoned license. But in what a narrow round they move! How their imaginativeness is limited by their artificiality! What a talent, what a genius, they have for artificiality. It is the era *par excellence* of dilettantism, and nothing is less romantic than dilettantism. Their evident feeling—and evidently genuine feeling—is feeling for the fictitious, for the manufactured, for what the French call the *confectionné*. Their romantic quality is to that of the modern Fontainebleau group as the exquisite *vers de société* of Mr. Austin Dobson, say, is to the turbulent yet profound romanticism of Heine or Burns. Every picture painted by them would go as well on a fan as in a frame. All their material is traditional. They simply handle it as *enfants terribles*. Intellectually speaking, they are painters of a silver age. Of ideas they have almost none. They are as barren of invention in any large sense as if they were imitators instead of, in a sense, the originators of a new phase. Their originality is arrived at rather through exclusion than discovery. They simply drop pedantry and exult in irresponsibility. They are hardly even a school.

Yet they have, one and all, in greater or less degree, that distinct quality of charm which is eternally incompatible with routine. They are as little constructive as the age itself, as anything that we mean when we use the epithet Louis Quinze. Of everything thus indicated one predicates at once unconsciousness, the momentum of antecedent thought modified by the ease born of habit; the carelessness due to having one's thinking done for one and the license of proceeding fancifully, whimsically, even freakishly, once the lines and limits of one's action have been settled by more laborious, more conscientious philosophy than in such circumstances one feels disposed to frame for one's self. There is no break with the Louis Quatorze things, not a symptom of revolt; only, after them the deluge! But out of this very condition of things, and out of this attitude of mind arises a new art, or rather a new phase of art, essentially classic as I said, but nevertheless imbued with a character of its own, and this character distinctly charming. Wherein does the charm consist? In two qualities, I think, one of which has not hitherto appeared in French painting, or, indeed, in any art whatever, namely, what we understand by cleverness as a distinct element in treatment—and color. Color is very prominent nowadays in all writing about art, though recently it has given place, in the fashion of the day, to "values" and the realistic representation of natural objects as the painter's proper aim. What precisely is meant by color would be dif-

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ficult, perhaps, to define. A warmer general tone than is achieved by painters mainly occupied with line and mass is possibly what is oftenest meant by amateurs who profess themselves fond of color. At all events, the Louis Quinze painters, especially Watteau, Fragonard, and Pater — and Boucher has a great deal of the same feeling — were sensitive to that vibration of atmosphere that blends local hues into the *ensemble* which produces tone. The *ensemble* of their tints is what we mean by color. Since the Venetians *this* note had not appeared. They constitute, thus, a sort of romantic interregnum — still very classic, from an intellectual point of view — between the classicism of Lebrun and the still greater severity of David. Nothing in the evolution of French painting is more interesting than this reverberation of Tintoretto and Tiepolo.

By cleverness, as exhibited by the Louis Quinze painters, I do not mean mere technical ability, but something more inclusive, something relating quite as much to attitude of mind as to dexterity of treatment. They conceive as cleverly as they execute. There is a sense of confidence and capability in the way they view, as well as in the way they handle, their light material. They know it thoroughly, and are thoroughly at one with it. And they exploit it with a serene air of satisfaction, as if it were the only material in the world worth handling. Indeed it is exquisitely adapted to their talent. So little significance has it that one may say it exists merely to be cleverly dealt with, to be represented, distributed, compared, and generally utilized solely with reference to the display of the artist's jaunty skill. It is, one may say, merely the raw material for the production of an effect, and an effect demanding only what we mean by cleverness; no knowledge and love of nature, no prolonged study, no acquaintance with the antique, for example, no philosophy whatever — unless poco-curantism be called a philosophy, which eminently it is not. To be adequate to the requirements — rarely very exacting in any case — made of one, never to show stupidity, to have a great deal of taste and an instinctive feeling for what is elegant and refined, to abhor pedantry and take gayety at once lightly and seriously, and beyond this to take no thought, is to be clever; and in this sense the Louis Quinze painters are the first, as they certainly are the typical, clever artists.

In Louis Quinze art the subject is more than effaced to give free swing to technical cleverness; it is itself contributory to such cleverness, and really a part of it. The artists evidently look on life, as they paint their pictures, as the web whereon to sketch exhibitions of skill in the composition of sensation-provoking combinations — combinations, thus, provoking sensations of the lightest and least substantial kind. When you stand before one of Fragonard's bewitching models, modishly modified into a great — or rather a little — lady, you not only note the color — full of tone on the one hand and of variety on the other, besides exhibiting the happiest selective quality in warm and yet delicate hues and tints; you not only, furthermore, observe the clever touch just poised between suggestion and expression, coquettishly suppressing a detail here, and emphasizing a characteristic there; you feel, in addition, that the entire object floats airily in an atmosphere of cleverness; that it is but a bit, an example, a miniature type of an environment wholly attuned to the note of cleverness — of competence, facility, grace, elegance, and other abstract but not at all abstruse qualities, quite unrelated to what, in any profound sense, at least, is concrete and vitally significant. Artificiality so permeated the Louis Quinze epoch, indeed, that one may say that nature itself was artificial — that is to say, all the nature Louis Quinze painters had to paint; at least all they could have been called upon to think of painting. What a distinction is, after all, theirs! To have created out of nothing, or next to nothing, something charming, and enduringly charming; something of a truly classic inspiration without dependence at bottom on the real and the actual; something as little indebted to facts and things as a fairy tale, and withal marked by such qualities as color and cleverness in so eminent a degree.

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The Louis Quinze painters may be said, indeed, to have had the romantic temperament with the classic inspiration. They have audacity rather than freedom, license modified by strict limitation to the lines within which it is exercised. But there can be no doubt that this limitation is more conspicuous in their charmingly irresponsible works than is, essentially speaking, their irresponsibility itself. They never give their imagination free play. Sportive and spontaneous as it appears, it is equally clear that its activities are bounded by conservatory confines. Watteau, born on the Flemish border, is almost an exception. Temperament in him seems constantly on the verge of conquering tradition and environment. Now and then he seems to be on the point of emancipation, and one expects to come upon some work in which he has expressed himself and attested his ideality. But one is as constantly disappointed. His color and his cleverness are always admirable and winning, but his import is perversely—almost bewitchingly—slight. What was he thinking of? one asks, before his delightful canvases; and one's conclusion inevitably is, certainly as near nothing at all as can be consistent with so much charm and so much real power. As to Watteau, one's last thought is of what he would have been in a different æsthetic atmosphere, in an atmosphere which would have stimulated his really romantic temperament to extra-traditional flights instead of confining it within the inexorable boundaries of classic custom; an atmosphere favorable to the free exercise of his adorable fancy, instead of rigorously insistent on conforming this, so far as might be, to customary canons, and, at any rate, restricting its exercise to material *à la mode*. A little landscape in the La Caze collection in the Louvre, whose romantic and truly poetic feeling agreeably pierces through its elegance, is eloquent of such reflections.

With Greuze and Chardin we are supposed to get into so different a sphere of thought and feeling that the change has been called a "return to nature"—that "return to nature" of which we hear so much in histories of literature as well as of the plastic arts. The notion is not quite sound. Chardin is a painter who seems to me, at least, to stand quite apart, quite alone, in the development of French painting, whereas there could not be a more marked instance of the inherence of the classic spirit in the French æsthetic nature than is furnished by Greuze. The first French painter of *genre*, in the full modern sense of the term, the first true interpreter of scenes from humble life—of lowly incident and familiar situations, of broken jars and paternal curses, and buxom girls and precocious children—he certainly is. There is certainly nothing *régence* about him. But the beginning and end of Greuze's art is convention. He is less imaginative, less romantic, less real than the painting his replaced. That was at least a mirror of the ideals, the spirit, the society, of the day. A Louis Quinze fan is a genuine and spontaneous product of a free and elastic æsthetic impulse beside one of his stereotyped sentimentalities.

The truth is, Greuze is as sentimental as a bullfinch, but he has hardly a natural note in his gamut. Nature is not only never his model, she is never his inspiration. He is distinctively a literary painter; but this description is not minute enough. His conventions are those not merely of the *littérateur*, but of the extremely conventional *littérateur*. An artless platitude is really more artificial than a clever paradox; it doesn't even cast a side-light on the natural material with which it deals. Greuze's *genre* is really a *genre* of his own — his own and that of kindred spirits since. It is as systematic and detached as the art of Poussin. The forms it embodies merely have more natural, more familiar associations. But compare one of his compositions with those of the little Dutch and Flemish masters, for truth, feeling, nature handled after her own suggestions, instead of within limits and on lines imposed upon her from without. By the side of Van Ostade or Brauer, for example, one of Greuze's bits of humble life seems like an academic composition, quite out of touch with its subject, and, except for its art, absolutely lifeless and insipid.

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In a word, his choice of subjects, of *genre*, is really no disguise at all of his essential classicality. Both ideally and technically, in the way he conceives and the way he handles his subject, he is only superficially romantic or real. His literature, so to speak, is as conventional as his composition. One may compare him to Hogarth, though both as a moralist and a technician *a longo intervallo*, of course. He is assuredly not to be depreciated. His scheme of color is clear if not rich, his handling is frank if not unctuous or subtly interesting, his composition is careful and clever, and some of his heads are admirably painted — painted with a genuine feeling for quality. But his merits as well as his failings are decidedly academic, and as a romanticist he is really masquerading. He is much nearer to Fragonard than he is to Edouard Frère even.

Chardin, on the other hand, is the one distinguished exception to the general character of French art in the artificial and intellectual eighteenth century. He is as natural as a Dutchman, and as modern as Vollon. As you walk through the French galleries of the Louvre, of all the canvases antedating our own era his are those toward which one feels the most sympathetic attraction, I think. You note at once his individuality, his independence of schools and traditions, his personal point of view, his preoccupation with the object as he perceives it. Nothing is more noteworthy in the history of French art, in the current of which the subordination of the individual genius to the general consensus is so much the rule, than the occasional exception—now of a single man, now of a group of men, destined to become in its turn a school — the occasional accent or interruption of the smooth course of slow development on the lines of academic precedent. Tyrannical as academic precedent is (and nowhere has it been more tyrannical than in French painting) the general interest in æsthetic subjects which a general subscription to academic precedent implies is certainly to be credited with the force and genuineness of the occasional protestant against the very system which has been powerful enough to popularize indefinitely the subject both of subscription and of revolt. Without some such systematic propagandism of the æsthetic cultus as from the first the French Institute has been characterized by, it is very doubtful if, in the complexity of modern society, the interest in æsthetics can ever be made wide enough, universal enough, to spread beyond those immediately and professionally concerned with it. The immense impetus given to this interest by a central organ of authority, that dignifies the subject with which it occupies itself and draws attention to its value and its importance, has, *a priori*, the manifest effect of leading persons to occupy themselves with it, also, who otherwise would never have had their attention drawn to it. It would scarcely be an exaggeration to say, in other words, that but for the Institute there would not be a tithe of the number of names now on the roll of French artists. When art is in the air — and nothing so much as an academy produces this condition—the chances of the production of even an unacademic artist are immensely increased.

So in the midst of the Mignardise of Louis Quinze painting it is only superficially surprising to find a painter of the original force and flavor of Chardin. His wholesome and yet subtle variations from the art *à la mode* of his epoch. They might have been painted in the Holland of his day, or in our day anywhere that art so good as Chardin's can be produced, so far as subject and moral and technical attitude are concerned. They are, in quite accentuated contradistinction from the works of Greuze, thoroughly in the spirit of simplicity and directness. One notes in them at once that moral simplicity which predisposes everyone to sympathetic appreciation. The special ideas of his time seem to pass him by unmoved. He has no community of interest with them. While he was painting his still life and domestic genre, the whole fantastic whirl of Louis Quinze society, with its æsthetic standards and accomplishments — accomplishments and standards that imposed themselves ev-

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erywhere else—was in agitated movement around him without in the least affecting his serene tranquillity, his almost sturdy composure. There can rarely have been such an instance as he affords of an artist's selecting from his environment just those things his own genius needed, and rejecting just what would have hampered or distracted him. He is as sane, as unsentimental, as truthful and unpretending as the most literal and unimaginative Dutchman of his time or before it; but he has also that feeling for style, and that instinct for avoiding the common and unclean which always seem to prevent French painters from "sinking with their subject," as Dutch painters have been said to do. He seems never to let himself go either in the direction of Greuze's literary and sentimental manipulation of his homely material, or in the direction of supine satisfaction with this material, unrelieved and unelevated by an individual point of view, illustrated by the Brauers and Steens and Ostades. One perceives that what he cared for was really art itself, for the æsthetic aspect and significance of the life he painted. Affectionate as his interest in it evidently was, he as evidently thought of its artistic potentialities, its capability of being treated with refinement and delicacy, and of being made to serve the ends of beauty equally well with the conventionally beautiful material of his fan-painting contemporaries. He looked at the world very originally through and over those round, horn-bowed spectacles of his, with a very shrewd and very kindly and sympathetic glance, too; quite untinctured with prejudice or even predisposition. One can read his artistic isolation in his countenance with a very little exercise of fancy.

It is the fashion to think of David as the painter of the Revolution and the Empire. Really he is Louis Seize. Historical critics say that he had no fewer than four styles, but apart from obvious labels they would be puzzled to tell to which of these styles any individual picture of his belongs. He was from the beginning extremely, perhaps absurdly, enamoured of the antique, and we usually associate addiction to the antique with the Revolutionary period. But perhaps politics are slower than the æsthetic movement; David's view of art and practice of painting were fixed unalterably under the reign of philosophism. Philosophism, as Carlyle calls it, is the ruling spirit of his work. Long before the Revolution—in 1774—he painted what is still his most characteristic picture—"The Oath of the Horatii." His art developed and grew systematized under the Republic and the Empire; but Napoleon, whose genius crystallized the elements of everything in all fields of intellectual activity with which he occupied himself, did little but formally "consecrate," in French phrase, the art of the painter of "The Oath of the Horatii" and the originator and designer of the "Fête" of Robespierre's "Être Suprême." Spite of David's subserviency and that of others, he left painting very much where he found it. And he found it in a state of reaction against the Louis Quinze standards. The break with these, and with everything *régence*, came with Louis Seize, Chardin being a notable exception and standing quite apart from the general drift of the French æsthetic movement; and Greuze being only a pseudo-romanticist, and his work a variant of, rather than reactionary from, the artificiality of his day. Before painting could "return to nature," before the idea and inspiration of true romanticism could be born, a reaction in the direction of severity after the artificial yet irresponsible riot of the Louis Quinze painters was naturally and logically inevitable. Painting was modified in the same measure with every other expression in the general *recueillement* that followed the extravagance in all social and intellectual fields of the Louis Quinze epoch. But in becoming more chaste it did not become less classical. Indeed, so far as severity is a trait of classicality—and it is only an associated not an essential trait of it—painting became more classical. It threw off its extravagances without swerving from the artificial character of its inspiration. Art in general seemed content with substituting the straight line for the curve—a

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change from Louis Quinze to Louis Seize that is very familiar even to persons who note the transitions between the two epochs only in the respective furniture of each; a Louis Quinze chair or mirror, for example, having a flowing outline, whereas a Louis Seize equivalent is more rigid and rectilinear.

David is artificial, it is to be pointed out, only in his *ensemble*. In detail he is real enough. And he always has an *ensemble*. His compositions, as compositions, are admirable. They make a total impression, and with a vigor and vividness that belong to few constructed pictures. The canvas is always penetrated with David, illustrates as a whole, and with completeness and comparative flawlessness, his point of view, his conception of the subject. This, of course, is the academic point of view, the academic conception. But, as I say, his detail is surprisingly truthful and studied. His picture—which is always nevertheless a picture—is as inconceivable, as traditional in its inspiration, as factitious as you like; his figures are always sapiently and often happily exact. His portraits are absolutely vital characterizations. And in general his sculptural sense, his self-control, his perfect power of expressing what he deemed worth expressing, are really what are noteworthy in his pictures, far more than their monotonous coloration and the coldness and unreality of the pictures themselves considered as moving, real, or significant compositions. In admiration of these it is impossible for us nowadays to go as far as even the romanticist, though extremely catholic, Gautier. They leave us cold. We have a wholly different ideal, which in order to interest us powerfully painting must illustrate—an ideal of more pertinence and appositeness to our own moods and manner of thought and feeling.

Ingres, a painter of considerably less force, I think, comes much nearer to doing this. He is more elastic, less devoted to system. Without being as free, as sensitive to impressions as we like to see an artist of his powers, he escapes pedantry. His subject is not "The Rape of the Sabines," but "The Apotheosis of Homer," academic but not academically fatuitous. To follow the inspiration of the Vatican Stanze in the selection and treatment of ideal subjects is to be far more closely in touch with contemporary feeling as to what is legitimate and proper in imaginative painting, than to pictorialize an actual event with a systematic artificiality and conformity to abstractions that would surely have made the sculptor of the Trajan column smile. Yet I would rather have "The Rape of the Sabines" within visiting distance than "The Apotheosis of Homer." It is better, at least solider, painting. The painter, however dominated by his theory, is more the master of its illustration than Ingres is of the justification of his admiration for Raphael. The "Homer" attempts more, but it is naturally not as successful in getting as effective a unity out of its greater complexity. It is in his less ambitious pictures that the genius of Ingres is unmistakably evident—his heads, his single figures, his exquisite drawings almost in outline. His "Odalisque" of the Louvre is not as forceful as David's portrait of Madame Récamier, but it is a finer thing. I should like the two to have changed subjects in this instance. His "Source" is beautifully drawn and modelled. In everything he did distinction is apparent. Inferior assuredly to David when he attempted the grand style, he had a truer feeling for the subtler qualities of style itself. All his works are linearly beautiful demonstrations of his sincerity—his sanity indeed—in proclaiming that drawing is "the probity of art."

With a few contemporary painters and critics, whose specific penetration is sometimes in curious contrast with their imperfect catholicity, he has recently come into vogue again, after having been greatly neglected since the romantic outburst. But he belongs completely to the classic epoch. Neither he nor his refined and sympathetic pupil, Flandrin, did aught to pave the way for the modern movement. Intimations of the shifting point of view are discoverable rather in a painter of far deeper poetic interest than either, spite of Ingres's refinement and Flandrin's elevation—in Prudhon. Prudhon is the link between the last days of the classic

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The Embarkation for Cythera.—Watteau.

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supremacy and the rise of romanticism. Like Claude, like Chardin, he stands somewhat apart; but he has distinctly the romantic inspiration, constrained and regularized by classic principles of taste. He is the French Correggio in far more precise parallelism than Lesueur is the French Raphael. With a grace and lambent color all his own—a beautiful mother-of-pearl and opalescent tone underlying his exquisite violets and graver hues; a color-scheme, on the one hand, and a sense of design in line and mass more suave and graceful than anything since the great Italians, on the other—he recalls the lovely chiaro-oscuro of the exquisite Parmesan as it is recalled in no other modern painter. Occupying, as incontestably he does, his own niche in the pantheon of painters, he nevertheless illustrates most distinctly and unmistakably the slipping away of French painting from classic formulas as well as from classic extravagance, and the tendency to new ideals of wider reach and greater tolerance—of more freedom, spontaneity, interest in "life and the world"—of a definitive break with the contracting and constricting forces of classicism. During its next period, and indeed down to the present day, French painting will preserve the essence of its classic traditions, variously modified from decade to decade, but never losing the quality in virtue of which what is French is always measurably the most classic thing going; but of this next period certainly Prudhon is the precursor, who, with all his classic serenity, presages its passion for "storms, clouds, effusion, and relief."

STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN.

By Octave Thanet.

II.—THE FACE OF FAILURE.

AFTER the week's shower the low Iowa hills looked vividly green. At the base of the first range of hills the Blackhawk road winds from the city to the prairie. From its starting-point, just outside the city limits, the wayfarer may catch bird's-eye glimpses of the city, the vast river that the Iowans love, and the three bridges tying three towns to the island arsenal. But at one's elbow spreads Cavendish's melon farm. Cavendish's melon farm it still is, in current phrase, although Cavendish, whose memory is honored by lovers of the cantaloupe melon, long ago departed to raise melons for larger markets; and still a weather-beaten sign creaks from a post announcing to the world that "the celebrated Cavendish Melons are for Sale here!" To-day the melon-vines were softly shaded by rain-drops. A pleasant sight they made, spreading for acres in front of the green-houses where mushrooms and early vegetables strove to outwit the seasons, and before the brown cottage in which Cavendish had begun a successful career. The black roof-tree of the cottage sagged in the middle, and the weather-boarding was dingy with the streaky dinginess of old paint that has never had enough oil. The fences, too, were unpainted and rudely patched. Nevertheless a second glance told one that there were no gaps in them, that the farm machines kept their bright colors well under cover, and that the garden rows were beautifully straight and clean. An old white horse switched its sleek sides with its long tail and drooped its untrammelled neck in front of the gate. The wagon to which it was harnessed was new and had just been washed. Near the gate stood a girl and boy who seemed to be mutually studying each other's person. Decidedly the girl's slim, light figure in its dainty frock repaid one's eyes for their trouble; and her face, with its brilliant violet eyes, its full, soft chin, its curling

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auburn hair and delicate tints, was charming; but her brother's look was anything but approving. His lip curled

"Is that your best suit?"

and his small gray eyes grew smaller under his scowling brows.

"Is *that* your best suit?" said the girl.

"Yes, it is; and it's *going* to be for one while," said the boy.

It was a suit of the cotton mixture that looks like wool when it is new, and cuts a figure on the counters of every dealer in cheap ready-made clothing. It had been Tim Powell's best attire for a year; perhaps he had not been careful enough of it, and that was why it no longer cared even to imitate wool; it was faded to the hue of a clay bank, it was threadbare, the trousers bagged at the knees, the jacket bagged at the elbows, the pockets bulged flabbily from sheer force of habit, although there was nothing in them.

"I thought you were to have a new

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suit," said the girl. "Uncle told me himself he was going to buy you one yesterday when you went to town."

"I wouldn't have asked him to buy me anything yesterday for more'n a suit of clothes."

"Why?" The girl opened her eyes. "Didn't he do anything with the lawyer? Is that why you are both so glum this morning?"

"No, he didn't. The lawyer says the woman that owns the mortgage has got to have the money. And it's due next week."

The girl grew pale all over her pretty rosy cheeks; her eyes filled with tears as she gasped, "Oh, how hateful of her, when she promised——"

"She never promised nothing, Eve; it ain't been hers for more than three months. Sloan, that used to have it, died, and left his property to be divided up between his nieces; and the mortgage is her share. See?"

"I don't care, it's just as mean. Mr. Sloan promised."

"No, he didn't; he jest said if uncle was behind he wouldn't press him; and he did let Uncle get behind with the interest two times and never kicked. But he died; and now the woman, she wants her money!"

"I think it is mean and cruel of her to turn us out! Uncle says mortgages are wicked anyhow, and I believe him!"

"Nelson knew how run-down everything was."—Page 350.

"I guess he couldn't have bought this place if he didn't give a mortgage on it. And he'd have had enough to pay cash, too, if Richards hadn't begged him so to lend it to him."

"When is Richards going to pay him?"

"It come due three months ago; Richards ain't never paid up the interest even, and now he says he's got to have the mortgage extended for three years; anyhow for two."

"But don't he *know* we got to pay our own mortgage? How can we help *him?* I wish Uncle would sell him out!"

The boy gave her the superior smile of the masculine creature. "I suppose," he remarked with elaborate irony, "that he's like Uncle and you; he thinks mortgages are wicked."

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"And just as like as not Uncle won't want to go to the carnival," Eve went on, her eyes filling again.

Tim gazed at her, scowling and sneering; but she was absorbed in dreams and hopes with which as yet his boyish mind had no point of contact.

"All the girls in the A class were going to go to see the fireworks together, and George Dean and some of the boys were going to take us, and we were going to have tea at May Arlington's house, and I was to stay all night;" this came in a half sob. "I think it is just too mean! I never have any good times!"

"Oh, yes, you do, sis, lots! Uncle always gets you everything you want. And he feels terrible bad when I—when he knows he can't afford to git something you want——"

"I know well enough who tells him we can't afford things!"

"Well, do you want us to get things we can't afford? I ain't never advised him except the best I knew how. I told him Richards was a blow-hard, and I told him those Alliance grocery folks he bought such a lot of truck of would skin him, and they did; those canned things they sold him was all musty, and they said there wasn't any freight on 'em, and he had to pay freight and a fancy price besides; and I don't believe they had any more to do with the Alliance than our cow!"

"Uncle always believes everything. He always is so sure things are going to turn out just splendid; and they don't—only just middling; and then he loses a lot of money."

"But he is a awful good man," said the boy, musingly.

"I don't believe in being so good you can't make money. I don't want always to be poor and despised, and have the other girls have prettier clothes than me!"

"I guess you can be pretty good and yet make money, if you are sharp enough. Of course you got to be sharper to be good and make money than you got to be mean and make money."

"Well, I know one thing, that Uncle ain't *ever* going to make money. He——" The last word shrivelled on her lips, which puckered into a confused smile at the warning frown of her brother. The man that they were discussing had come round to them past the hen-house. How much had he overheard?

He didn't seem angry, anyhow. He called: "Well, Evy, ready?" and Eve was glad to run into the house for her hat without looking at him. It was a relief that she must sit on the back seat where she need not face Uncle Nelson. Tim sat in front; but Tim was so stupid he wouldn't mind.

Nor did he; it was Nelson Forrest that stole furtive glances at the lad's profile, the knitted brows, the freckled cheeks, the undecided nose, and firm mouth.

The boyish shoulders slouched forward at the same angle as that of the fifty-year-old shoulders beside him. Nelson, through long following of the plough, had lost the erect carriage painfully acquired in the army. He was a handsome man, whose fresh-colored skin gave him a perpetual appearance of having just washed his face. The features were long and delicate. The brown eyes had a liquid softness like the eyes of a woman. In general the countenance was alertly intelligent; he looked younger than his years; but this afternoon the lines about his mouth and in his brows warranted every gray hair in his pointed short beard. There was a reason. Nelson was having one of those searing flashes of insight that do come occasionally to the most blindly hopeful souls. Nelson had hoped all his life. He hoped for himself, he hoped for the whole human race. He served the abstraction that he called "*Progress*" with unflinching and unquestioning loyalty. Every new scheme of increasing happiness by force found a helper, a fighter, and a giver in him; by turns he had been an Abolitionist, a Fourierist, a Socialist, a Greenbacker, a Farmers' Alliance man. Disappointment always was followed hard on its heels by a brand-new confidence. Progress ruled his farm as well as his politics; he bought the newest implements and subscribed trustfully to four agricultural papers; but being a

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born lover of the ground, a vein of saving doubt did assert itself sometimes in his work; and, on the whole, as a farmer he was successful. But his success never ventured outside his farm gates. At buying or selling, a bargain in any form, the fourteen-year-old Tim was better than Nelson with his fifty years' experience of a wicked and bargaining world.

Was that any part of the reason, he wondered to-day, why at the end of thirty years of unflinching toil and honesty he found himself with a vast budget of experience in the ruinous loaning of money, with a mortgage on the farm of a friend, and a mortgage on his own farm likely to be foreclosed? Perhaps it might have been better to stay in Henry County. He had paid for his farm at last. He had known a good moment, too, that day he drove away from the lawyer's with the cancelled mortgage in his pocket and Tim hopping up and down on the seat for joy. But the next day Richards—just to give him the chance of a good thing—had brought out that Maine man who wanted to buy him out. He was anxious to put the money down for the new farm, to have no whip-lash of debt forever whistling about his ears as he ploughed, ready to sting if he stumbled in the furrows; and Tim was more anxious than he; but — there was Richards! Richards was a neighbor who thought as he did about Henry George and Spiritualism, and belonged to the Farmers' Alliance, and had lent Nelson all the works of Henry George that he (Richards) could borrow. Richards was in deep trouble. He had lost his wife; he might lose his farm. He appealed to Nelson, for the sake of old friendship, to save him. And Nelson could not resist; so, two thousand of the thirty-four hundred dollars that the Maine man paid went to Richards, the latter swearing by all that is holy to pay his friend off in full at the end of the year. There was money coming to him from his dead wife's estate, but it was tied up in the courts. Nelson would not listen to Tim's prophesies of evil. But he was a little dashed when Richards paid neither interest nor principal at the year's end, although he gave reasons of weight; and he experienced veritable consternation when the renewed mortgage ran its course and still Richards could not pay. The money from his wife's estate had been used to improve his farm (Nelson knew how run-down everything was), his new wife was sickly and "didn't seem to take hold," there had been a disastrous hail-storm—but why rehearse the calamities? they focussed on one sentence: it was impossible to pay.

Then Nelson, who had been restfully counting on the money from Richards for his own debt, bestirred himself, only to find his patient creditor gone and a woman in his stead who must have her money. He wrote again—sorely against his will—begging Richards to raise the money somehow. Richards's answer was in his pocket, for he wore the best black broadcloth in which he had done honor to the lawyer yesterday. Richards plainly was wounded; but he explained in detail to Nelson how he (Nelson) could borrow money of the banks on his farm and pay Miss Brown. There was no bank where Richards could borrow money; and he begged Nelson not to drive his wife and little children from their cherished home. Nelson choked over the pathos when he read the letter to Tim; but Tim only grunted a wish that *he* had the handling of that feller. And the lawyer was as little moved as Tim. Miss Brown needed the money, he said. The banks were not disposed to lend just at present; money, it appeared, was "tight;" so, in the end, Nelson drove home with the face of Failure staring at him between his horses' ears.

There was only one way. Should he make Richards suffer or suffer himself? Did a man have to grind other people or be ground himself? Meanwhile they had reached the town. The stir of a festival was in the air. On every side bunting streamed in the breeze or was draped across brick or wood. Arches spanned some of the streets with inscriptions of welcome on them, and swarms of colored lanterns glittered against the sunlight almost as gayly as they would show when they should be

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lighted at night. Little children ran about waving flags. Grocery wagons and butchers' wagons trotted by with a flash of flags dangling from the horses' harness. The streets were filled with people in their holiday clothes. Everybody smiled. The shopkeepers answered questions and went out on the sidewalks to direct strangers. From one window hung a banner inviting visitors to enter and get a list of hotels and boarding-houses. The crowd was entirely good-humored and waited outside restaurants bandying jokes with true Western philosophy. At times the wagons made a temporary blockade in the street, but no one grumbled. Bands of music paraded past them, the escort for visitors of especial consideration. In a window belonging, the sign above declared, to the Business Men's Association, stood a huge doll clad in blue satin, on which was painted a device of Neptune sailing down the Mississippi amid a storm of fireworks. The doll stood in a boat arched about with lantern-decked hoops, and while Nelson halted, unable to proceed, he could hear the voluble explanation of the proud citizen who was interpreting to strangers.

This, Nelson thought, was success. Here were the successful men. The man who had failed looked at them. Eve roused him by a shrill cry, "There they are. There's May and the girls. Let me out quick, Uncle!"

He stopped the horse and jumped out himself to help her. It was the first time since she came under his roof that she had been away from it all night. He cleared his throat for some advice on behavior. "Mind and be respectful to Mrs. Arlington. Say yes, ma'am, and no, ma'am——" He got no further, for Eve gave him a hasty kiss and the crowd brushed her away.

"All she thinks of is wearing fine clothes and going with the fellers!" said her brother, disdainfully. "If I had to be born a girl, I wouldn't be born at all!"

"Maybe if you despise girls so, you'll be born a girl the next time," said Nelson. "Some folks thinks that's how it happens with us."

"Do *you*, Uncle?" asked Tim, running his mind forebodingly over the possible business results of such a belief. "S'posing he shouldn't be willing to sell the pigs to be killed, 'cause they might be some friends of his!" he reflected, with a rising tide of consternation.

Nelson smiled rather sadly. He said, in another tone: "Tim, I've thought so many things, that now I've about given up thinking. All I can do is to live along the best way I know how and help the world move the best I'm able."

"You bet *I* ain't going to help the world move," said the boy; "I'm going to look out for myself!"

"Then my training of you has turned out pretty badly, if that's the way you feel."

A little shiver passed over the lad's sullen face; he flushed until he lost his freckles in the red veil, and burst out passionately: "Well, I got eyes, ain't I? I ain't going to be bad, or drink, or steal, or do things to git put in the penitentiary; but I ain't going to let folks walk all over me like you do; no, sir!"

Nelson did not answer; in his heart he thought that he had failed with the children, too; and he relapsed into that dismal study of the face of Failure.

He had come to the city to show Tim the sights, and, therefore, though like a man in a dream, he drove conscientiously about the gay streets, pointing out whatever he thought might interest the boy, and generally discovering that Tim had the new information by heart already. All the while a question pounded itself like the beat of the heart of an engine through the noise and the talk: "Shall I give up Richards or be turned out myself?"

When the afternoon sunlight waned he put up the horse at a modest little stable where farmers were allowed to bring their own provender. The charges were of the smallest and the place neat and weather-tight, but it had been a long time before Nelson could be induced to use it, because there was a higher-priced stable kept by an ex-farmer and member of the Farmers' Alliance. Only the fact that the keeper of the low-priced stable was

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a poor orphan girl, struggling to earn an honest livelihood, had moved him.

They had supper at a restaurant of Tim's discovery, small, specklessly tidy, and as unexacting of the pocket as the stable. It was an excellent supper. But Nelson had no appetite; in spite of an almost childish capacity for being diverted, he could attend to nothing but the question always in his ears: "Richards or me—which?"

Until it should be time for the spectacle they walked down the hill, and watched the crowds gradually blacken every inch of the river-banks. Already the swarms of lanterns were beginning to bloom out in the dusk. Strains of music throbbed through the air, adding a poignant touch to the excitement vibrating in all the faces and voices about them. Even the stolid Tim felt the contagion. He walked with a jaunty step and assaulted a tune himself. "I tell you, Uncle," says Tim, "it's nice of these folks to be getting up all this show, and giving it for nothing!"

"Do you think so?" says Nelson. "You don't love your book as I wish you did; but I guess you remember about the ancient Romans, and how the great, rich Romans used to spend enormous sums in games and shows that they let the people in free to—well, what for? Was it to learn them anything or to make them happy? Oh, no, it was to keep down the spirit of liberty, son, it was to make them content to be slaves! And so it is here. These merchants and capitalists are only looking out for themselves, trying to keep labor down and not let it know how oppressed it is, trying to get people here from everywhere to show what a fine city they have and get their money."

"Well, *'tis* a fine town," Tim bursts in, "a boss town! And they ain't gouging folks a little bit. None of the hotels or the restaurants have put up their prices one cent. Look what a dandy supper we got for twenty-five cents! And ain't the boy at Lumley's grocery given me two tickets to set on the steamboat? There's nothing mean about this town!"

Nelson made no remark; but he thought, for the fiftieth time, that his farm was too near the city. Tim was picking up all the city boys' false pride as well as their slang. Unconscious, Tim resumed his tune. He knew that it was "Annie Rooney" if no one else did, and he mangled the notes with appropriate exhilaration.

Now, the river was as busy as the land, lights swimming hither and thither; steamboats with ropes of tiny stars bespangling their dark bulk and a white electric glare in the bow, low boats with lights that sent wavering spear-heads into the shadow beneath. The bridge was a blazing barbed fence of fire, and beyond the bridge, at the point of the island, lay a glittering multitude of lights, a fairy fleet with miniature sails outlined in flame as if by jewels.

Nelson followed Tim. The crowds, the ceaseless clatter of tongues and jar of wheels depressed the man, who hardly knew which way to dodge the multitudinous perils of the thoroughfare; but Tim used his elbows to such good purpose that they were out of the levee, on the steamboat, and settling themselves in two comfortable chairs in a coigne of vantage on deck, that commanded the best obtainable view of the pageant, before Nelson had gathered his wits together enough to plan a path out of the crush.

"I sized up this place from the shore," Tim sighed complacently, drawing a long breath of relief; "only jest two chairs, so we won't be crowded."

Obediently Nelson took his chair. His head sank on his thin chest. Richards or himself, which should he sacrifice? So the weary old question droned through his brain. He felt a tap on his shoulder. The man who roused him was an acquaintance, and he stood smiling in the attitude of a man about to ask a favor, while the expectant half-smile of the lady on his arm hinted at the nature of the favor. Would Mr. Forrest be so kind?—there seemed to be no more seats. Before Mr. Forrest could be kind Tim had yielded his own chair and was off, wriggling among the crowd in search of another place.

"Smart boy, that youngster of yours," said the man; "he'll make his way in the world, he can push. Well,

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Miss Alma, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Forrest. I know you will be well entertained by him. So, if you will excuse me, I'll get back and help my wife wrestle with the kids. They have been trying to see which will fall overboard first ever since we came on deck!"

Under the leeway of this pleasantry he bowed and retired. Nelson turned with determined politeness to the lady. He was sorry that she had come, she looking to him a very fine lady indeed, with her black silk gown, her shining black ornaments, and her bright black eyes. She was not young, but handsome in Nelson's judgment, though of a haughty bearing. "Maybe she is the principal of the High School," thought he. "Martin has her for a boarder, and he said she was very particular about her melons being cold!"

But however formidable a personage, the lady must be entertained.

"I expect you are a resident of the city, ma'am?" said Nelson.

"Yes, I was born here." She smiled, a smile that revealed a little break in the curve of her cheek, not exactly a dimple, but like one.

"I don't know when I have seen such a fine appearing lady," thought Nelson. He responded: "Well, I wasn't born here; but I come when I was a little shaver of ten and stayed till I was eighteen, when I went to Kansas to help fight the border ruffians. I went to school here in the Warren Street schoolhouse."

"So did I, as long as I went anywhere to school. I had to go to work when I was twelve."

Nelson's amazement took shape before his courtesy had a chance to control it. "I didn't suppose you ever did any work in your life!" cried he.

"I guess I haven't done much else. Father died when I was twelve and the oldest of five, the next only eight—Polly, that came between Eb and me, died—naturally I had to work. I was a nurse-girl by the day, first; and I never shall forget how kind the woman was to me. She gave me so much dinner I never needed to eat any breakfast, which was a help."

"You poor little thing! I'm afraid you went hungry sometimes." Immediately he marvelled at his familiar speech, but she did not seem to resent it.

"No, not so often," she said, musingly; "but I used often and often to wish I could carry some of the nice things home to mother and the babies. After a while she would give me a cookey or a piece of bread and butter for lunch; that I could take home. I don't suppose I'll often have more pleasure than I used to have then, seeing little Eb waiting for sister; and the baby and mother—" She stopped abruptly, to continue, in an instant, with a kind of laugh. "I am never likely to feel so important again as I did then, either. It was great to have mother consulting me, like I had been grown up. I felt like I had the weight of the nation on my shoulders, I assure you."

"And have you always worked since? You are not working out now?" with a glance at her shining gown.

"Oh, no, not for a long time. I learned to be a cook. I was a good cook, too, if I say it myself. I worked for the Lossings for four years. I am not a bit ashamed of being a hired girl, for I was as good a one as I knew how. It was old Mrs. Lossing that first lent me books; and Harry Lossing, who is head of the firm now, got Ebenezer into the works. Ebenezer is shipping-clerk with a good salary and stock in the concern; and Ralph is there, learning the trade. I went to the business-college and learned book-keeping, and afterward I learned typewriting and shorthand. I have been working for the firm for fourteen years. We have educated the girls. Milly is married and Kitty goes to the boarding-school, here."

"Then you haven't been married yourself?"

"What time did I have to think of being married? I had the family on my mind, and looking after them."

"That was more fortunate for your family than it was for my sex," said Nelson, gallantly. He accompanied the compliment by a glance of admiration extinguished in an eye-flash, for the white radiance that had bathed the deck suddenly vanished.

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"Now you will see a lovely sight," said the woman, deigning no reply to his tribute; "listen! That is the signal."

The air was shaken with the boom of cannon. Once, twice, thrice. Directly the boat-whistles took up the roar, making a hideous din. The fleet had moved. Spouting rockets and Roman candles, which painted above it a kaleidoscopic archway of fire, welcomed by answering javelins of light and by red and orange and blue and green flares from the shore, the fleet bombarded the bridge, escorted Neptune in his car, manœuvred and massed and charged on the blazing city with a many-hued shower of flame.

After the boats, silently, softly floated the battalions of lanterns, so close to the water that they seemed flaming water-lilies, while the dusky mirror repeated and inverted their splendor.

"They're shingles, you know," explained Nelson's companion, "with lanterns on them; but aren't they pretty?"

"Yes, they are! I wish you had not told me. It is like a fairy story!"

"Ain't it? But we aren't through; there's more to come. Beautiful fireworks!"

The fireworks, however, were slow of coming. They could see the barge from which they were to be sent; they could watch the movements of the men in white oil-cloth who moved in a ghostly fashion about the barge; they could hear the tap of hammers; but nothing came of it all.

They sat in the darkness, waiting; and there came to Nelson a strange sensation of being alone and apart from all the breathing world with this woman. He did not perceive that Tim had quietly returned with a box which did very well for a seat, and was sitting with his knees against the chair-rungs. He seemed to be somehow outside of all the tumult and the spectacle. It was the vainglorying triumph of this world. He was the soul outside, the soul that had missed its triumph. In his perplexity and loneliness he felt an overwhelming longing for sympathy; neither did it strike Nelson, who believed in all sorts of occult influences, that his confidence in a stranger was unwarranted. He would have told you that his "psychic instincts" never played him false, although really they were traitors from their astral cradles to their astral graves.

He said in a hesitating way: "You must excuse me being kinder dull; I've got some serious business on my mind and I can't help thinking of it."

"Is that so? Well, I know how that is; I have often stayed awake nights worrying about things. Lest I shouldn't suit and all that—especially after mother took sick."

"I s'pose you had to give up and nurse her then?"

"That was what Ebenezer and Ralph were for having me do; but mother—my mother always had so much sense—mother says, 'No, Alma, you've got a good place and a chance in life, you sha'n't give it up. We'll hire a girl. I ain't never lonesome except evenings, and then you will be home. I should jest want to die,' she says, 'if I thought I kept you in a kind of prison like by my being sick—now, just when you are getting on so well.' There never *was* a woman like my mother!" Her voice shook a little and Nelson asked gently, "Ain't your mother living now?"

"No, she died last year." She added, after a little silence, "I somehow can't git used to being lonesome."

"It *is* hard," said Nelson. "I lost my wife three years ago."

"That's hard, too."

"My goodness! I guess it is. And it's hardest when trouble comes on a man and he can't go nowhere for advice."

"Yes, that's so, too. But—have you any children?"

"Yes, ma'am; that is, they ain't my own children. Lizzie and I never had any; but these two we took and they are most like my own. The girl is eighteen and the boy rising of fourteen."

"They must be a comfort to you; but they are considerable of a responsibility, too."

"Yes, ma'am," he sighed softly to himself. "Sometimes I feel I haven't done the right way by them, though I've tried. Not that they ain't good

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children, for they are—no better anywhere. Tim, he will work from morning till night, and never need to urge him; and he never gives me a promise he don't keep it, no ma'am, never did since he was a little mite of a lad. And he is a kind boy, too, always good to the beasts; and while he may speak up a little short to his sister, he saves her many a step. He doesn't take to his studies like I would like to have him, but he has a wonderful head for business. There is splendid stuff in Tim if it could only be worked right."

While Nelson spoke, Tim had been hunching his shoulders forward in the darkness, listening with the whole of two sharp ears. His face worked in spite of him, and he gave an inarticulate snort.

"Well," the woman was saying, "I think that speaks well for Tim. Why should you be worried about him?"

"I am afraid he is getting to love money and worldly success too well, and that is what I fear for the girl, too. You see, she is so pretty and the idols of the tribe and the market, as Bacon calls them, are strong with the young."

"Yes, that's so," the woman assented vaguely, not being sure what either Bacon or his idols might be. "Are the children relations of yours?"

"No, ma'am; it was like this: When I was up in Henry County there came a photographic artist to the village near us, and pitched his tent and took tintypes in his wagon. He had his wife and his two children with him. The poor woman fell ill and died; so we took the two children. My wife was willing; she was a wonderfully good woman, member of the Methodist church till she died. I—I am not a church-member myself, ma'am; I passed through that stage of spiritual development a long while ago." He gave a wistful glance at his companion's dimly outlined profile. "But I never tried to disturb her faith; it made *her* happy."

"Oh, I don't think it is any good fooling with other people's religions," said the woman, easily. "It is just like trying to talk folks out of drinking; nobody knows what is right for anybody else's soul any more than they do what is good for anybody else's stomach!"

"Yes, ma'am. You put things very clearly."

"I guess it is because you understand so quickly. But you were saying——"

"That's all the story. We took the children, and their father was killed by the cars the next year, poor man; and so we have done the best we could ever since by them."

"I should say you had done very well by them."

"No, ma'am; I haven't done very well somehow by anyone, myself included, though God knows I've tried hard enough!"

Then followed the silence natural after such a confession when the listener does not know the speaker well enough to parry abasement by denial.

"I am impressed," said Nelson, simply, "to talk with you frankly. It isn't polite to bother strangers with your troubles, but I am impressed that you won't mind."

"Oh, no, I won't mind."

It was not extravagant sympathy; but Nelson thought how kind her voice sounded, and what a musical voice it was. Most people would have called it rather sharp.

He told her—with surprisingly little egotism, as the keen listener noted—the story of his life; the struggle of his boyhood, his random self-education, his years in the army (he had criticised his superior officers, thereby losing the promotion that was coming for bravery in the field), his marriage (apparently he had married his wife because another man had jilted her), his wrestle with nature (whose pranks included a cyclone) on a frontier farm that he eventually lost, having put all his savings into a "Greenback" newspaper, and being thus swamped with debt, his final slow success in paying for his Iowa farm, and his purchase of the new farm, with its resulting disaster. "I've farmed in Kansas," he said, "in Nebraska, in Dakota, in Iowa. I was willing to go wherever the land promised. It always seemed like I was going to succeed, but somehow I never did. The world ain't fixed right for

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the workers, I take it. A man who has spent thirty years in hard, honest toil oughtn't to be staring ruin in the face as I am to-day. They won't let it be so when we have the single tax and when we farmers send our own men instead of city lawyers to the Legislature and halls of Congress. Sometimes I think it's the world that's wrong and sometimes I think it's me!"

The reply came in crisp and assured accents, which were the strongest contrast to Nelson's soft, undecided pipes: "Seems to me in this last case the one most to blame is neither you nor the world at large, but this man Richards, who is asking *you* to pay for *his* farm. And I notice you don't seem to consider your creditor in this business. How do you know she don't need the money? Look at me, for instance; I'm in some financial difficulty myself. I have a mortgage for two thousand dollars, and that mortgage—for which good value was given, mind you—falls due this month. I want the money. I want it bad. I have a chance to put my money into stock at the factory. I know all about the investment; I haven't worked there all these years and not know how the business stands. It is a chance to make a fortune. I ain't likely to ever have another like it; and it won't wait for me to make up my mind forever, either. Isn't it hard on me, too?"

"Lord knows it is, ma'am," said Nelson, despondently; "it is hard on us all! Sometimes I don't see the end of it all. A vast social revolution——"

"Social fiddlesticks! I beg your pardon, Mr. Forrest, but it puts me out of patience to have people expecting to be allowed to make every mortal kind of fools of themselves and then have 'a social revolution' jump in to slew off the consequences. Let us understand each other. Who do you suppose I am?"

"Miss—Miss Almer, ain't it?"

"It's Alma Brown, Mr. Forrest. I saw you coming on the boat and I made Mr. Martin fetch me over to you. I told him not to say my name, because I wanted a good plain talk with you. Well, I've had it. Things are just about where I thought they were, and I told Mr. Lossing so. But I couldn't be sure. You must have thought me a funny kind of woman to be telling you all those things about myself."

Nelson, who had changed color half a dozen times in the darkness, sighed before he said: "No, ma'am; I only thought how good you were to tell me. I hoped maybe you were impressed to trust me as I was to trust you."

Being so dark Nelson could not see the queer expression on her face as she slowly shook her head. She was thinking: "If I ever saw a babe in arms trying to do business! How did *he* ever pay for a farm?" She said: "Well, I did it on purpose; I wanted you to know I wasn't a cruel aristocrat, but a woman that had worked as hard as yourself. Now, why shouldn't you help me and yourself instead of helping Richards. You have confidence in me, you say. Well, show it. I'll give you your mortgage for your mortgage on Richards's farm. Come, can't you trust Richards to me? You think it over."

The hiss of a rocket hurled her words into space. The fireworks had begun. Miss Brown looked at them and watched Nelson at the same time. As a good business woman who was also a good citizen, having subscribed five dollars to the carnival, she did not propose to lose the worth of her money; neither did she intend to lose a chance to do business. Perhaps there was an obscurer and more complex motive lurking in some stray corner of that queer garret, a woman's mind. Such motives — aimless softenings of the heart, unprofitable diversions of the fancy — will seep unconsciously through the toughest business principles of woman.

She was puzzled by the look of exaltation on Nelson's features, illumined as they were by the uncanny light. If the fool man had not forgotten all his troubles just to see a few fireworks! No, he was not that kind of a fool; maybe—and she almost laughed aloud in her pleasure over her own insight—maybe it all made him think of the war, where he had been so brave. "He was a regular hero in the war," Miss Brown concluded, "and he certainly is a perfect gentleman; what a pity he hasn't got any sense!"

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She had guessed aright, although she had not guessed deep enough in regard to Nelson. He watched the great wheels of light, he watched the river aflame with Greek fire, then, with a shiver, he watched the bombs bursting into myriads of flowers, or fizzing snakes, or fields of burning gold, or showers of jewels that made the night splendid for a second and faded. They were not fireworks to him; they were a magical phantasmagoria that renewed the incoherent and violent emotions of his youth; again he was in the chaos of the battle, or he was dreaming by his camp-fire, or he was pacing his lonely round on guard. His heart leaped again with the old glow, the wonderful, beautiful worship of Liberty that can do no wrong. He seemed to hear a thousand voices chanting:

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!"

His turbid thoughts cleared—or they seemed to him to clear—under the strong reaction of his imagination and his memories. It was all over, the dream and the glory thereof. The splendid young soldier was an elderly, ruined man. But one thing was left: he could be true to his flag.

"A poor soldier, but enlisted for the war," says Nelson, squaring his shoulders, with a lump in his throat and his eyes brimming. "I know by the way it hurts me to think of refusing her that it's a temptation to wrong-doing. No, I can't save myself by sacrificing a brother soldier for humanity. She is just as kind as she can be, but women don't understand business; she wouldn't make allowance for Richards."

"Money, it appeared, was tight."—Page 350.

He felt a hand on his shoulder; it was Martin apologizing for hurrying Miss Brown; but the baby was fretting and——

"I'm sorry—yes—well, I wish you didn't have to go!" Nelson began; but a hoarse treble rose from under his elbows: "Say, Mr. Martin, Uncle and me can take Miss Brown home."

"If you will allow me the pleasure," said Nelson, with the touch of courtliness that showed through his homespun ways.

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"Well, I *would* like to see the hundred bombs bursting at once and Vulcan at his forge!" said Miss Brown.

Thus the matter arranged itself. Tim waited with the lady while Nelson went for the horse, nor was it until afterward that Miss Brown wondered why the lad did not go instead of the man. But Tim had his own reasons. No sooner was Nelson out of earshot than he began: "Say, Miss Brown, I can tell you something."

"Yes?"

"That Richards is no good; but you can't get Uncle to see it. At least it will take time. If you'll help me we can get him round in time. Won't you please not sell us out for six months and give me a show. I'll see you get your interest and your money, too."

"You?" Miss Brown involuntarily took a business attitude, with her arms akimbo, and eyed the boy.

"Yes, ma'am, me. I ain't so very old, but I know all about the business. I got all the figures down—how much we raise and what we got last year. I can fetch them to you so you can see. He is a good farmer, and he will catch on to the melons pretty quick. We'll do better next year, and I'll try to keep him from belonging to things and spending money; and if he won't lend to anybody or start in raising a new kind of crop just when we get the melons going, he will make money sure. He is awful good and honest. All the trouble with him is he needs somebody to take care of him. If Aunt Lizzie had been alive he never would have lent that dead-beat Richards that money. He ought to get married."

"Nelson had no appetite."—Page 352.

Miss Brown did not feel called on to say anything. Tim continued in a judicial way: "He is awful good and kind, always gets up in the morning to make the fire if I got something else to do; and he'd think everything his wife did was the best in the world; and if he had somebody to take care of him he'd make money. I don't suppose *you* would think of it?" This last in an insinuating tone, with evident anxiety.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Brown.

Whether she was more offended or amused she couldn't tell; and she stood staring at him by the electric light.

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To her amazement the hard little face began to twitch. "I didn't mean to mad you," Tim grunted, with a quiver in his rough voice. "I've been listening to every word you said, and I thought you were so sensible you'd talk over things without nonsense. Of course I knew he'd have to come and see you Saturday nights, and take you buggy riding, and take you to the theatre, and all such things—first. But I thought we could sorter fix it up between ourselves. I've taken care of him ever since Aunt Lizzie died, and I did my best he shouldn't lend that money, but I couldn't help it; and I did keep him from marrying a widow woman with eight children, who kept telling him how much her poor fatherless children needed a man; and I never did see anybody I was willing—before—and it's—it's so lonesome without Aunt Lizzie!" He choked and frowned. Poor Tim, who had sold so many melons to women and seen so much of back doors and kitchen humors that he held the sex very cheap, he did not realize how hard he would find it to talk of the one woman who had been kind to him! He turned red with shame over his own weakness.

"You poor little chap!" cried Miss Brown; "you poor little sharp, innocent chap!" The hand she laid on his shoulder patted it as she went on: "Never mind, if I can't marry your uncle, I can help you take care of him. You're a real nice boy, and I'm not mad; don't you think it. There's your uncle now."

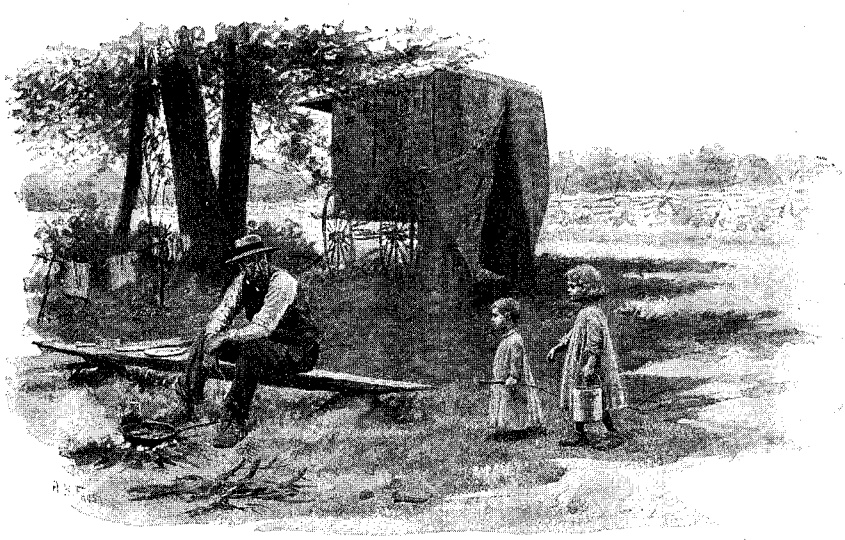
Nelson found her so gentle that he began to have qualms lest his carefully prepared speech should hurt her feelings. But there was no help for it now. "I have thought over your kind offer to me, ma'am," said he, humbly, "and I got a proposition to make to you. It is your honest due to have your farm, yes, ma'am. Well, I know a man would like to buy it; I'll sell it to him, and pay you your money."

"But that wasn't my proposal."

"I know it, ma'am. I honor you for your kindness; but I can't risk what—what might be another person's idea of duty about Richards. Our consciences ain't all equally enlightened, you know."

Miss Brown did not answer a word.

They drove along the streets where the lanterns were fading. Tim grew uneasy, she was silent so long. On the brow of the hill she indicated a side street and told them to stop the horse



"There came a photographic artist to the village."—Page 355.

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before a little brown house. One of the windows was a dim square of red.

"It isn't quite so lonesome coming home to a light," said Miss Brown.

As Nelson cramped the wheel to jump out to help her from the vehicle, the light from the electric arc fell full on his handsome face and showed her the look of compassion and admiration there.

"Wait one moment," she said, detaining him with one firm hand. "I've got something to say to you. Let Richards go for the present; all I ask of you about him is that you will do nothing until we can find out if he is so bad off. But, Mr. Forrest, I can do better for you about that mortgage. Mr. Lossing will take it for three years for a relative of his and pay me the money. I told him the story."

"Well, I never!" said Miss Brown.—Page 358.

"And *you* will get the money all right?"

"Just the same. I was only trying to help you a little by the other way, and I failed. Never mind."

"I can't tell you how you make me feel," said Nelson.

"Please let him bring you some melons to-morrow and make a stagger at it, though?" said Tim.

"Can I?" Nelson's eyes shone.

"If you want to," said Miss Brown. She laughed; but in a moment she smiled.

All the way home Nelson saw the same face of Failure between the old mare's white ears; but its grim lineaments were softened by a smile, a smile like Miss Brown's.

INSOMNIA.

By Edith M. Thomas.

A HOUSE of sleepers—I, alone unblest,
Am yet awake and empty vigil keep.
When these, who spend life's day with me, find rest,
Oh, let me not be last to fall asleep!

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Interior of Pueblo Indian House.

THE INDIAN WHO IS NOT POOR.

By Charles F. Lummis.

HAD the hunchbacked sermonizer in pentameter acquired residence in the American Southwest the language would be poorer by one phrase which was once rather witty, and is still staple. He would have found Indians who built houses four stories taller than did their Caucasian neighbors; who had as much land per capita, and tilled it as effectively; who wore upon the average as good clothing, and, upon occasions of state, better—among whom, in fact, poverty is quite unknown—and we should have heard nothing of "Lo, the poor Indian." For the Pueblo, the most striking ethnologic figure in our America today, is emphatically an Indian who is not poor from any point of view. Physically, mentally, morally, socially, politically, he need not shun comparison with the average of his lately acquired countrymen; and he even affords luxuries to which the superior race has not yet risen. As an Indian he is a paradox; as a human, he is unique in the whole world. He is the one racial man who enjoys two religions, irreconcilable yet reconciled; two currencies, millenniums apart in the world's ripening; two sets of tools, as far asunder as the Stone Age from the locomotive; two sets of laws, one coeval with Confucius, and the other with the Supreme Court; two languages that preceded us; and two names, whereof the one we hear was ratified by the sacrament of Christian baptism, while the other, whereby he goes among his own, was sealed upon his infant lips with the spittle of a swart godfather at a pagan feast. He is the sole aborigine on earth who inhabits many-storied buildings, and the only man who ever achieved, in our land, such architecture of unburnt clay. He is a hereditary and immemorial farmer, who learned neither architecture nor agriculture

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from us, but gave us our first lessons in that which is a fundamental of farming in an area, equal to twenty-five per cent. of our whole country—irrigation. From whichsoever side we view him, weighed and collated solely by men who never saw the field, and therefore without the necessary horizon. And second, entire disregard of all the documentary and geographical accessories,

The Oldest of the Quéres.

he is worthy a comprehension which has never been publicly had of him.

Our genuine understanding of the Pueblo dates from the new school of American archæology, of which Bandelier (with the early guidance of Lewis H. Morgan) was founder and is head. I make this statement advisedly; for science is by little the richer for the peckings of others at this field. The essential errors of research in our Southwest were two: first, the employment of students, or rather detectives, limited severely to recording details which were without which such research is absolutely blind. There have been a few genuine students, but they are unfortunately as rare as genuine. As to the armchair archæologists, they do not count.

The very traditions of history have been rudely sent to the right-about face in the last decade, for a new school in history also has arisen. Bandelier has been the first American historian to employ the three essential factors of history—record, physical geography, and ethnology. That these *are* history, and

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that history cannot be without them, has been long established ; but the theory went long lonely.

To the uninitiated, the general mode in which the history of Spanish America has been "studied" is little short of incredible. The student has seemed actually afraid that he might be biased by knowledge—by seeing the country and the races which have made that history, or by consulting the vast mass of reliable Spanish record, and has at all events avoided both "dangers." As example of this strange self-blinding, I may mention the long current dispute as to the respective ages of Santa Fé (actually founded in 1605) and St. Augustine (actually founded in 1565). But the closet historian has had his day. It is now even deemed necessary to consult the recorded facts, though they are in another language ; and to have at least seen the races and the geography, which are equally important factors.

Since Morgan so completely exploded the romantic school of history, we hear no more of the "emperorship" of Montezuma, nor of his vast "treasures ;" of Cabeza de Vaca's discovery of New Mexico ; of Aztec and Toltec ruins within the United States. Those shibboleths of an ignorance which was too lazy or too lame to go to walk and see, have been expurgated from the vocabularies of science, and remain only to the unconscious humorists who study ethnology from a flying Pullman or an Eastern closet.

It is a matter of knowledge, at last, that Cabeza de Vaca never saw New Mexico. The tireless, fearless Franciscan fraile, Marcos of Nizza, first found the territory, and first saw its distinctive aborigines. That was in 1539. A year later he brought face to face with the Pueblos the first Caucasian soldier they had ever seen —the neglected Coronado. Thence on, Spanish knowledge of the Pueblos was practically continuous and progressively accurate ; and by the time the Saxon had raised his first hut in the New World, these Indians were vassals of Spain and converts of Rome. Both in justice to history, and for the comprehension of the present, it is proper to reiterate here that the Spanish never enslaved the Pueblos ; never made them work in mines ; found no mines in New Mexico and made none ; never forced the Indians to abandon their old religion and adopt the new. Spain's was the most comprehensive, humane, and effective "Indian policy" ever framed. In all three qualities it surpassed all the Indian policies of all other European nations and the later United States rolled into one.

Young Indian Girl.

The sedentary population of the Southwest was never great. The closet-historian puts it at from two hundred

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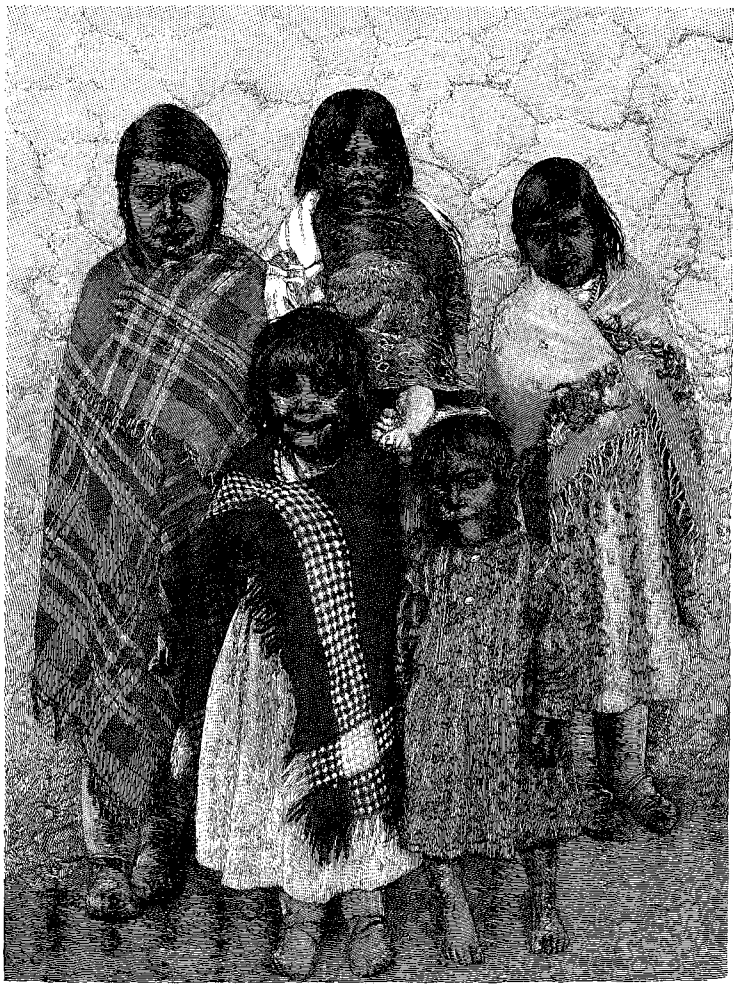
thousand upward; but it is now positively established that it never exceeded thirty thousand, in historic times, if ever. There are in New Mexico alone



Tigua Girls.

the ruins of hundreds upon hundreds of stone pueblos; but the fact which has been overlooked is that they were not all occupied at once. They were the successive homes of a small race, which, though "sedentary," moved and took its seat along almost as readily as May-day pilgrims change flats in New York. The circumambient savage became too attentive; or drouth prevailed; or an epidemic came; or lightning befell the *estufa;* or any one of a thousand other omens indexed the will of The Trues, and forthwith the aborigine changed his town and his farm to a new place, and left the bones of the old to befool undreamed-of theorizers. His numbers are practically the same as two hundred years ago. Then he counted, in New Mexico, about nine thousand, and about nine thousand he counts to-day. This is in keeping with a very notable and seldom noted truth of history. Wherever our ancestors, the Earth-hungry, have touched America for more than a century, the aborigine is practically extinct. In the far greater American area covered by Spain for

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three centuries and a half, the aborigine is practically as numerous as at the Conquest, and much better off. When this unquestionable fact becomes more widely recognized, we shall hear less of "Spanish atrocities" in the New World.

The Pueblo is neither Aztec nor Toltec. No one who uses the latter word can defensibly define it; and as to the Aztecs, they are merely the Nahuatl, who still dwell about the lake of Mexico. The Pueblo has no connection with them, further than that he has learned a few Aztec words brought to him by the Spanish. All the ruins in our Southwest are purely Pueblo ruins, and there is not an Aztec stone among them.

Racially the Pueblo is a palpable Mongol. He even finds, often, the same inter-slipperiness of *l* and *r*. It is not essential, however, to infer his migration from China *via* the Northwest—though the Navajo, his nomad prodigal son, speaks still the tongue of the great Tin-neh tribe of Alaska, and is himself called Tin-neh by the Pueblos. But migration has ceased to be our only ethnologic alternative since "equivalent development" was thought out.

When history found the Pueblo he dwelt in houses like his own of to-day, tilled his farms by irrigation as now, and lived in general by most of his present rules. Of him we have far fuller and more accurate historic record than of any other aborigine within our borders; and as he changed slowly, wherein he changed at all, the picture holds largely good for the remoter past. At the Conquest he had no brute servants. Neither beast of burden, watch-beast, milker, nor meat-giver had he. In this the Apache of the Plains was ahead of him, for *he* had vehicle and pack-animal —the sledge and the Eskimo dog. The only domestic animal of the Pueblo was the turkey; and it was kept rather for its feathers than for its meat. The Pueblo crops were corn, squashes, beans, and, in places, cotton. Spain gave him, and America at large, the horse, cow, sheep, goat, ass, cat, and dog. These he assimilated with an industry proportionate to their value to him; and of them all he now has enough. Every male Pueblo, in effect, has a horse, and most have burros. Sheep have supplanted cotton, and the processes of the farm are carried on with modern implements. An Indian of Isleta has recently purchased even a threshing-machine, and several *principales* in various pueblos own buggies, while nearly every family has a good farm-wagon.

The first effect of the Spanish Conquest was a unique racial stride. The Pueblo, who never knew any metal before, despite the fables of his gold, passed at one step from the stone age to the age of iron, copper, and silver; from sole man to man with the beasts in his employ. He was given and promptly adopted wheat and fruits, which have since become an integral part of his economy. Grapes he was given about 1630, and in 1891 he made a round thousand barrels of wine in the one pueblo of Isleta, besides selling thousands of dollars' worth of fruit. Wine is made also in the pueblos of Jemez and Sandia; but practically in none of the rest.

In 1540 the Pueblo dressed in garments of cotton, buckskin, robes of twisted rabbit-hides, tunics of yucca fibre, and mantles of feathers. He already knew how to tan, spin, and weave, to make handsome baskets, and an excellent semi-glazed pottery, without the potter's wheel. With no tools but stone he worked, broadly speaking, as well as we with steel, because time was nothing. That most of these things are not so well done by him to-day is *not* a sign of decadence, but rather of evolution. He has found more profitable outlets for his time. He taught the Navajo to weave, and now the Navajo is his weaver, while he takes that leisure for his improved and more exacting farm. Blankets are no more made by the Pueblos; and they of Moqui alone continue to weave the women's dresses, with which they supply all the other pueblos, as they do also with baskets. The only weaving still common to all the towns is that of the *fajas*, or bright-hued girdles, and their smaller counterparts for garters and queue-fastenings. These are woven exclusively by the women now; and nothing is left, save at Moqui, of the ancient custom under which the whole textile art pertained exclusively to the men. Isleta makes hardly any

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pottery, having found it better to buy the indispensable water-jars from villages which have smaller agricultural cares. The Pueblo is not entirely dull in such matters. He was a prehistoric trader. He had an established commerce in salt (from his several extensive salines), tanned buffalo-hides and buckskin, turquoise, mineral paint, and cotton mantles. He traded not only with his brethren, but with Apache, Comanche, Navajo, and Ute; with tribes from eastern Kansas to northern Mexico. None was too savage to be customer; and having traded with his visitors by day, he shut them out by night and slept with his hand on his scalp and every house-top patrolled. His commercial instinct was not repressed by the Conquest, which rather gave him a new market and greater safety in the old ones. To-day his income from the towns of the Hlah-fáh-deh amounts to tens of thousands of dollars annually. He meanders by express-train or burro-train from Santa Fé to California with his fruit and other staples, and is a godsend in a thirsty land. And while changing his modern fruit into modern dollars, he still trudges three hundred miles to Moqui to pay turquoise or shell currency for mantas. He sometimes carries the paradox even further, and acquires a quiet revenue by manufacturing fetiches for the Bureau of Ethnology and other seekers after truth.

The most important ethnological effect of the coming of Spain, was to make the Pueblo from a sedentary to a *fixed* Indian. Instead of continuing to play chess with his cities across a three-hundred-mile board, he now was limited. To each of his communities was given a generous grant of land, and upon that grant he must stay. Thenceforth there were no town-migrations, and the living pueblos are essentially where they were when Plymouth Rock came into history. These grants have since been confirmed by our Government; and the Pueblo is an Indian who lives not upon a reservation but upon a United States patent. The total amount of land owned by the Pueblos is 893,130 acres. Zuñi has 215,040; Isleta, 110,080; Acoma, 95,791; and the smaller towns in proportion. Of course the vast majority of this land is fit for nothing but grazing; the average tillage of the Pueblo, according to the guesses of the Census Bureau, is four and a half acres per capita. Furthermore, the Pueblos are citizens of the United States, a political fact which seems to have escaped the notice of the Interior Department as completely as has the fact that they are members of a Christian church. Their autonomy and their full rights of citizenship have been established in the highest tribunals of the land; and yet we continue to "educate" them by force, and to send missionaries to them!

Permanency thus secured by the grant policy, a further Spanish measure for the benefit of the Pueblos was centralization, which was effected, as usual, by suasion and not by force. At the Conquest there were seventy-six inhabited pueblos. One of the first steps of the missionaries was to induce the Indians to concentrate in their chief towns, for greater safety from their savage neighbors; and the result has been the twenty-four present pueblos. The ethnologic effect upon the Indian of this twofold change has been very striking. It made him more secure; therefore more adaptive. It enabled his wholesale conversion to Christianity—his is the only race of Indian church-members in our history—and his general material advance. With greater fixity of abode he has still further increased the distance between himself and the nomad. His perceptions have grown less acute than those of the hunted hunter—though still far ahead of the Caucasian—but he has reflected more, acquired more, and preserved more. His traditions have accumulated to a huge volume; his laws are well formulated; his internal religion has become bewilderingly complex. It is fortunate for archæology that the Spaniard was his brother's keeper. Had the Pueblo enjoyed sixteenth-century acquaintance with the Saxon, we should be limited now to unearthing and articulating his bones.

The Pueblo has, more than any of our other aborigines, a home-life; but this also is a gift of Spain. At the Conquest he maintained rigid separation of the sexes. Connecticut laws were a mild

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blue to his indigo. The men and youth slept, ate, and lived in the *estufa;* the women and children were relegated to the small rooms of the huge honeycombed pyramid of the terraced house. The Spanish changed all this; and today the Pueblo lives at home and takes as much joy thereof as we of ours.

Popular institutions were before us, even in our own land. Before history was, this peculiar people had solved the problem in its own peculiar way; and there were hundreds of American "republics" ahead of Columbus. Every Pueblo town was an autonomic commonwealth, and is so still—oases of approximate civilization in a continental desert of savagery. The Pueblo social organization is essentially democratic. It is too complex to enter here—a volume could scarce contain it—but it may be briefly defined as a military democracy, guided by a democratic theocracy. "Church and State" in the Indian sense are distinct yet inseparable. Moses the captain, and Aaron the high-priest, are here Siamese twins—two, yet indivisible. The commander-in-chief of the army has no hampering by Congress; but he would not think of moving without his chaplain. There is no absolute head, and a bewildering amount of body in this remarkable economy. The actual Captain of War, Kah-báy-deh, is the highest single man, and within limits is supreme; but neither is he independent of the Shamans of War, the Cacique, and other officials. He, like all the most potent authorities, holds a life-office; but there is also a figure-head War-Captain who is elected annually, as is the civil governor, both being Spanish innovations dating from 1620. It is a curious fact that the first republican institution in the United States, an annual election of governors, should have come directly from the Spanish Crown. There is no such thing as chiefship. With the Pueblo heredity counts for nothing. All dignities are reached by election, or—in their inner cults—by selection. There is constant watchfulness against any dynastic tendency. More than anywhere in civilization, the official is server of the people, and he is never recreant to his trust.

There is a congress, called the Junta of Principales, which is the civil law-making body, but cannot touch matters of religion. The Governor is chairman of its sessions. The Cacique selects its members; but it retains or impeaches, and ousts them at will. Around these factors of government, and including some of them, cluster the four great orders—the Mothers (three Caciques and the Shamans of War), the Warriors, the Hunters, and the Medicine-men—and again intertangled with these, but below them, a dizzy array of still potent groups which figure in the political economy.

The laws of the pueblo are simple but admirable, and are thoroughly enforced. Crime is practically unknown; and for occasional minor lapses the offender is induced to jail by a handcuff more civilized than our own, since it fits about the neck, and the culprit can neither be tortured by it, nor reach nor pull back upon his captors. The gentleness of officials and laymen is always notable. A resister is never clubbed nor choked into acquiescence, but is overpowered without a scratch. A drunken vagabond once shot a woman in Isleta and fled. A posse with rifles pursued and soon overtook him. He intrenched himself and was ready to shoot the first who should come nearer. Instead of silencing him with a bullet, as there was perfect justice in doing, the Alguazil ordered him dislodged with stones. A deft throw stunned him, and he was captured with one unimportant bruise. This is a typical case.

The social corner-stone is not the family, but the clan. Husband and wife must belong to different gentes, and the children follow her clan. In other words, descent is from the mother, and not from the father. The Pueblo had invented Woman's Rights before *any* Caucasian acquired that social insomnia, and it remains one of his fundaments. He has never used his wife as a pack-beast. He is not henpecked, but just; and even finds no shame in "toting" the baby upon his back all day when he has no more essential duty. The spheres of the sexes are clearly defined, but manfully. The woman is complete owner of the house and all

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it contains save his personal trinkets; and she has no other work to do than housework, at which she is no sloven. Should her husband ill-treat her, she could permanently evict him from home, and would be upheld in so doing. The man tills the fields, and they are his; but after the crops are housed she has an equal voice in their disposition. The live-stock is of course his; but he will seldom sell an animal without consulting his wife. The family relations are very beautiful. Here are children never spoiled, never disobedient, almost never quarrelsome; parents never neglectful and never harsh; and none who fail of respect to seniority—even as between boy and elder boy. Conjugal fidelity is as general as with us—the Pueblo was a prehistoric monogam, and punished unfaithfulness with death; and it is doubtful if any American community can show a less percentage of loose women.

The theology of the Pueblos is as democratic as their sociology, and as complex. Duality is an integral part of their elder religion as of their government. We have seen the idea even in architecture, where the houses once had gender. The very creation is based on sex. There is no one God—the Sun-Father and the Moon-Mother were the equal First Causes. Their sons, the Hero Twins, seem to come next in importance; and behind the aboriginal Castor and Pollux marches a countless host of minor deities—spirits of every attribute and forms of every shape. The compass has six cardinal points—East, North, West, South, Up, and Down-and-around, in that sacred and inviolable order—and each is the Olympus of a community of The Trues. The forces of the universe, the processes of nature, the very animals of use or danger—all are deified. And with this astoundingly complicated mythology of infinite detail the Pueblo has also his Christian *Tata Dios*. He is as sincerely Catholic as pagan, though the pagan is naturally innermost; and woe to them that would profane his church, for which he will give his life. He is baptized, confessed, married, and buried in that church; and for all has another set of secret ceremonies of his own. It is another phase of this racial contradiction, this human hyphen between the present and the utmost past, who lights his pleasure-cigarette with an Ohio match, and his medicine-smoke from the prehistoric fire-drill; who hunts with the Winchester and executes with the obsidian-tipped arrow; who goes to mass in the great adobe church his patient fathers builded for the new faith, and thence to his feathered prayer-sticks in a mountain cave. He has his Christian priest, and then an army of semi-religious officials to meet every minutest exigency of life—even to the propagation of the race! Life is one endless religious ceremony. The Indian (and I mean here *any* Indian) does nothing "for fun." His hunts, his dances, his races, his very smoking, have all a deep inner significance. And yet he seems secondarily to enjoy it all. He is an admirable athlete, and his sports are thrilling, while his endurance is marvellous. In his ceremonial spring foot-races he runs a three-hundred-and-twenty yard course at a sprinting gait twenty to thirty times in an afternoon. His sedentary games are few but good; and one is fully equal to chess. He is not a gambler like the Navajo; and though he sometimes bets, it is seldom on a game of simple chance. Nor is he a politician. Here in very truth the office seeks the man. Not uncommonly a governor has to be thrown for a few days into the *calaboz* before he will accept the high office to which he has just been elected. This election is by the Junta; but there is already a growing sentiment toward universal suffrage. The present Governor of the large pueblo of Isleta belongs to the radical "Gophers," who favor this change, while the conservative "Black-Eyes" oppose it. The two parties are about equal in numbers. The office of Cacique is still more difficult to be forced upon the appointee. He is not a ruler, as popularly imagined, but the tribal penitent, whose life of incessant self-mortification and hardship is not to be coveted, despite his great influence.

They were never more mistaken who deem the Pueblo dull. He has even a poetic imagination. His folk-lore is not only vastly voluminous, but full of fancy—at times, of striking beauty. It is

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poetry in body as well as in spirit; for it is told down from father to son in fixed metrical form, though not in rhyme. He is also a deep humorist; and in the proper time and place a very genial one. He is an aboriginal Uncle Remus, full of quaint fables wherein the coyote is the butt of all jokes and is *burlado* by every other animal. He is himself a joker upon occasion, and as an official clown in certain ceremonies is a real genius. Above all, he recognizes the humor of self-containing. We find a joke or a sensation, and forthwith itch to set someone else agape. The Indian finds it more humorous to laugh himself and keep the world in the dark, which is a double philosophy. But when he condescends to be funny he is no failure. His very nicknames are not those of the stupid. He calls the Navajo — who never knows water as a means of grace —"Dried-up-and-cracked Skin." The Caucasian is Hlah-fáh-deh, "Hair-mouth;" and the Mexican, specifically, Pee-peód-deh, the "Wet-Head" (in allusion, of course, to baptism). The people of Zuñi are officially known in Tigua as the "Scratchers," and Zuñi as "Scratch-town"—an ill-compliment which is too true of Zuñi as compared with the cleanlier other pueblos. There is even sarcasm sometimes in the nomenclature of animals; and the duck is "Old-Man-Afraid-of-the-Water."

Folk-songs are as popular as folk-stories, but never humorous, save in occasional improvisation. The Pueblo is almost always a singer; and bitter indeed must be the night when you shall not find, upon every broom-built hillock in the village, knots of young men chanting in unison, with strong, clear voices, their

Háy-nah én-neh háy-nah.

Even "bees" prevail. The corn-husking is done thus with the aid of young men who go from house to house to strip the blue ears, and roll their cigarros in the rustling husks, and sing loudly as they work. The women used to join also for their winter's grinding. Each brought to an appointed house her *metate* and sack of corn. And as the

Indian Girl.

kernels fell to blue meal between the lava slabs, there rose a poetic song of the birth of corn, swelled by the men, who kept time with tap of the hammer as they shaped rawhide soles for their *teguas*.

With all this gregariousness the villages even of the same tribal stock are entirely independent and aloof from

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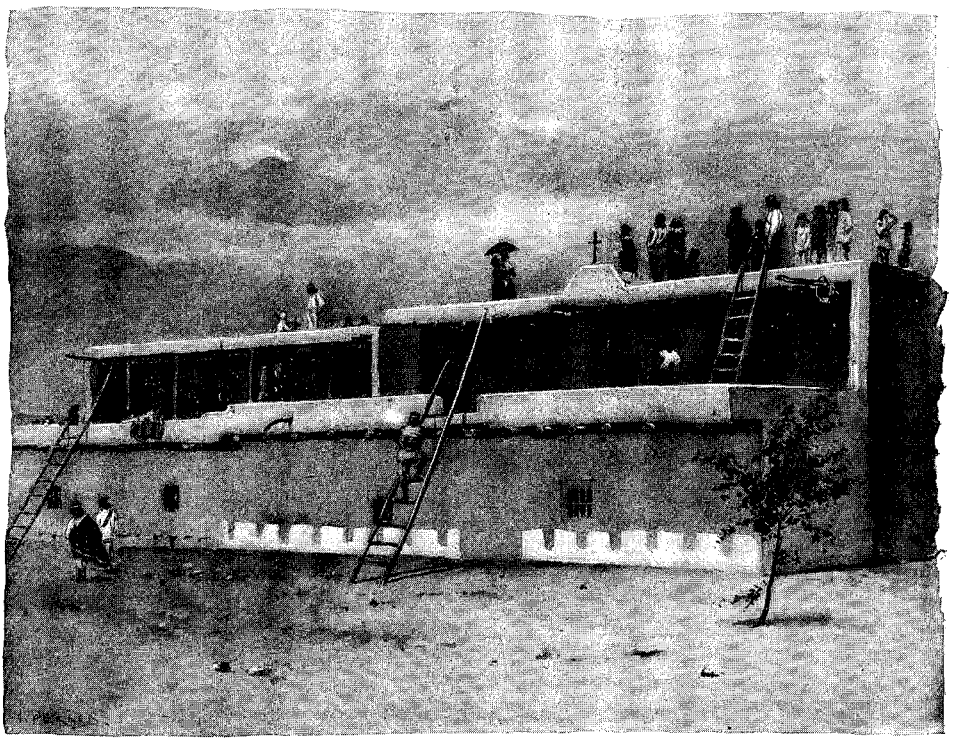
each other. There are six Pueblo stocks, each with an entirely distinct language of its own, and understanding the others only through the diplomatic Spanish —and yet they are racially one. The Quéres are by far the most numerous, counting over three thousand souls, and with seven towns. Next come the Tiguas and the Moquis, with less than two thousand people each, and four and six towns respectively; the Tehuas, with about one thousand five hundred in five villages; the Zuñis, with one town of one thousand five hundred inhabitants; and Jemez one with a third as many.

civilization. His astonishing communal house has altogether disappeared in several villages. Taos is the most striking example left of the one-house town; and its two villages, one on either side the rippling trout-brook, are, as Coronado found them, each of a huge, six-story pyramid house. In Zuñi the five-story pyramidal honeycomb is still potent, though clustered upon by detached blocks. Acoma, the peerless cliff-built citadel of the Quéres, is in three blocks of three terraces each. The pyramid, the block, the once still commoner rectangle—with sheer walls without, and



Type of House.

The towns of the same tribe are not even always adjacent. Isleta and Taos are the southern and northern extremes of present Pueblo range; and between these chief Tigua towns are eleven villages of the Tehuas and the Quéres.

The characteristic architecture which the Pueblo had evolved before history has been influenced only downward by

the terraces and doors facing only the safe plaza—and the invariable defensive site are eloquent witnesses to the dangers of old, when every first thought must be for safety from the crowding savage. Convenience, even to water, was a secondary consideration. Of this, Acoma is the most striking type. No other town on earth is so nobly perched.

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The only foreign hints of it are the Königstein, in Saxony; and (perhaps) the Gwalior, in the Deccan. And these are not so like it as are the Moqui towns, which are still far less noble than Acoma.

Along the Rio Grande, however, the communal building has largely given way to separate homes of one or two stories, but larger rooms. Even here the Pueblo architecture is distinguishable from the Mexican, and in artistic effect superior to it.

With a background so invariably striking that the stranger to his history might well deem his choice of sites to have been dominated by the scenery — for he has chosen always the most picturesque points of a picturesque land — the Pueblo is personally in accord. He is the most — almost the only — picturesque figure in our conventionalized land. Of medium but robust stature, admirable neck and trunk, never consumptive, scarcely ever too fat, with magnificent black hair, which is not coarse and never leaves him unthatched, he is physically above the average of his new neighbors, and lives to a vast age. His face is very far from our idea of an Indian physiognomy, and is a creditable index to his contents. His national costume, when unspoiled by "civilized" perversions, is an artistic joy. There is no name for the "policy" which forcibly changes the Pueblo girl at school (a citizen, remember) from her own modest, artistic, oriental dress to a gingham horror, not worth a tenth as much in money or taste; and the sin is scarce smaller toward the boys. The home dress of both sexes is far ahead of ours hygienically and in convenience.

The garb of a Pueblo woman at home is worth twenty-five dollars or more; and her feast-day array several times that. To this the aboriginal jewelry largely contributes. Gold has never been used; but of silver, coral, and turquoise ornaments, the Pueblos own much over $100,000 worth. The silver rosaries, bracelets, rings, ear-rings, buttons, etc., are made by their own silversmiths, who achieve remarkable results

Tigua Youth, Isleta.

with a mud forge, a hammer, a file, a punch, and a little solder, resin, and acid. The turquoise is also worked into beads by their own artisans.

Money, of course, is less commonly accumulated; yet I know Pueblos who have great chests full of gold and silver coin; and the largest business controlled by any woman in New Mexico is that of Doña Marcelina Abeita, of Isleta, an uneducated Indian woman. She keeps, as all her people keep, her ledger in her head, and with never a mistake of overcharge or omission. A Pueblo sometimes takes temporary service as a laborer for the superior race. Quite as often he hires Mexicans to assist in his own work.

These are but hints of the Pueblo. Actual description of him is for not a book but a library. I have meant here merely to graze the angles of his entity, sketchily but truthfully, in the light of

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A Tigua War Captain.

present science, whereby he has not yet been popularly viewed; and even that, with chief reference to the qualities of body and mind, heart and pocket, which entitle him to foremost rank as the Indian who is *not* "Poor."

HER LAST WORD.

By Lizette Woodworth Reese.

REMEMBER or forget me as you will!
Keep me in mind as one on the June's edge,
Keeps the sole bloom that starred the sad March sedge,
Because it was the first, and hours were chill.
Or, else, let me be naught of good or ill;
The snow that one time whirled within the hedge;
Some fair, forgotten thing, too slight for pledge,
Vanished too long to make your pulses thrill.
When you do weep, my tears are salt as yours;
You laugh, and all my loads are light to bear;
Back of my sweetest thought a sweeter yet,
You bide with me, and will, while life endures.
Let me remember—but, if aught of care
Pricks you through me—then do you, love, forget!

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THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

By Mary Cadwalader Jones.

ONE afternoon during the month of September, 1771, the fair of St. Ovide was, as usual, filling what is now the Place Vendôme with a gay and idle crowd, which strolled from booth to booth, applauding or chaffing the jugglers, dancers, and acrobats who were toiling to make a Parisian holiday, and in the throng was a young fellow of twenty-six, named Valentin Haüy, the son of a poor linen-weaver of Picardy, and himself employed as a translating clerk and interpreter in the Foreign Office.

It is easy now to sneer at the humanitarianism of the last century, but it was the first sentiment which had appealed to all classes alike since the Crusades, and Haüy was a fervent disciple of the new philosophy, being one of those generous and optimistic souls who, in all ages, are called enthusiasts or visionaries, according to the point of view of the speaker. As he loitered along on the day which was to be the turning-point of his life, he noticed that the crowd was thickest before a booth where a certain Valindrin had had the ingenious idea of forming a band of ten men, chosen among the blind beggars who were accustomed to sing and play various instruments in the streets. The lookers-on were shouting with laughter, and pressing so close around the frail stage that it ran great risk of destruction. Haüy shall describe what he saw in his own words:

"The players were tricked out in grotesque robes, with high, pointed caps, and wore large goggles of cardboard without glasses. Placed before a desk on which were music and lights, they executed a monotonous chant—singers, violins, and basses being in unison. It was doubtless because of their ignorance of music that it was possible to justify the insult done to these unfortunate beings by surrounding them with emblems of stupidity, as in placing, for instance, a peacock's tail, full-spread behind their leader, and crowning him with the head-dress of Midas. How was it credible that a scene so dishonoring to humanity should not have perished at the very instant of its conception? May it not have been in order that the picture before my eyes should profoundly afflict my heart and kindle my spirit? Yes, I exclaimed to myself, seized with a great enthusiasm, I will substitute truth for this ridiculous fable, I will make the blind read, I will place in their hands volumes printed by themselves, they shall trace letters and be able to read their own writing, and I will even make them execute harmonious music." Valentin Haüy had found his life-work, and the blind their apostle.

Before his time there had been no systematic attempt to educate them, although here and there one of their number had distinguished himself in spite of his misfortune; one of the most brilliant examples being Nicholas Saunderson, who, although blind almost from birth, was Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, holding the chair after Whiston, who was Sir Isaac Newton's successor. He lectured in 1707 on Newton's "Theory of Optics," invented an arithmetical slate for the blind, published several treatises on the higher algebra, and was, moreover, an expert numismatist, to the point of detecting by touch the counterfeits in the collection of Roman coins at Cambridge.

The earliest asylum for the blind of which there is any definite record was founded at Paris by St. Louis in 1254, and has been known ever since by the quaint name of the Hôtel des Quinze-Vingts. According to tradition, it was meant as a shelter for three hundred knights whose eyes had been put out by the Saracens, and whom the king brought back with him from the First Crusade; but history is silent as to the place where this act of wholesale cruelty was committed, or the way in which St. Louis managed to get the helpless little

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army home again. As time went on the Hôtel came to harbor women as well as men, and gained various rights and privileges, but its inmates were expected to contribute toward their support by begging in the streets and at church-doors, and it was from among them that Valindrin collected his band.

According to present statistics, about one in every thousand of the population of Western countries is blind, and during the Middle Ages the proportion was probably greater, as it is now in the East. It therefore followed that those

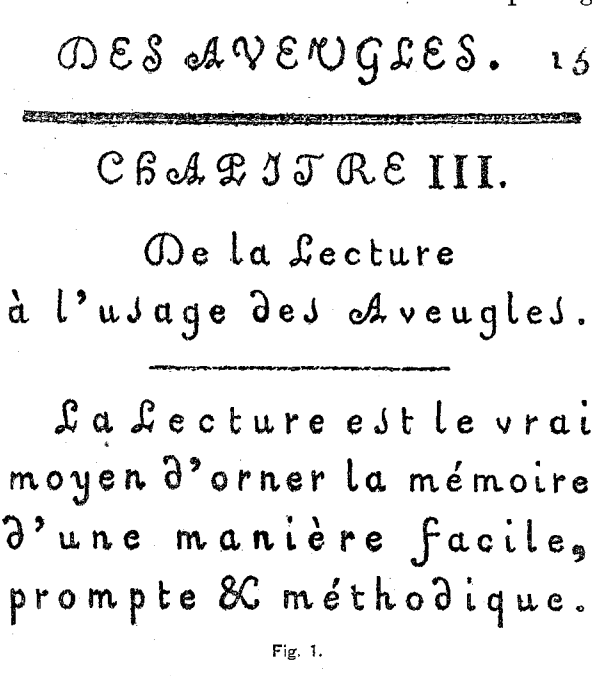

Fig. 1.

among the blind in France who could show the copper fleur-de-lis given by Philippe-le-Bel as a distinguishing badge to the Quinze-Vingts were considered as aristocrats by the less fortunate majority that helped to swell the ranks of the vast army of prowling vagabonds and ruffians which then infested Europe. In the fifteenth century, one of the plays known as "Moralities" gives a characteristic sketch. A cripple and a blind man were comrades, living well and joyously together on the charity of the pious, until one day they heard the bad news that the funeral of a great saint, who had lately died, was to pass their way. Already his corpse was working miracles, healing the sick and casting out devils. The pair were terrified; "Heavens," said they, "suppose the saint were to cure us and thus take the bread out of our mouths—let us decamp." So the blind man hoisted the cripple on his back and off they started for the nearest tavern. But they were too late, the funeral overtook them, and as the coffin passed they were made whole. When the cripple felt his legs sound under him, he cursed and swore, but his companion could not help being overjoyed. "Ah," he cried, "I did not know how goodly was the light of day! I can see Burgundy, France, and Savoy, and I thank God humbly." Clearly, the saint did not do miracles by halves.

For more than ten years Haüy patiently studied the different processes by which individual blind people had contrived to gain some instruction. He visited the distiller of Puyseaux, who was the subject of Diderot's "Lettre sur les Aveugles;" he corresponded with Weissemburg, of Mannheim, who invented relief maps; and he was an intimate friend of Mlle. Paradies, a blind pianist from Vienna, who played publicly in concerts at Paris, and was altogether a remarkably intelligent woman. At last, in the spring of 1784, the enthusiast took for his first pupil a boy named François Lesueur, whose post as a beggar was in the church-porch of St. Germain-des-Prés. It was arranged that François should beg in the morning, and come to Haüy in the afternoon; but as his parents could not afford to spare any of his earnings, and his teacher wanted all of his time, it ended in the teacher's paying the pupil by making up to him what he would have received from charity.

Lesueur learned to read by passing his fingers over movable letters in relief, grouped into words; but one day, while arranging his master's desk, he

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found a notice which had been pressed so hard that some of the printed letters stood out on the paper, an O especially being distinctly legible, or rather tangible, to his eager fingers. Proud of his discovery, he called Haüy, who forthwith traced with the handle of a small penknife more letters on the same paper, and when Lesueur read those also by touch, his teacher's quick brain had seized the idea of printing from types cast in high relief.

One pupil was not enough for Haüy, who wished to establish a school rather than to astonish the world by a single prodigy, and, fortunately for him, the Philanthropic Society, which had been recently founded, included among its beneficiaries twelve blind children. These he obtained permission to take into his own home, and then began for him a struggle lasting through the twenty stormy years which made modern Europe. He could not afford to give up his place in the Foreign Office, but every hour outside of it was claimed by the real work of his life. To make this better known, on the 26th of December, 1786, his scholars, who then numbered twenty-four, gave an exhibition before the King at Versailles, where, after going through various exercises and singing a loyal ode composed by one of them, they presented his Majesty with the first book printed from the new relief type, which had been set up and struck off by themselves. The title was "Essai sur l'Education des Aveugles," and Haüy was naturally the author. The style of type chosen by him, of which a specimen is given (Fig. 1, page 374), is almost like the beautiful legal manuscript of the time, and the letters are in slight relief, printed on one side of the paper only, two pages being gummed together back to back. Outside of its value as a typographical curiosity, the book is most interesting, because the earnest and kindly nature of the writer reveals itself throughout. He says honestly that he had seen a letter printed by Mlle. Paradies from type made for her by one Kempellen, but certainly no one before Haüy had ever tried seriously to make printing available for the blind.

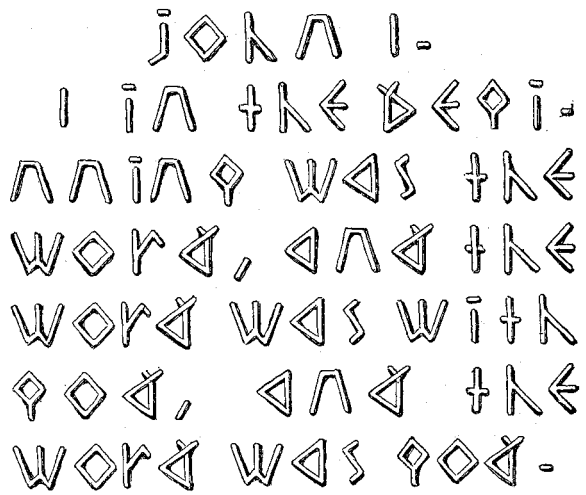

Fig. 2.

He is convinced that they may be practical printers of books, not only for their own manual reading, but from ordinary type, and he gives elaborate descriptions of the "cases" most suitable for them, and suggests modifications of the presses then in use. He acknowledges that the cost of books printed in relief must necessarily be great, and their number consequently limited, but adds that, as the tendency of knowledge is toward selection, the library of the blind man may come in time to correspond with that of the man of good literary taste. That this prediction was true is shown by the catalogue of books for the blind, now printed in this country, in which we find not only the Bible and Shakespeare, but other English classics, such as Bunyan, Defoe, Scott, Thackeray, and Hawthorne.

Haüy suggests that his discovery may be of use to such learned men as shall wear out their sight in scientific pursuits, and regrets, with naïve simplicity, that Homer, Belisarius, and Milton should have been unable to profit by it. He extols the Abbé de l'Épée, who had begun to teach the deaf and dumb in 1750, and ends by declaring

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that more than all else his pupils shall be taught to rejoice that they are born Frenchmen and destined to live under the beneficent rule of a monarch whose millions of subjects regard him with the respectful tenderness of a family for the father who is the source of their happiness.

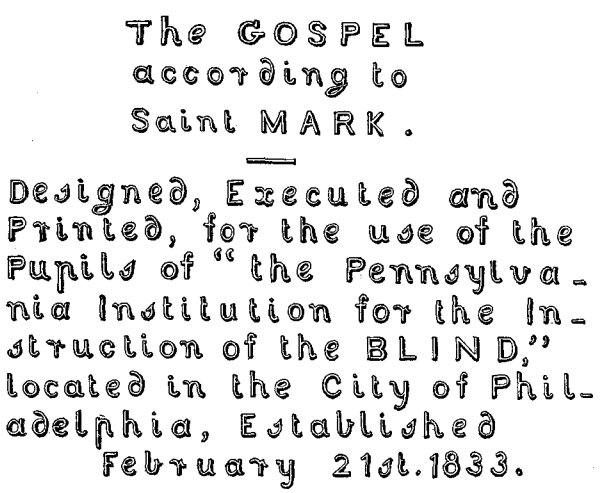

Fig. 3.

Making all due allowance for the loyalty of an official and the expectations of a philanthropist, these words sound strangely when one remembers that six months earlier the Queen had been insulted in the streets because of the Diamond Necklace, and that within the year the Parliament of Paris refused to authorize the taxes imposed by the King.

As a result of the entertainment before the Court, Louis XVI. ordered that the school, already known as the "Institution des Jeunes Aveugles," should be supported by the state, and promised its teacher the cross of St. Michael; but neither the money nor the order was ever forthcoming, and Haüy struggled on through the Revolution and the Terror, working at his desk in the Foreign Office for his bread, and sharing it to the last crust with the pupils whom he kept together at the risk of beggary. In June, 1794, at the celebrated Fête of the Supreme Being, one car in the procession was filled with his blind children, and in 1795, the Convention decreed that the school was an "Institution Nationale," to be supported by a certain sum from each department throughout France. The Treasury either overlooked the allowance altogether, or paid it in worthless bonds, so the Institution was no better off, and only the help of a few benevolent souls kept the little group from starving together or drifting apart. This could not go on forever, and in 1801, by order of the First Consul, Haüy's school was absorbed into the Hôtel des Quinze-Vingts, and he forced to retire on a yearly pension of two thousand francs. It almost broke his heart. His biographer says: "By an incredible effort of industry and patience, and self-sacrifice, he had managed to carry through the Revolution the work in which his soul was absorbed, only to see it destroyed when all else around him began to be reorganized." As there was no system of education in the Quinze-Vingts, the pupils whom he had hoped to make useful and happy men and women were compelled to sit idle, or drudge all day at spinning wool, while he was shelved on a pension at the age of fifty-six.

With stubborn patience he gathered around him the next year a few children whose parents could afford to pay for their teaching, and started what he called the "Musée des Aveugles." Men ahead of their time seldom have the knack of making money, so the affairs of the school went from bad to worse, until 1806 when he accepted the repeated invitations of the Czar Alexander I., and started for Russia with his wife and a pet pupil named Fournier, making a sort of triumphal progress through the domains of the various princes who were then amusing themselves with

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philanthropy. The King of Prussia, Frederick William III., who was the husband of the beautiful Queen Louisa, and father of the Emperor William I., wrote with his own hand inviting him to Charlottenburg, and employed him to found the first public institution for the blind in Germany, which was conducted by John Augustus Zeune. The Count of Provence was at that time in exile at Mittau, where Fournier wrote for him the following sentence, which turned out a prophecy, and was decidedly politic under the circumstances: "During the reign of Louis XVIII. the Institution des Aveugles will attain perfection." At first all went well at St. Petersburg. Haüy was the fashion and society made much of him, but his day was soon over, and eleven weary years followed, full of disappointment and failure, until, in 1817, he dragged himself back to France, an old and broken man, to find that, by an irony of fate, the Count of Provence, become Louis XVIII., had reorganized, by a decree of February 8, 1815, the "Institution Royale des Jeunes Aveugles." Haüy's former pupils welcomed him, but the new director was naturally averse to being ousted by a man whom he accused of having been "an active Revolutionary," so the latter, who had brought back for all riches the order of St. Vladimir of the fourth class, withdrew to the lodging of his brother, Abbé Haüy the mineralogist, near the Jardin des Plantes, and there he died quietly, in 1822, aged seventy-seven years.

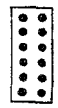

Fig. 4.

The year before his death he had at least one fully happy day. The director then in charge of the Institution des Aveugles was liberal enough to feel that Haüy had been treated with gross injustice, and a festival was given in his honor, in which all the scholars took part. The orchestra and chorus gave a cantata composed for the first feast-day of St. Valentine, celebrated at the school in 1788, one verse of which praised him as its benefactor. At its end the old man, who was paralyzed and failing fast, said simply: "My dear children, you owe everything to God." He was always modest, and when anyone compared him to the Abbé de l'Épée, he would protest, saying, "I only fit spectacles, while he bestows a soul."*

Although all honor is due to the man who first gave the blind communication other than speech with their fellowmen, Haüy's discovery was not practically successful. The relief of his letters was too low, and their forms too complicated to be read by any but a few scholars with an exquisitely sensitive touch, so that most of the editions of the few books printed from his type were sold for waste paper, and the pupils of the Institution which he founded were chiefly taught orally.

The school for the Indigent Blind, which was opened at Liverpool in 1791, was the first establishment of the kind in Great Britain, and although it was followed within a few years by others in Bristol, Edinburgh, and London, no definite plan of education was developed until, in 1826, James Gall, a printer and publisher of Edinburgh, saw some specimens of Haüy's printing, and obtained a box of his type. His practical knowledge led him to see its defects, and he set himself to improve the alphabet, in order to make it more easily felt, being induced to enter into the work by Lady Jane Erskine, sister of the Earl of Mar, who was herself blind. Gall rejected the French script, choosing the "lower-case" or small letters, making no use of capitals and further

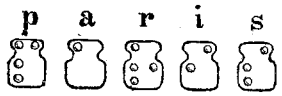

Fig. 5.

modifying the outlines of the letters into angles, as they are more easily recognized by the finger. In Fig. 2, on page 375, is shown the first line of his great work, the Gospel of St. John, which was published in 1834. This is often spoken of as the first book of the Bible ever printed for the blind in any language, but we give a fac-simile of the title-page of the Gospel of St. Mark (Fig. 3, page

* The foregoing account of Haüy has been taken from an interesting book published last year, called Les Aveugles par Un Aveugle, by M. Maurice de la Sizeranne, a pupil of the Institution des Jeunes Aveugles, which is still the leading school in France.

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376), published in Philadelphia, in February, 1833. The type of the latter, which resembles Haüy's, was designed by Jacob Snyder, Jr., Recording Secretary of the Pennsylvania Institution, but it had the defects of its model, and after a few volumes had been printed it ceased to be used.

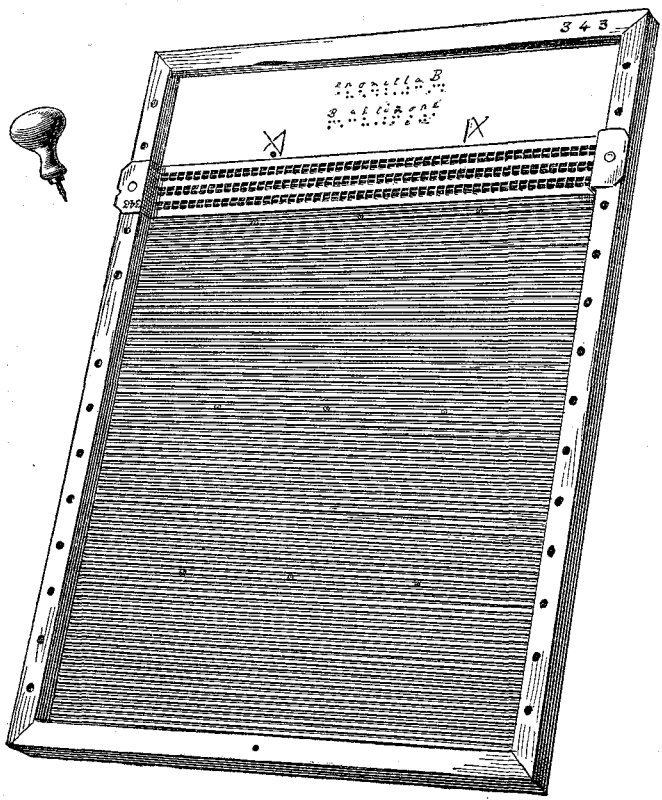

Fig. 6.

Experiments were made with no less than twenty different styles of printing in relief in the ten years between 1828 and 1838, and of these five obtained recognition. Three of them, Haüy's script, Gall's angular "lower-case," and the Alston plain "upper-case," using only capitals, were Roman; one, that of Moon, was an extreme modification of these forms, made especially for those whose touch was dull from age or hard work, while Frere's was phonetic, having arbitrary signs to represent sounds. The defect of them all lay in their failure to recognize the fact that the sense of touch has no quality by which it can take the place of sight, and is in no way quickened by the memory of what has been seen; some of the blind could certainly read, but the alphabet of the seeing, even if modified, was only to be traced by them with difficulty and hesitation.

The next step forward was again in France. An artillery officer named Charles Barbier, who had been a surveyor here during our Revolution, and who had some fortune, became much interested in the blind. In 1819 he had the happy idea of making points or dots with a blunt stylus on thick paper, to be variously placed so that they should represent the thirty-six principal sounds of the French language. They were arranged vertically within a frame or "cell," in two lines, with room for six points on a side, as shown in Fig. 4, page 377, and it is easy to see that the idea may have been suggested to him by the popular game of dominoes. Barbier meant his invention for the use of the blind who had grown up without learning to read, but its principal drawback lay in the amount of space which it wasted. As the cell was of fixed size, if a sound was represented by a point in one corner, all the rest was left blank, a great disadvantage in printing. As Haüy's script gave Gall his first idea of letters in high relief, which are the basis of the line system, Barbier's invention, although unpractical, was the foundation of the point system, which is destined to supersede line altogether.

In 1809 Louis Braille was born, who became blind at four years old, and was sent to the Institution des Jeunes

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Aveugles. As he grew up there he studied Barbier's method until he saw a way to simplify it, and this he did, when twenty-six years old, by abandoning phonetics, leaving out the lower half of the cell (Fig. 5, page 377), and varying the combinations of the remaining six points so that they should represent the letters of the French alphabet. These six points can be combined to give sixty-three different signs, including accents, punctuation, figures, algebraic signs, and musical notation. This system was soon introduced into the Institution, and is now generally used in Europe. It was, however, still defective in that the cell was of fixed size, so that space was lost unless there were points enough to fill it. One of the greatest merits of "Braille Point" was that it could be easily written, and to this end he devised an ingenious slate which is still in use (Fig. 6, page 378). The bed is of metal, crossed horizontally by shallow grooves about one-tenth of an inch apart, which give it somewhat the look of a miniature wash-board. The wooden frame is hinged at the top, so that it may close down and keep a thick sheet of paper in place on the bed. The writing instrument, or stylus, is a short piece of wire, rounded at the point in order not to pierce the paper, and fixed in a wooden handle. A narrow strip of brass, divided into rectangular cells, stretches across the slate, and has a peg at each end which fits into holes in the frame. This is the guide, and is movable up and down the slate. Through it the pupil pricks the letters, working from right to left, and when the paper is taken out, it is reversed and read like an ordinary page, from left to right.

Before and since Braille's time various writing frames and contrivances have been invented for the blind, but this is the only method by which they can not only write, but read by themselves whatever may be written to them.

In this country schools for the blind were opened at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, in the order named, in 1832 and 1833, and that of Boston attracted especial attention because of the devotion and talent of its first principal, Dr. S. G. Howe. He went to Europe in 1830, on purpose to master the various methods of instruction followed there; but at Paris Braille's system was in its infancy and does not seem to have attracted his attention, for in an extended account of his visit no mention is made of the new idea.

confederation; grant letters of marque or reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make any thing but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, ex post facto law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts, or grant any title of nobility.

Fig. 7.—Part of Section 10 of the Constitution of the United States in Boston line letter.

As it was important to avoid such a diversity of tangible type as existed in Europe, there was at first a desire for united action between the three American schools, and there is reason to believe that Dr. Howe and Mr. Friedlander, who was the principal at Philadelphia, and had been a teacher of the blind in Europe, proposed that each should select the style of tangible letter which seemed best to him, and that in case of disagreement the decision should rest with Dr. Russ, the head of the New York school. Friedlander chose the Roman capital, advocating the Alston letter with slight changes, but as he was about preparing his results to send to Dr. Howe he received a book printed in angular lower-case type, in the style of Gall, as the expression of Dr. Howe's views, and as he did not regard the publication of books as coming within the understanding, it amounted to nothing, and each school adopted the type chosen by its principal. Dr. Howe's fame will probably chiefly rest on his successful rescue of Laura Bridgeman, who came under his care in 1837, from the terrible isolation

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in which she was placed by being deaf and dumb as well as blind, but it is impossible to over-estimate his services to the Boston school, and to the cause of the blind in general. A potent factor in establishing the Boston type (Fig. 7, page 379), and that which more than all else enabled it to supersede the Philadelphia letter, was the printing in it of the whole Bible, which was distributed free of cost by the American Bible Society in 1842.

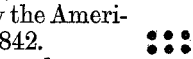

Fig. 8.

As time went on Howe became more and more convinced that his system was the right one, and did not turn his attention to that of Braille, although it was gaining ground steadily wherever it had been adopted. In 1846, after another visit to Europe, he published a valuable paper on "Printing for the Blind," in which mention is made of the efforts of Haüy, Gall, Fry, Alston, Lucas, and Frere, but Braille is not included, and in 1852 and 1869, in extended notices of music, no allusion is made to the Braille musical notation, which was then the only practical system known. Dr. Howe was not only excellent, but the cause of excellence in others; and it was his good fortune, as well as his due, to inspire enthusiasm for himself as well as for his work. When the Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind was first started, money for it came in but slowly, until Thomas Handasyd Perkins made the noble donation which has linked his name enduringly with the work. Throughout his life Howe had a host of friends, and it was but natural that, at his death, in 1876, his son-in-law, Mr. Michael Anagnos, should have been chosen to succeed him, while, as a further expression of affectionate admiration, the Howe Memorial Press was endowed by subscription to continue printing books in the type with which he was identified.

The New York Institution for the Blind had early adopted the Boston line letter, and for some years had used printed books in no other form, when Mr. William B. Wait became its principal in 1863. Educated for the bar, he had already entered upon practice, when his health broke down from overwork, and he took a position as teacher in the Institution, intending to give it up so soon as he should be well again. But with renewed health came keener interest in what he saw were problems to be solved, and on the retirement of Mr. R. G. Rankin, he took the place which he has since filled with entire singleness of purpose and marked ability. He was at once struck by the fact that many of the children did not read, and that text-books were not employed in class work. The published literature was considerable, but it was of no use unless the pupils could read well. The entire school was therefore arranged in graded classes, new alphabet cards were procured, and much extra time was given to the slower pupils, while the class grading was rearranged from week to week. At the end of two years it was found that twenty per cent. could read with facility; forty-eight per cent. moderately well, and thirty-two per cent. were unable to read at all. Statistics collected from other large schools showed that of their pupils from twenty-two to forty-eight per cent. could read with facility; eighteen to thirty-nine per cent. moderately well, while fifty-eight to fourteen per cent. could not read at all. These figures do not include the Boston school, which did not furnish any statistics.

Mr. Wait's standard of facility was the average number of words read aloud in one minute, by several seeing teachers, from different authors, and including easy and difficult compositions. This number was one hundred and sixty, but "facility" and "moderately" are elastic terms, and, as most of the figures returned from institutions where no special effort at classification had been made seemed to indicate a different standard or better methods, Mr. Wait visited several schools, including that of Boston, and found that while the pupils were about alike as to age and ability, there was no standard of classification in reading. The group of non-readers included some of the most intelligent, while the capacity for touch-reading was no test of mental capacity. The books were generally in Boston type, but text-books were nowhere used in the classes, while the Braille system, although known to a few—chiefly teach-

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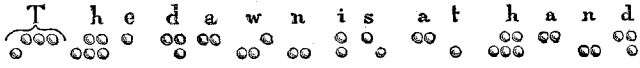
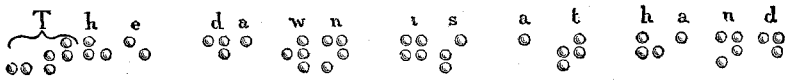
ers—was not recognized in the course of study in any school. Mr. Wait found himself reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the line-letter systems were no longer adequate, as they failed to fulfil the requisite conditions of touch perception, and could not be written.

About 1860 Braille Point had been taught in the St. Louis school, with the result that out of sixty-nine pupils forty-five were able to read with facility and twenty-four moderately well. In New York a test was made with it, with one of Braille (Fig. 9, below). With the aid of some type and a small press, the new method was critically and thoroughly tested, and in 1868 Mr. Wait published it and made an effort to secure the adhesion of Boston and Philadelphia to a point system, though not necessarily to his own. He gave his reasons for thinking his code better than that of Braille, but offered to give up further effort to improve it if Dr. Howe and Mr. Chapin, the principal of the Philadelphia school, would adopt



New York Point.



Braille Point.

Fig. 9.

eight pupils, who, after long and patient effort, had utterly failed to distinguish the Boston letters one from another. From five to thirty lessons were given with the point letters, and in each case they succeeded well, while in eleven lessons given to the entire school the tangible efficiency of the point system was proved with every pupil. Further study of Braille convinced Mr. Wait that the vertical cell, which had been derived from Barbier, and which allotted a fixed and unvarying space to all signs alike, whether they had many points or few, did not follow the most correct principle of construction, besides wasting space, which meant in a book increase of bulk and consequently of cost. The finger, also, like the eye, ran more easily across the paper than up and down. He therefore placed his points so that they read horizontally instead of vertically, and did away with the fixed cell (Fig. 8, page 380), the result being that a letter made up of two points occupied one-third as much room as one composed of six points, the same space remaining between the letters as before. The great advantage of this method will be seen at a glance by comparing a sentence of "New York Point," as he modestly called Braille and co-operate to provide books printed in that system. At that time the whole country was almost entirely dependent on the Boston press for embossed books, and the proposal to change was not accepted. Among other teachers, however, the New York Point steadily grew in favor, and at the first meeting of the American Association of Instructors of the Blind, held at Indianapolis in 1871, the superintendent of the St. Louis school, which had been the pioneer of Braille in this country, gave his reasons for preferring Mr. Wait's system, and after full discussion a resolution was adopted recommending that the New York Point should be taught in all institutions for the education of the blind. An important improvement in the new system was the adoption of the principle of recurrence, as used in shorthand and telegraphy, by which letters most frequently needed have the simplest forms. Capitals had never been used in either of the line systems, but about that time their necessity was urged and some publications were brought out in Philadelphia in which capitals and small letters appeared in their usual relations. The combination was certainly not easier to read than the "lower-case" alone had

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been, but it was considered an improvement, and in 1878, after Dr. Howe's death, it was adopted in the Boston school. It is still used in Philadelphia, but in 1885 New York Point was also introduced there and is growing in favor.

Objection having been made to the New York Point in some quarters, because it had no capitals nor musical notation, Mr. Wait set himself to provide both, and in response to a resolution adopted at the Teachers' Convention held at Boston in 1872, he produced, the next year, an effective and rational code of musical signs, which was at once placed among the regular branches of study in a number of the schools. On page 384 (Fig. 11) is shown a line of music translated into signs. The notation includes all the signs necessary for the transcription of the most difficult music, and the study of harmony and counterpoint. It is impossible in such limited space to give a full and clear account of a system which has cost so much time and labor, but the more it is studied the better suited to its purpose it appears.

Although Braille's written point was employed by Dr. Howe during his life to a limited extent, no notice was taken of the New York Point, nor was it ever mentioned in his annual reports. Soon after his death, however, experiments were made in the new direction by several of his teachers. As the adoption of a method which had not been endorsed by him would possibly have seemed to them disloyal to his memory, they could not profit by the New York system, and they therefore reverted to the vertical fixed cell, although modifying the construction of the letters on the principle of recurrence. That, however, cannot prevent waste of space if one dot must have as large a cell as six, so in the Modified Braille, as it was called, recourse was had to abbreviations. These had purposely been avoided in New York Point, in order to limit the number of signs to be learnt, and in the primary books intended for children only ten are used—the, and, of, that, ing, ch, ou, st, th, and wh. In the published alphabet of Modified Braille we find forty-nine signs for abbreviations, and yet with all their aid a word may take up more room than if every letter is written out in New York Point, because of the Braille cell. We give an example (Fig. 12, page 385).

As far back as 1858 the Legislature of Kentucky had established the American Printing House for the Blind, at Louisville, the object being to have a central press to which each State should contribute funds, in order to furnish books for the various asylums. Some States responded, but others did not, and the work dragged along until 1879, when all the great schools, except Boston, which had its own press, united in urging Congress to grant a subsidy for the maintenance of the Printing House on an efficient footing. The sum of $10,000 a year was appropriated for the purpose, and now nearly all the printing for the blind throughout the country is done there. The Printing House is a curious combination of business and charity. It sells as well as gives away its books, but is forbidden to make any profit on them. Although a private corporation, it is subsidized by the Government, and each superintendent of a public institution for the education of the blind is by right of his office one of its trustees. The principals of institutions form an advisory council, and decide what books shall be printed each year, which are divided among the schools according to the number of their pupils. At present all the printing is either in the line system, with capitals and small letters (the combination started by Philadelphia in 1871), or else in New York Point, which was first printed there in 1874 (Fig. 10, page 383). The demand for the latter has steadily increased, and in 1882 the superintendents of the various schools voted that, for the future, fifty per cent. of the books printed should be in New York Point, since which time $50,000 has been spent in stereotyping plates. An interesting part of the work of the Printing House is the weekly issue of "International Sunday-school Lessons," in duplicate editions of line and point print, by which two thousand blind children in Sunday-schools scattered all over the country receive their lessons with text and comment specially edited for them. It is the expressed opinion

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of Mr. Huntoon, who has been at the head of the Printing House for more than twenty years, and has therefore had ample opportunity for study and comparison, that point is steadily gaining ground, being bound in time to supersede line letters altogether. He regrets, as a trained observer must, that there should be any tendency to multiply systems of point when that of New York, which he considers the simplest, and therefore the best, is already firmly established.

Anyone who goes about on the west side of New York knows the large and somewhat stern gray building which stands back in its grounds at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Ninth Avenue. It is the New York Institution for the Blind, supported by private endowment and also by the State, which allows $250 a year for each child sent by it, usually from the city or its neighborhood, as there is another State School for the Blind at Batavia. Only within the walls of the institution can its methods be readily studied. If the visit is made during a "recess" in school hours, the long halls are apt to be filled with a crowd of children, chattering away with the proverbial cheerfulness of the blind, and walking or running almost as firmly and freely as though they could see. When two or three together come straight along, it is instinctive to draw back against a wall or into a doorway, and as they pass within a foot unheeding, it is impossible not to have an uncanny feeling that "we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible." In the central court-yards, on the boys' side, leap-frog or wrestling are going on; while in a corner of the girls' play-ground, two of them are turning the rope vigorously, while the third steps back and forth, waiting to "run

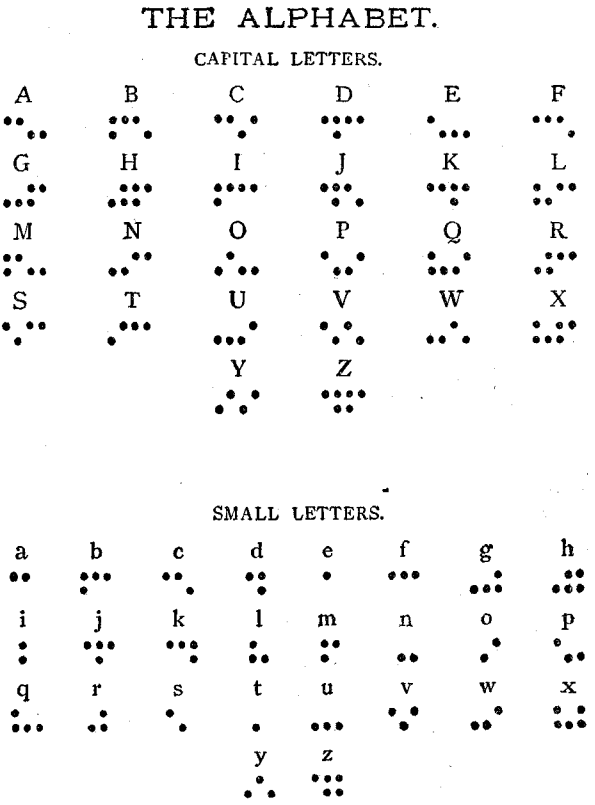

Fig. 10.—The Alphabet in New York Point.

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in" and jump, just as her luckier sister who can see may be doing in any street or square outside. Bells take the place of clocks in marking time for this darkling world, and as they sound the children go to their different class-rooms. There are now two hundred and ten pupils in the Institution, the average age being about fourteen. They are not admitted younger than eight, in

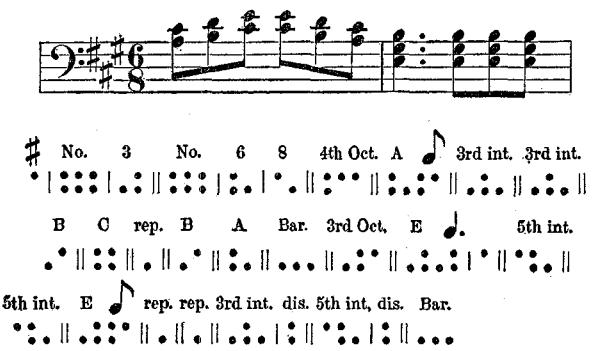

Fig. 11.—Passage from Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," No. III., in New York Point Musical Notation.

order not to lessen the responsibility which their parents should always feel for them, and which is apt to be lost if the State takes charge of them too early. When a child comes, it is put into the kindergarten, and the first thing to be done is to teach it to use its hands and feet properly. The cases where a blind child is abused at home are happily rare, and it is more likely to have been treated as if it could not possibly do anything for itself. All movements where balance and equilibrium are concerned are hard for it, as anyone may see who watches the shuffling gait and awkward motions of a blind person who has grown up untaught. To correct this, calisthenics are largely employed, to the evident delight of the children, and for quieter occupations they weave paper-mats, stitch outlines of rabbits on card-board, and follow generally the course of instructive play which has carried Froebel's name over the world. People in general have a comfortable impression that, while blindness is a great misfortune, those afflicted with it have the rest of their senses so acute from birth that the loss is almost made up to them. This is a mistake, for not more than five per cent. are born blind, and even that percentage is probably too large, as there are several diseases of the eye which may destroy the sight within the first month. It is true, however, that the other senses develop highly with practice. When all is dark around us it is usually also quiet, and our perceptions are slackened; but if anyone will tie a thick bandage over his eyes during the day, when life and movement are going on about him, he will soon be conscious of listening with painful intentness, and the other senses, when called upon, will quicken in their turn. Many children with sound eyes shut them when studying intently, and the fact that a blind boy, for instance, is quicker at arithmetic than one who can see, does not, in most cases, mean that he is more gifted, but that he has less to distract his attention. The first time that an outsider sees a large class of blind children together he will perhaps be struck by certain peculiarities of expression. It is not only that the sightless eyes or closed lids give the face a blank look, like a house with the shades drawn down, but that there may be a dropping of the jaw, or a wrinkling of the brow, which does not mean any lack of intelligence, but only that a human being is forever deprived of the friendly mirror and monition of other eyes. Good teachers are always on the alert to correct these involuntary facial tricks. The studies and exercises are carefully adapted to the needs of the pupils. Gymnastics have an important place, because physical health and equable muscular development are especially necessary to the blind, whose affliction, when not caused by accident, is often due to inherited disease or constitutional weakness.

Mr. Stephen Babcock, himself blind from boyhood, has been a highly valued and valuable teacher of geography and mathematics in the Institution for the past thirty years. Formerly pupils studied geography by passing their fin-

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gers over relief maps hung on the wall, but the result attained was unsatisfactory, and in 1856 Mr. T. C. Cooper, who was then superintendent, gave Mr. Babcock the pieces of an ordinary dissected map, such as children play with, and asked him to put it together again. This he did readily, and new maps were thereupon made, dissected as well as in relief, and placed on tables, so that each country, State, or even county, can be taken up and studied separately. Coast lines are raised above the water, river courses are depressed, mountains indicated by slight elevations, while screws or tacks, with heads of various sizes and shapes, serve for capitals and other cities of importance. If it were only not so pathetic it would be amusing to see a child sitting in a corner feeling and stroking Rhode Island or Texas over and over, as a little girl strokes the face of her favorite doll. As a result, the children come to know every part of a map by touch, and when it is all jumbled up they can sort and fit it together again with wonderful quickness. The distribution of land and water, and the political divisions of the eastern and western hemispheres are shown upon planisphere maps five feet in diameter, which revolve on a vertical axis, while the earth is represented by large globes with brass meridians and raised equators marked off in degrees.

Mental arithmetic is much employed, although there are text-books in the classes; and for the solution of problems in advanced arithmetic or algebra, which are too long and complicated to be carried in the memory, types are used. On each end of the type cube is a number, letter, or other arithmetical symbol. The numerals are shown in Fig. 13, page 386. These, with the point letters of the New York system, furnish the means for algebraic work. The types are adjusted in a frame or slate of metal filled with square holes, which is almost the same as that invented nearly two hundred years ago by Saunderson.

In music there are seven graded classes, which are under the general supervision of Miss Hannah Babcock, a thorough musician who has been of the greatest use to Mr. Wait in developing his system of musical notation. The children begin with class singing by ear, and afterward the study of elementary harmony and that of the New York Point musical notation, which has about one hundred and fifty distinct signs, are carried on together. If pupils show talent they are taught to play the piano or the organ, and are also further instructed in harmony and in counterpoint.

The American College of Music is an incorporated body, counting among its members some of the foremost musicians and teachers in the country. There are three degrees, that of Associate, Fellow, and Master, which are conferred in order upon anyone who is able to pass the rigid examinations prescribed. Henry Tschudi, a boy of seventeen, blind from birth and educated in the Institution, passed his examination in June, 1891, in harmony, counterpoint, the history of music, musical form, terminology, acoustics, and the theory and practice of the organ. It was necessary for the candidate to play at command compositions by Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, and other composers, in polyphonic sonata, and free forms, also to transpose, to harmonize a figured bass, improvise upon a given theme, and to determine the pitch of

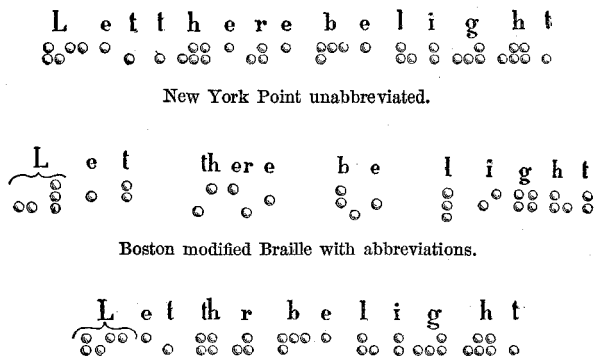
L e t t h e r e b e l i g h t
New York Point unabbreviated.
L e t th er e b e l i g h t
Boston modified Braille with abbreviations.
L e t th r b e l i g h t
New York Point with abbreviations.

Fig. 12.

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tones by ear. The demonstrative examination at the organ was conducted by Mr. S. P. Warren, Mr. George E. Whiting, and Mr. J. B. Whitney, and Tschudi received 92.80 per cent., being the first blind person to pass this examination. Except in acoustics, his teacher in all these branches was Miss Babcock, and his case may be regarded not only as a proof of signal ability, but as a triumph of scientific teaching.

Another pupil of whom the Institution is justly proud is Mr. Lewis B. Carll, also born blind, who was prepared for Columbia College in the English branches within its walls. On leaving it, he studied the classics at Fairchild's Institute at Flushing, Long Island, near his home. A fellow-pupil dictated to him Latin or Greek, and he printed the text in New York Point. In writing Latin he, of course, used English letters, but for Greek he invented his own symbols. He could print about twenty-five lines of Virgil in an hour, and almost as much Greek, and during his college course he printed more than three thousand sheets. His mathematics were also read to him, and in geometry his diagrams were made in point by a brother who could see, and Carll then learnt them by touch. With a firm mind and steady enthusiasm he worked on and brought to college with him his point-printed classics and mathematics. He rarely needed a diagram for a proposition in geometry, for so accurate was his understanding of the theorem to be proved, and so precise his mental perception of the figure in all its parts, that he could make the whole demonstration orally with perfect clearness.

Mr. Carll graduated from Columbia in 1870, being a classmate of the present President, Mr. Low, and was bracketed for second place in a class of thirty. He also delivered the class oration. While in college he became curious about the Calculus of Variations, and after leaving it he found great difficulty in procuring anything which would settle the matter in his mind. Having collected all the available information, he decided that there was need for a new treatise on the subject, but the necessary material was widely scattered through mathematical journals, many of them being in French or German. These he had translated to him, and he worked out the equations by himself, taking nothing for granted. With infinite pains and patience he succeeded in writing an exhaustive treatise, for which, after some difficulty, he found a publisher, on condition that a certain number of subscribers were guaranteed. These he secured himself, going about the city for the purpose, sometimes with a companion, but often alone. It was a fitting reward for so much pluck and perseverance that the book should have been well received, and another edition already issued, of which the larger part has been sent to England. Mr. Carll now lectures at Columbia College twice a week, to graduates, on the Calculus of Variations, and supports himself by giving lessons in mathematics. He lives in New Jersey, and comes to New York every day alone, going sometimes as far as Harlem.

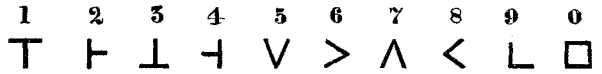

Fig. 13.

It seems as though it were only in a few such cases of brilliant talent that there can be any real competition between the blind and the seeing; but a blind child, like one who has lost an arm or leg, may learn to make the most of what is left to him, and to that end the work-rooms of the Institution claim their full share of each day. The boys are taught to make mattrasses, to cane chairs, and if they have ear and brain enough to be tuners there are models by which they may become familiar with the anatomy of the piano. The girls learn to knit and sew by hand and on machines; they embroider and make coarse lace, and are also taught cooking

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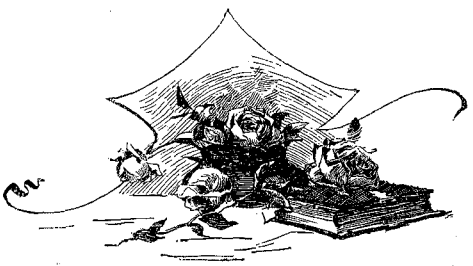
on little gas-stoves. Not long ago one of them had to go home because her mother was ill, and on her return she was heard to say, half in joke and half in earnest: "It was a bad day for me when I learnt to cook, for I was kept at it all the time."

The list which is kept of the occupations followed by pupils after they leave the school gives some curious reading. One of the tuners in Steinway's warerooms is a graduate, and another was for years the organist of Dr. Howard Crosby's church. An insurance broker, a prosperous news-vender who owns three stalls, a horse-dealer, a tax-collector, a real-estate agent, a florist, are all duly recorded; but the most astonishing entries are those of a lumberman, a sailor and cook, and a switch-tender. Once outside the walls of the Institution the pupils find their own level according to their ability; but wherever they may go they always keep a friendly feeling for the teachers who have literally led them forth, so far as may be, from the shadow of a great darkness, and these in their turn are repaid for hours of patient drudgery by the knowledge that they have helped to turn a useless creature into a man or woman for whom there is a place in the world.



DEATH AT DAYBREAK.

By Anne Reeve Aldrich.

I SHALL go out when the light comes in,
There lie my cast-off form and face;
I shall pass Dawn on her way to earth
As I seek for a path through space.

I shall go out when the light comes in,
Would I might take one ray with me;
It is blackest night between the worlds,
And how is a soul to see?

*** Miss Anne Reeve Aldrich, some of whose poems it has been the privilege of this Magazine to publish during the last three years, and the beauty, promise, and even genius of whose more ambitious verse will need no added testimony as her earlier and her now forthcoming volumes become more widely known, died on June 28, 1892, at the age of twenty-six. The poem here printed was dictated during her brief illness, and when she was unable to write. She died just before daybreak.

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HISTORIC MOMENTS:
THE ATTAINMENT OF THE HIGHEST NORTH.

By D. L. Brainard, Lieutenant, U. S. Army.

"Their energy accomplished the FARTHEST NORTH;
Their fidelity wrought out success;
Their courage faced death undauntedly."
—Dedication of "Three Years of Arctic Service."

EIGHT years ago two telegrams sped from the foggy coast of Newfoundland, under sea and over land, to Washington. Terse and brief as are all official messages, the substance of these moved the entire civilized world. In order of sending, Lieutenant (now General) Greely showed his soldierly instincts. The first, the pæan of victory, recited that for the first time in three centuries another nation than England claimed the honor of the "Farthest North;" that the designated set of scientific observations had been made, the interior of Grinnell Land explored, the Western Polar Sea reached, the known coast of Greenland extended many scores of miles northward, that Lockwood and Brainard had reached 83° 24′ N., and that all records and important instruments were safely returned.

The second—a record of determination, death, and sorrow—outlined the fate of the expedition which, when safely arrived at the appointed rendezvous, learned that one vessel had been shipwrecked and its consort had fled southward without landing supplies. With travel-worn clothing, without shelter, with a month's food only, and without fuel, the party built huts of stone and snow, scoured the ice-covered land and dredged the barren sea for possible food, and fought unrelenting fate to such avail that death waited five months for its first victim, and when, on midsummer day, Schley's squadron came, with the Scotch whalers at its heels, six men yet lived.

Amazement at the extreme sufferings endured, regret for the dead, and compassion for the living, were then the dominant sentiments of the world. Only later and slowly has grown the realization that the Lady Franklin Bay, or, as it is popularly known, the Greely Expedition, was the most successful, scientifically and geographically, of all modern Arctic efforts.

Its five thousand square miles of unknown land added to the surveyed world; its continuous sledging during every month excepting December and January; its two years' healthy life through winters of unprecedented severity at the coldest known spot of the globe; its endurance of two terrible polar nights, each of more than four months of continuous darkness, and its boat retreat of over four hundred miles through a moving ice-pack, were accomplished without scurvy or other malady, without death, and even without the disabling of an individual.

Time moves so fast! To-day, judging from the demand of *Scribner's Magazine*, these events have become history; and as the only living survivor I record the details of one episode, that of the "Highest North."

To do this intelligently requires preliminary remarks. The Greely Expedition, organized under an Act of Congress, rendezvoused at St. John's, Newfoundland, whence it sailed July 7, 1881, in the steamer Proteus. Touching for dogs and native drivers at the Greenland ports, the party landed, August 12th, on the shores of Discovery Bay, within five hundred and twenty-four miles of the North Pole.

The stores landed, according to programme the Proteus returned to Newfoundland, leaving the party of twenty-five selected officers and men to do

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their scientific work and await a visiting vessel in 1882.

Small parties were despatched in various directions in order to ascertain the resources of the country, and by dint of hard continuous labor, involving great physical suffering, provisions were cached at several points, so as to facilitate the work of exploration the following spring. The return of the sun, after four months' absence, found us already in the field. During the long period of darkness Lieutenant Greely formulated a comprehensive scheme of exploration, covering three different directions. To Lieutenant Lockwood was assigned the northwest coast of Greenland, and that officer was directed to assume complete charge of the field work, utilizing the caches already established, and having at his disposal nearly every available man of the command. In February and March preliminary journeys were made during unprecedented cold, from which were derived experiences in practical field work which later proved invaluable.

On April 3, 1882, as Lieutenant Lockwood's second in command, I started from the home station, Fort Conger, dragging, with nine men, the main sledges. The party consisted of Biederbick, Connell, Frederick, Henry, Elison, Linn, Ralston, Salor, and Whisler. Lieutenant Lockwood, with the dog sledge, followed next day, with Jewell and the Eskimo driver, Thorlip Christiansen. Henry, Connell, Whisler, and Biederbick, in the order named, disabled in various ways, were soon ordered to return to the home camp, which they did safely, Connell, and Biederbick lamenting and protesting against their relief.

By April 29th, largely aided to this point by the magnificent work of our English predecessors under Lieutenant Beaumont, R. N., the members of our party were at Cape Bryant, looking across the frozen sea to the yet untrodden land of Cape Britannia. Our journey hither had been marked by terrible sufferings attendant on very low temperatures (sometimes from seventy to ninety degrees below freezing), high winds, frequent snow-storms, almost impassable ice, which conditions were aggravated by fireless camps, stinted water, and a field ration calculated to barely sustain us.

Lieutenant Lockwood decided that the party must divide; two, Thorlip and I, to go with him, and the rest return to Polaris Boat Camp and await our coming. We struck northward; while, envious and disconsolate, the unhappy five turned southward.

But we carried them northward in our hearts, knowing that to their arduous labors, almost superhuman efforts, cheerful sufferings, enthusiasm, and ingenious shifts, were to be attributed our prospective successes. Only Lockwood, Thorlip, and I trod the ground of the "Highest North," and gazed enraptured on its mystery; but none the less, the "Farthest North" was made through the uncomplaining labors of the Frenchman, Salor, the German, Elison, and the Americans, Frederick, Jewell, and Linn.

Lieutenant Greely, as a matter of course, by his many excellent directions touching the health and conduct of the men in the field, and by his carefully considered plan for the work of exploration, embracing as it did innumerable minor details, contributed primarily to the success of our undertaking.

I pass by Cape Britannia, with its mountain cliffs, whence radiate occasional glaciers, and enormous fiords; Cape Benet, with its plenteous animal life, and Low Point, equal in latitude to the highest land ever before trod—Cape Columbia, 83° 7′ N., by Aldrich, R. N., 1876. Onward we pushed, having the most northerly land under our feet, but seeking yet highest of land or sea.

Fatigue, thirst, hunger, cold, and even heat at times, beset us. Each camp found us physically exhausted, and astronomical observations broke up and denied recuperating sleep. We scanted our food, and with envious regretful eyes saw each bit disappear, since it shortened the length of our possible journey northward.

Finally the coveted honor was in sight, and almost within our grasp, when an unexpected Arctic gale set in, just as we were to reach out and take it, and detained us sixty long and

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weary hours. It was a wretched tiny island, quite out in the Polar Ocean, where the fury of the gale fell on us.

Lieutenant Lockwood named this island after a sister, Mary Murray. In shape it resembled a lady's French shoe. The land was a narrow, rocky ridge, rising only a few hundred feet above the frozen Polar Ocean, over which it had held guard these centuries; while its northern shore, with precipitous cliffs, showed how constantly and successfully the paleocrystic ice was grinding away its rocky face. In every cranny of the half-bare vales were signs of scanty herbage, plentiful enough to attract hares, snow-buntings, and lemming, very much to the gratification of one of our dogs, which swallowed a fleeing lemming quite alive and whole before I could rescue him as a specimen.

The starved condition of our dogs at this time will be more fully appreciated by the following incident, reproduced from Lieutenant Lockwood's journal in "Three Years of Arctic Service:" "As I awoke, a small piece of pemmican (our only remaining dog-food) was slowly but surely moving out of the tent. The phenomenon astonished me, and, rubbing my eyes, I looked more carefully, and saw Ritenbenk's head without his body, and found that his teeth, fixed in one corner of the sack, were the motive power. His eyes were fixed steadily on me, but head, eyes, and teeth vanished as I looked. He had burrowed a hole through the snow and had inserted his head just far enough into the tent to lay hold of a corner of the sack. The whole pack are ravenous, and eat anything and everything, which means substantially nothing in this case."

Ritenbenk was a wonderful fellow. Having by reason of his great strength and superior intelligence gained the supremacy of the team, he became king-dog and the leader in all schemes having for their object the stealing of our provisions. One day having stolen a ptarmigan, which had been placed for safety on the ridge-pole of the tent, he lay down, apparently without any qualms of conscience, and began complacently to eat it. I rushed at him, having in my hand a spade, with which I expected to drive him from our prospective dinner, but he was not the abject coward I had pictured. With a growl of defiance he stood immovable, his sturdy legs spread wide apart, and his great bold eyes looking squarely into mine. I could have crushed his skull with a blow, but my admiration for his courage overcame all other feelings, and throwing aside the spade I called him by his familiar name, "Rit," when he trotted up and rubbed his head confidingly against my knee.

Imagine, if you can, our physical and mental strain during this storm-stress camp of sixty hours. A high wind, with a temperature twenty-four degrees below freezing reduced our feet to a condition not unlike a piece of ice. We frequently changed our foot-gear, and rubbed our feet briskly with our warm hands, but to no purpose. The loss of time meant many miles of travel. How could we meet it? We must either fast ourselves, or kill one of our faithful team. We decided to fast first and spare them for a greater emergency.

Again and again the face of the sky was scanned with ill success. Again and again we ate with mental anguish, and at intervals of fifteen, twenty-four, and then later, nineteen hours, just as we started. It was not travelling weather when camp was broken. The midnight sun (it was 12.30 A.M., May 13th) could just be seen as a dim grease-spot through the snow-filled gusts of the dying storm, but anything was preferable to longer delay.

The trend of the land was still to the northeast, and our goal a bold, lofty promontory some sixteen miles distant. Deep snow and rubble-ice caused almost constant struggles of dogs and men till we paused a moment almost exhausted at Cape Neumayer. Here, as usual, the sheer, bold face of the outjutting headland was covered with immense quantities of heavy, broken ice-floes, pushed up many feet high. Time was too precious to make a detour seaward, so we tried the direct way, only to find ourselves on the edge of a precipitous ice-cliff, too high for safe descent. Dogs were freed from the toggles, and the sled, by main strength of us all, was with great diffi-

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culty lowered to the main ice-floe. Had the load been heavy it would have been impossible, but the few rations rendered it otherwise. A bewildering tangle of rubble-ice drove us hither and thither, and in endeavoring to extricate the sledge therefrom a new danger beset us, the tidal-crack, which had appeared at several points farther south, now wound in and out along the shore. Cross it we must again and again, and once, but for the shrill call of the Eskimo and the crack of the whip, dogs, sledge, and men would have been engulfed through the thin ice at the rising margin of the further side.

On entering Weyprecht Inlet, a bold, magnificent mountain (Mount Schley) rose on its northern side some four thousand feet, making it seem like a giant dominating a group of lesser peaks. Toward the ocean this fringe of mountains fell away in gradual slopes, terminating in a splendid headland, which was destined to be the end of our northern journey. The deep intervening snow made the way seem endless, but finally and exhausted we reached the cape at 11.35 A.M., May 13th. Our provisions were nearly exhausted, and we knew that our feet now pressed a more northerly land than had ever before been touched by the foot of man; indeed more northern land than was even supposed to exist. Two days were at our disposal; should we go yet another day to the northward, or should we tarry here as our orders demanded?

Lieutenant Lockwood, as always loyal to his chief, decided most regretfully that it was our duty to remain at this point long enough to make physical observations, obtain specimens, and to determine, in a most satisfactory manner, our astronomical position. The order of Lieutenant Greely, that "at least one day will be spent in determining accurately your position," was imperative upon this point, and while sorely tempted to question it then, yet events subsequent to our return justified the wisdom of this order as of others. But for this we would have pushed forward another day and could then have determined our latitude, as all our predecessors had done, by a meridian altitude, a method whereby the resulting latitude depends on the skill, and, it may be added, on the conscience, of the observer at the moment. Such observations have been more than once questioned, but our own position, dependent on more than a score of separate observations, stands undoubted.

Realizing that this was indeed the "Farthest North," we unfurled the flag of our country, the glorious Stars and Stripes, with a feeling of pride and exultation impossible to describe. Lieutenant Lockwood and I seized each other's hands again and again for very joy, and hugged the Eskimo Thorlip, who, gaping at us, wondered what it all meant. The physical hardship from many days travel through heavy gales and blinding snow over jagged rubble-ice and across dangerous tidal-cracks was all behind us, and the mental strain which marked our groping journey along an unknown rugged coast, showing itself to us only in momentary glimpses, had also passed. Could it be wondered that our spirits rose to a point beyond the power of words? Again and again we looked about us, so as to fully realize that the coveted honor had been won by our little party. Was it possible that we had indeed surpassed all their efforts, the efforts of all our English brothers who for three hundred years, by dint of energy, courage, and perseverance had held the supremacy of the "Farthest North?"

Nature soon called for rest, and such was our elation that the little tent seemed commodious, and the howling storm, now recommenced, almost sang a sweet strain. Thorlip waked first, and delighted called our attention to a little snow-bunting which paid us a brief visit in the driving storm, fluttering about the tent and uttering its cheerful chirp for our delight.

Fortunately the storm passed, and by 2 P.M. of May 15th the final observation was made which determined our position to be in latitude 83° 24′ N., longitude 40° 46′ W.

Our visit must leave behind it some trace and record of our presence. It stands—a massive cairn of rocks commensurate in size to its importance—

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built on a narrow shelf, directly under the frowning face of the overhanging cape. It contains a record of our journey, and a minimum thermometer. While it looks out over the eternal silence of the Polar Ocean, it is so placed that no future traveller can fail to observe it.

But if the foot of man had never before trodden this northern land, it was yet a habitat of birds and beasts. Too early for the sea-fowl, ptarmigan and snow-bunting were seen, and the freshly fallen snow was here and there dotted with numerous traces of the arctic fox, the snowy lemming, and the polar hare.

While Thorlip remained in camp to prevent the starving dogs from devouring our equipments, Lieutenant Lockwood and I climbed with difficulty to the very summit of the cape, whence we hoped to obtain a more extended and definite view to the east and south, and, who can tell, perchance to see far northward in the Polar Ocean a new and unknown land. The top of the cape was a very narrow plateau about two thousand six hundred feet above the sea. Mount Schley concealed the mountains behind it, but in other quarters the scene was most magnificent and impressive. First of all we turned our gaze toward the direction our hearts had gone, toward the north. Here was the Polar Ocean, a vast unbroken expanse of heavy ice, unmarked, however, by any bergs, flat-topped or otherwise. Immovable under the dominion of frost it impressed us only by its gloomy solitude. The ice was apparently rubble, and the absence of paleocrystic floes particularly noticeable. Full sixty miles to the northward the horizon stood out clearly, but to our disappointment neither signs of the hoped-for land nor traces of an open Polar Sea were visible.

Eight miles to the northeast a point (Cape Kane) was visible, with an intervening fiord, which probably joining Weyprecht Inlet made our land an island. This land Lieutenant Greely later named, in honor of its discoverer, Lockwood Island. Beyond Cape Kane another point (Cape Washington), some fifteen miles distant, and separated by another fiord, projected yet more to the north. Looking beyond these two capes, in the extreme northeast, appeared a low, faint, blue line stretching to the north. At first it gave the impression of land, but the light haze in that quarter forbade its certainty, and we decided to chart no such legend as "signs of land here."

Southward the interior was the embodiment of icy desolation, a confused mass of snow-capped peaks separated by entering fiords. To the southwest our travelled route lay clear before us, the dark outlines of Mary Murray Island and the bold capes of Neumayer and Christiansen being particularly conspicuous.

A small cairn was hastily erected, in which a tin case containing our record was placed by Lieutenant Lockwood; then, as a light fog sprung up in the northeast, we took our last lingering glance at the northern horizon, and sighed to think it was only some three hundred and thirty-six geographical miles from the North Pole.

In closing this sketch I cannot refrain from briefly commenting on my companions. Lieutenant Lockwood, the leader to the "Farthest North," was a noble man. In character he was as gentle as a woman, but whatever there is of bravery, truth, and steadfastness, these all pertain to him. His ambition is shown by his own words: "My great wish is to accomplish something on the north coast of Greenland that will reflect credit on myself and on the expedition." He never separated himself from the expedition even in thought, and he sought not for honors that should inure to his benefit only. His zeal and devotion are beyond description. They had their just reward in a success far beyond his brightest dreams, so that his geographical work stands as an imperishable monument to his memory.

The skill and endurance of our Eskimo dog-driver, Frederik Thorlip Christiansen, were important aids to our success. He understood and appreciated not the import of the "Farthest North," but none the less he did what he had pledged his word to, his best for the Americans. Loyalty, fidelity, truthfulness, these were his characteristics.

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THE POINT OF VIEW.

POPULARITY as a test of merit in a work of art—or of nature for that matter—is variously estimated. I think that of late years there has been a decided tendency to consider it as a legitimate talisman in indicating the worth of whatever is weighed by it, from human character to the last new farce or juvenile book. On the part of catholic-minded observers, certainly, there has been a growing resentment at the tyranny of the critical "remnant"—a growing impatience at the intolerant sniffing of the fastidious *raffiné* to whom popularity is, *ipso facto*, a witness of inferiority. Intelligent people —particularly in our own democratic environment—are impatient with the dilettante spirit that disesteems a "magnetic" statesman *because* he is "magnetic," a picture of instant and universal appeal for the reason that it is immediately and widely popular, a play, a book, a building, or an opera in proportion to its success with the multitude. Something of value, it is felt, must be possessed by whatever unites in its favor the spontaneous suffrages of the unbiassed though inexpert, the sensitive though not professional public. There may be such a thing as bad, but there can be no such thing as good, luck. And it is caustically noted that the dilettanti who are constantly lauding the *succès d'estime* of others, would always be willing to see their own supplemented, and as speedily as possible, by a *succès populaire*. To the student who observed to President Wayland—if I remember rightly—that he didn't think the manufacture of proverbs such as those of Solomon a very difficult matter, his instructor replied, Make a few.

The truth, I imagine, lies, where Aristotle placed all virtue, in a mean between the two extremes. If a thing is not bad because it is popular, neither because it is popular is it necessarily good. And for this reason: true critical appreciation of anything demands almost as much effort as the creation of the thing itself. Of course the idea of effort is absolutely incongruous with purely popular appreciation. Purely popular appreciation is wholly governed by feeling, and by feeling in a state of complete relaxation. It not only never occurs to it to apply any critical standards in the making up of its impressions, but its impressions themselves are sketched on a background of the most absolute irresponsibility. According to Spinoza, the two chief banes of humanity are conceit and consequent indolence; and, in the nature of things, if popular appreciation is distinguished by anything more than the self-conceit which it shares with the dilettanti, it is distinguished by laziness. Criticism is very likely the least of the exact sciences, and indeed unworthy to be reckoned of their family; but any expression of opinion whatever is criticism, and the criticism that is based on culture, on reflection, on comparison, on intellectual effort in a word, is obviously superior to that which is purely instinctive. The public says in its consecrated jargon, "I know nothing about this or that, but I know what I like," suppressing the premise, very consciously held, nevertheless,

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that whatever a lot of people like must be good. The answer to this is, imitating Johnson, "What you like may be good, but it is impossible that you should know it," for you have never taken any pains to find out whether what you like is good or not, and that is a discovery that requires very great pains indeed. Reasoning inductively and citing instances in which the critics were wrong and the public right is an interminable process. But *à priori*, at all events, either criticism is absolutely valueless, or else the criticism that involves mental effort is more trustworthy than that which merely "knows what it likes." And, indeed, I fancy that the crying fault of expert criticism—its narrowness, namely—is a still more integral defect of the criticism of ignorance and indolence; by which, of course, I don't mean that a pedant is a better critic than an intelligent amateur.

THERE is one change in our political customs that I am inclined to think is about to take place, if it may not be said already to have begun, the completing of which everybody who cares for the rational working of our system will ardently desire, and possibly labor to promote. This is the exclusion from the meeting-places of our great political conventions of the noisy crowd in the galleries. It has become, of late years, an intolerable evil, of which the ordinary citizen, who takes his ticket as it is presented to him and sincerely supports it as embodying the principles or the policy that he desires, has little conception. Perhaps I may venture here—where partisan implication even is forbidden—to give an instance of the influence of the gallery that is old enough to awaken no passions, and in which, as the event proved, the influence was not evil. Colonel McClure, in his very interesting reminiscences of Lincoln, ascribes the nomination of the great President to the fact that while Mr. Seward's friends were engaged in an imposing street parade on the morning the balloting was to begin, Mr. Lincoln's friends quietly filled the vast wigwam with a crowd who "raised the roof" whenever the name of the "rail-splitter" was mentioned. Now there is much evidence that a like stratagem was employed this year in at least one of the great party conventions. But it failed. The candidate against whom the shouters were shouting was nominated. The fact is interesting, not so much for any effect upon the pending campaign as for its value as an indication of the evolution of popular government in the American Republic—a matter infinitely of more importance than the immediate result of the electoral contest. It shows, I am persuaded, the progress of what I may call responsible methods of party action, and responsibility in these methods is the condition precedent to an intelligent and intelligible expression of the popular purpose. Certainly the party "machines" are arbitrary enough, and enough exposed to abuse, but they are a stage higher than the howling mob in the gallery.

With this change, and along the same lines, must be considered on the one hand the steady withdrawal of the subordinate public offices from among the prizes of party success, and on the other the steady advance of the really secret ballot, by which every voter not only can but must express —however it is reached—his personal preference. These things seem to me worth noting as evidence that the American people do fairly adapt their institutions, despite great difficulties, to changing conditions.

A NOTION undoubtedly is abroad that the creative artist to-day talks overmuch of his own affairs. He would do better, it begins to be thought, to mind more closely his proper work, and leave the codification of the laws of artistic creation, and the framing of subtle commentaries thereon, to workmen of another sort. In his zeal to enforce a theory, it is felt he forgets himself, and, subordinating creation to dogma, sets his art upon some raw-boned, headstrong hobby, that too often canters the poor maid into a sorry heap of tatters and dishevelled locks.

And out of this notion, no doubt, visions begin to arise of a perfect day gone by, when the creative artist was not subject to this modern foible, and maintained his creative faculty in such unfailing supremacy that it wrought only its true and excellent work. Given the notion, one may safely assume the visions; for under what sense of present deficiency does there not lurk a fancy, stronger or weaker, of perfection in

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the past? But, after all, the difference between present and past is much narrower, in most particulars, than we are wont to think; and very likely it is so in this one.

Of course, the dogmatizing artist, when his art is letters and of the English branch, can be confronted with Shakespeare—always our first witness in literary controversies. Certainly Shakespeare did not waste time discoursing in reviews, or chatting through interviewers, on the peculiarities of his way of writing plays and the superiority of his over the ways of other men. But, then, who knows that this in Shakespeare was wholly moral strength, and that, had he lived under the temptation of editorial checks in three figures for a few pages over a great name, even he would have preserved his admirable reserve on questions of "shop?" Without this temptation, a number of his "esteemed contemporaries," very considerable creators too, did not scruple to publish strict theories by all the means open to them, and to make the play a sort of tract for popularizing the dogma.

Really the difference here in question is not of times at all, but of individuals. The creative faculty works effectively only in alliance with the critical. Every artist is endowed somewhat with both, and none but must have his theories, his set of principles. Whether his theories, his set of principles, shall become a dogma with him, a thing of itself to proclaim and fight for, will depend on the relative strength of the two faculties in each individual. If the predominant faculty be the creative, the critical serving it as a humble and scarcely noticed guide, you shall have few or no words from the artist as to method. If, on the other hand, the critical be the predominant one, method will acquire in the artist's esteem a corresponding predominance.

Sometimes, where the intellectual force is pretty evenly apportioned between the two faculties, they set up a sort of rotation of the sovereignty, each holding supremacy by turns. It is by the grace of some such accommodation as this that we have instances of artists who hold and urge theories to the point of mania, and yet achieve creation of the very highest order. Fielding, for example, turned to writing novels under the supremacy, not of the creative, but of the critical faculty, intending at first nothing but criticism on Richardson. Under the returning sway of the other faculty, the creative, this criticism took the form of fable, and Fielding set out to make in "Joseph Andrews" a simple burlesque of "Pamela." But the creative faculty coming, with the progress of the work, into almost exclusive dominion, criticism of Richardson was quite lost sight of, and "Joseph Andrews" became, instead of a joke and a gibe, an independent and original creation. But it still bears traces, and others of Fielding's novels bear traces, of the conflict of the two faculties in him. He obtruded discourses on method that, while interesting, are strictly a blemish in artistic portrayals.

A yet more striking example is Wordsworth. Under the full supremacy of the creative faculty, he produced poetry of such excellence that he is ranked among the first five or six poets of modern times. But this is scarcely a fourth of the whole body of his production; and the rest is so tainted by theory run mad as to be almost valueless and in parts positively ludicrous.

With such instances as these to keep us in heart, we need not grow hopeless before any present disposition of the creative artist to air his notions. It is clear that he may be very much of a dogmatist, and still remain capable of supreme creation; though his being a dogmatist must, as far as it goes, be always a hinderance to him.

THREE hundred years ago, on the 25th of next November, a bill passed the Legislature of Massachusetts providing that a representative must reside in the place he represented. Speaking of this bill in his recent "Life of Cotton Mather," Professor Barrett Wendell says:

"To all appearances a mere political device for strengthening the power of the government at a given moment, it has proved the most mischievous measure in the whole madcap history of American legislation. . . . It has been followed in practice throughout America; as a consequence, no American constituency is able to-day to elect a competent representative unless, by the blessing of providence, a competent person happens to reside among them. And as, in the nature of things, the

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most able men generally congregate in large cities, the greater part of every American legislature is composed of men personally insignificant."

It would seem, if Professor Wendell's animadversions are well founded, that the cities, having the most able men, ought to be better governed in their local affairs than the country. On the contrary, we have grown accustomed to the assurance that defective administration of municipal affairs is the most vociferous flaw in our system of government. So far as this is true, it is partly due to the ability of the country districts to get along with very much less local government than the cities, but all the reformers are agreed that it is also attributable to the difficulty in getting the most competent and desirable city men to take a practical interest in politics.

But if city men cannot be induced to do their share in their own local government, is it reasonably supposable that they would exert themselves as representatives in State or national legislatures of country districts about which they were not personally concerned?

There is not so much mischief in the residential qualification that Professor Wendell condemns as he supposes. The rule would have given way long ago if there had been reason enough to abolish it. When there is a visible surplus of available city men who are willing to help govern, and give practical evidence of their willingness and their capacity to be useful, it will be time enough to stir in the matter of finding them constituencies. At present the trouble is rather that the most competent city men are too busy, either with business or pleasure, to give even a small share of their time to politics. Others who are competent and might be willing complain that the chance to be useful in the public service is too small to be worth the sacrifice it would make necessary. Public life in this country must grow much more attractive to first-rate men, before the residential qualification works any serious damage.

It is a question that depends a good deal upon the point of view, whether consideration for women in public places be not vanishing as a characteristic of American men. There are those who insist that it is not, but I fear that their point of view is not that of the passenger in the conveyances or on the streets of our large cities. To one who is daily forced to observation in this extensive field there is little chance for doubt. It is not that women do not receive the prompt and unfailing courtesy that was formerly accorded to them, but they are treated with a cool and impudent rudeness, with a lack, not merely of gentleness, but of respect, that I believe would have been impossible to our fathers. They are not only allowed to stand in public vehicles when men are seated, but they are subjected, in ways that it is as needless as it would be offensive to describe, to annoyance, and, not to put too fine a point on it, to insult. "Time beyond which the memory of man runneth not" is not required to bridge the interval between the present and the days when these things were impossible. We do not need to go back to the *ante-bellum* period to recall a state of public opinion, for instance, that would have made drunkenness and foul language in the presence of women impossible. They are not impossible now. They are frequent. It is hardly too much to say that in New York they are common.

It is easier—and safer—to speculate on the cause of this humiliating change than to find—and apply—a remedy. The great increase in the proportion of persons of foreign birth or descent, and of the uneducated classes, has something to do with it. The immensely greater volume of humanity in motion on public thoroughfares and on the passenger lines, and the corresponding greater difficulty in enforcing the standard of conduct held by the minority, is another cause. The fact that the behavior of employees and the officials of corporations, as of the municipality, reflects the "average" impulses and ideas of the mass, counts for much. But the disagreeable fact remains. I recall the remark of the Italian officer who received rudeness in such circumstances that he could not resent it, from the son of the great German chancellor, accompanied by the loud announcement, "I am Count Herbert von Bismarck": "The explanation is sufficient, the apology is not."

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DRAWN BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

IN THE WORLD'S FAIR GROUNDS AT CHICAGO—THE ELECTRICAL BUILDING FROM THE LAKE.

[See "The Making of the White City," page 415.]

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